

THE WAYERLEY NOVELS



POPULAR EDITION

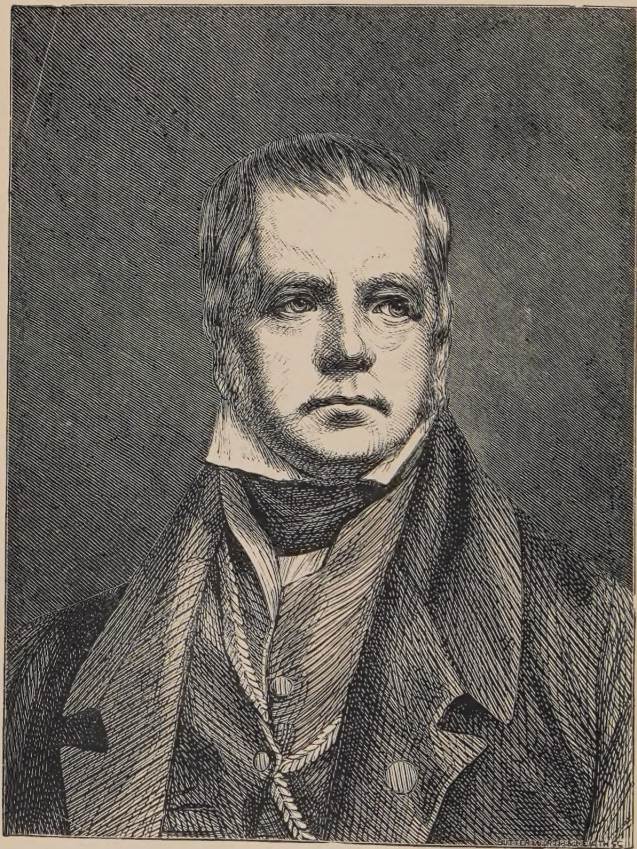
To Becca

with kind regards
and

Countless good wishes

Oct 11th 1882

From Will



AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

From Photograph of Windsor Palace Portrait,
By Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, P.R.A.

WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

Under which King, Bezonian? speak, or die!

Henry IV. Part II.



TULLY-VEOLAN: A SCOTTISH MANOR-HOUSE SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO & CO.

1880.



WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

EDITED BY THE
REV. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.

WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY
OF SCOTCH WORDS AND FOREIGN PHRASES,
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,
BY THE EDITOR.

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM P. NIMMO & CO.

1881.

PREFACE,

BY THE

REV. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.

IN accepting an invitation to superintend a Popular Edition of the WAVERLEY NOVELS, the present Editor had more hesitation, though less personal difficulty a great deal, than in undertaking a similar task for the entire works of Robert Burns. In that case, the amount of labour and investigation required was what many would scarcely credit; but for the integrity of the author himself it was, in some respects, a literary necessity. In the present case no labour of the same kind could be required at all, and but for one or two independent reasons, what may be called editorship, except for superintending the press, might have been dispensed with altogether. These reasons, however, being suggested, seemed to be of sufficient importance to justify his concern in the matter. In the first place, it was thought desirable that some introductory remarks on Scott's own position as a novelist should be offered to the reader, and that a few connecting biographical or critical notices, as the series proceeded, might also be supplied; and these the Editor, with pleasure, undertook to provide. In the second place, and most particularly, that a Glossary of Scotch and foreign terms, a translation of foreign phrases or quotations, and some explanation of the most important allusions to national customs and habits, all of which occur so frequently in the "Waverley" Novels, should be added to each romance. The want of some such guide to the Author's meaning the editor has heard frequently complained of, and he was willing to do the best in his power, in any reasonable degree, to supply it.

To these two departments his own labours have been chiefly confined, and for such humble accompaniments to this immortal series, he is personally responsible. He has only further to state, that in these labours he has restricted himself entirely to his own or to common resources, and is not indebted for information to anything of the same sort which may hitherto have appeared in connection with any Edition of the WAVERLEY NOVELS.

WALTER SCOTT AS A NOVELIST.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN view of what "Waverley" was destined to become, the first of an immortal series and itself the landmark of a new domain in European literature, the two or three first pages in that novel are among the most interesting and note worthy in all modern authorship. The exact discrimination and correct estimate of the works of his predecessors in fiction which they display, and the proposal to establish for himself another and more natural order in the same region of intellectual creation, are the points which make these introductory passages from the pen of Walter Scott so remarkable; whilst the gentle humour, the manly modesty, and the conscious self-reliance with which the writer distinguishes between himself and others,—between what they have done and what he will do—reflect so perfectly his own intellectual and moral constitution as to make them a critical, almost a prophetic, summary of his future life and labours. That they were the prelude to a novel originally not half written and then laid aside, by no means detracts from that interest, but seems rather to increase it. The incapacity of a friend to appreciate what was already written did not invalidate the capacity of the writer; nor did the indifferent withdrawal of an unfinished work, that was not appreciated by an incompetent judge, imply a distrust by the writer himself of his own capability; much less did it alter his judgment of what the world had hitherto admired, or his determination to supersede it. It was all otherwise. The shallowness, the inanity, the frequent "superfluity of naughtiness," the extravagance of conceit, the licentiousness of design, and the artificial monotony of execution in previous works of fiction, whatever their exceptional excellences might be, were still apparent to him; the feebleness of sentiment, the tortured grimace of virtue, and the worthlessness of fictitious morality with which men and women for a while had been delighted;—in a word, the conventionality and unreality of the whole, were still deplored by him: and if nature in himself, and the facts of history, and the sympathies of human beings did not fail, it was still his intention and would be his destiny to remodel or remove it.

In addition to this, the reader of his works, and of the introductory pages to which we now refer, will observe that this great renovation in literature, this correction or regeneration of the public taste, was

not to be attempted by mere ridicule of extravagance in what the world already admired, as in *Don Quixote*; or of bigotry and intolerance in what it believed, as in *Hudibras*; or by the semi-sardonic exposure of licentiousness and caricature of meanness, as in *Gil Blas*. It was by loftier work in a loftier region than had hitherto been dreamt of, the miracle was to be tried or done. Walter Scott from the first, and on the untrodden threshold of this great enterprise in which his own genius was to be at last enshrined, devoted his faculties to Nature with religious awe, as her filial worshipper; his imagination to facts, as their idealistic interpreter; and his labour to the salvation of his fellow-men, as their affectionate instructor. It was to be no random experiment of his on the caprice of the world, for his own advantage; but a loving service to the world itself, to be made acceptable by the very grace and truthfulness with which it should be rendered. The sphere which the novelist proposed to occupy therefore, and the material on which he was to operate for the delight and improvement of his readers were thus distinctly indicated by himself. "Waverley" was to be but one among many possible successive efforts; but "Waverley" itself, and every succeeding effort, was to be founded on the clearest recognition of a great moral want to be supplied, and the devoutest ambition on the writer's part to supply it. The mine of materials to be worked for this purpose, the style of transformation to be adopted, and the amount of license to be enjoyed in dealing with such materials, to attract the world for its own advantage, were also distinctly defined and never to be departed from. A process of reconstruction on principles of love and beauty, of readaptation on principles of national sympathy, of divergence only in by-paths where imagination could do little or no wrong, was resolved upon as the most appropriate system in such an undertaking. All that was good or attractive in history was to be elevated; all that was bad was to be softened or condemned; all that was romantic was to be preserved with veneration; and all that was genuine, in passion or in poetry, was to be harmonized. What was ridiculous was to be reflected in a mirror of smiles; caricature was to be but sauce for the purest, the honestest, the most unsophisticated fare; and humour itself the prevailing aroma of a royal banquet at the board of truthfulness and love. These latter ingredients, it is true, were sometimes intermingled to excess, in obedience to some unfortunate religious or political prejudice; but in such cases, it was the exception always and not the rule of his procedure. What he obviously intended was to instruct and stimulate his readers; to banish absurdity and falsehood from their minds, to restore nature and truth, and to entertain them with realities worth looking at. Where bigotry and presumption were mercilessly exposed, it was to recommend what he admired as wisdom and modesty; and if wisdom and modesty, or even common sense and moderation

themselves, in ecclesiastical or political parties, were sometimes mistaken by him, it was his misfortune more than his fault. He would have restored nature and the world again, as he saw and loved them—in their moral beauty and perfection, if he could. Such then, in general terms, was the plan of “Waverley” to begin with, and such the scope of the entire series that followed in its wake.

In the details of arrangement and execution which were to follow on this design, the taste and discrimination of the Author as an artist are equally manifest. A simplicity of workmanship, conformable to the simplicity and grandeur of such a design, was the first condition and the prevailing characteristic. An equal simplicity of detail in many minor performances was no doubt to be met with in previous writers of romance, and cannot therefore be arrogated for Scott alone. In Boccaccio, for example, the same charm abounds; but as his *novelle* in general do not extend to more than a few pages of independent narrative each, and the writer is often committed to details by the very title of the story, simplicity is either more easily maintained by him for the moment, or on the contrary has more the look of art as he goes on. In the Arabian Nights it is also a characteristic excellence; but there, it is the simplicity of a mere fabulist who is privileged to provide entertainment at will, and qualify the simplest narratives with extravagance beyond belief. The simplicity of Scott, on the other hand, is the simplicity of a child that relates all things with unconscious grace, as if no issue were depending and no demand on credulity had to be made; or the garrulity of the aged wayfarer who lingers with delight on every topic as he goes, and must be gently taken by the sleeve by some impatient grandchild, son or daughter, too anxious to get on—until son and daughter both begin to learn that it will be not only for their own satisfaction afterwards, but for their own immediate highest gratification always, to hear him out. A simplicity of this kind, characterising so grand a series, and itself so grand in its very continuity, was nowhere else to be met with among European story-tellers. Such a series indeed, had never been imagined, nor had the possibility of so brilliant a conception being wrought out with such childlike fidelity to nature been credited to any author for ages. Romance and story-telling on a scale like this made, in fact, an era for themselves in our western world. “The wondrous tale of him to Egypt sold,” and the inspired pastorals, to call them for the present by such a title, of Rebekah and of Rachel, of Ruth and of Esther, perpetual and unapproached models of narrative simplicity, belonged to another world never to be recalled or rivalled. That Homer himself should have been born again, was not taken into account as possible; yet a greater than Homer, in many respects, was here. Even Arabian story-tellers and oriental *improvisatores* seemed to be a sort of fabulous persons about the time when “Waverley” was seen. Chaucer and his contemporaries

were then out of date, and beyond reproduction in any case. Barbour and Blind Harry themselves were beginning to be forgotten, and their metrical legends of Scottish Knights and Kingly Warriors were dying gradually out among the people, when that new prose annalist of Love and Chivalry appeared: whose own veritable prototypes, notwithstanding, and secret models both these authors were, in simplicity of narrative, in fidelity of description, and in the highest romantic interest founded on reality above all. His appearance was in fact a resurrection of their own unaffected style of metrical romance with fiction superadded in prose, but on such a scale of magnificence as no man in Europe for centuries, much more in Scotland, had ever deemed it possible to behold.

But simplicity alone would not have sufficed for triumphs like those of "Waverley." The pomp and pretence of the fashionable novel, which served chiefly to conceal its emptiness; and its rapid, complicated, or sensational developments, which made up for the want of genuine romantic interest, were all alike forsworn by him—a condition which was essential to success, and this because he was an artist by nature as well as a most gifted soul. But he had resources and materials for display, and means of fascination beyond all these, without which no mere simplicity would have availed. He did not mount "a flying chariot drawn by hippogriffs or moved by enchantment," nor did he adopt "the conveyance of Prince Hussein's tapestry, or Malek the weaver's flying sentry-box," as he himself distinctly informs us from the beginning; but chose for the progress of his plot and the locomotion of his heroes "a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his Majesty's highway," which the reader might accompany at his leisure, if sufficiently interested or inclined. Such quiet machinery, indeed, was most appropriate to the dignity and composure of his movements; but he carried with him in his retinue the splendour of palaces, the attractions of courts, and the associated hereditary grandeur of half the kingdoms in Europe. On every vantage-ground he halted, with his readers in train, to survey the landscape with a painter's eye, and with the pen of a poet to describe it; at every hostelry where he supped, he entertained the guests with legendary lore of love or snatches of music till morning; the door of every Cathedral, and the cell in every monastery were open to him, as he passed; from every castle-keep and princely hall on his route, knights and barons, as if by enchantment, seemed to come forth to greet him; the wild men of the desert and the freebooters of the glen, gipsies and dragoons alike, were his willing bondsmen, and women everywhere, of all ranks, were his confidants and worshippers. This was travelling as designed by him; and to such new style of locomotion in romance, and of progress in story-telling, the fancy and the favour of the world very soon reconciled themselves. To carry out such a system of narrative as this

implied, of course, an acquaintance with history, with tradition, with costumes and habits, with princes and people, and even with local scenery and individual types of character, beyond all ordinary experience; and a power of observation besides, which not one in a million of ordinary observers would be qualified to exert. Such acquaintance however he had acquired, and such observation he had cultivated by reading and otherwise, till his memory was like a Herald's office and his imagination an illuminated chronicle of all the achievements of all the knighthood of Christendom. These accumulated stores of romantic interest he had determined to unfold, and all this lore of tradition, enriched and glorified in living forms of flesh and blood, animated by passion or subdued by pity, he had resolved to lavish on his readers again and again, to win them from the trumpery of tinsel and save them from the contamination of falsehood and cant. Who but himself, in any age, had imagined this? or who but himself, in our own age, could have done it?

There was yet a third condition of the utmost importance to the success and triumph of the whole—namely, that the writer should so carefully discriminate his principal characters, and should so allocate them all in romance, that their most appropriate position in fiction should harmonize as much as possible with their actual position in history. To do this with success would be his greatest triumph, but to do it at all it would be sometimes necessary to raise the tone of history so much, or to disguise its facts so adroitly to suit the requirements of romance; or to view the most conspicuous personages themselves through such a medium of humanity as would fit them for the requirements of idealised history, that the utmost danger of historical falsehood on the one hand, or of collapse in fiction on the other, would ensue. In the discrimination and allocation of such characters in the required situations of historical romance, no writer but Shakspeare was ever more successful. It cannot be affirmed that Scott's characters of this description, any more than Shakspeare's, are always genuine or real as mere historical personages, or that their positions in imagination correspond exactly to their positions in fact; but no compromise between reality and unreality, on the common higher platform of human possibilities, has ever been more natural or truthful.

In the neighbouring region of fictitious characters in fictitious situations, or representing a certain class of actors in certain supposed circumstances, or in supposed relations to historical circumstances with which they might or might not have had connection, the knowledge of human nature as displayed in the author and the skill of the artist as evinced by the master in Walter Scott, have attained the highest imaginable perfection. Nothing can excel such creations of his, and nothing can be objected to such specimens of portraiture by him, as types and shadows of the classes they are intended to represent.

Exaggerations and extenuations in the historical pictures, here and there, must be conceded. Queen Elizabeth may be too stately for herself, and Leicester too abominably base; Charles Edward may be too princely as a hero, and James VI. too absurd as a fool; Grahame of Claverhouse may be much better than the real man, and Balfour of Burley a good deal worse, but the Antiquary and the Baron of Bradwardine; Amy Robsart and Lucy of Lammermoor; Nicol Jarvie and Caleb Balderston, and most others of a similar type, are not only truthful as ideal characters but unsurpassed in the annals of imagination. In another collateral department to this, namely the discrimination of classes by their types, and the representation of thousands in an individual, the same artistic skill and almost miraculous power of distinction and generalization are manifest. The local varieties, the social types, the national characteristics, and the class differences, physical, mental, and moral, are all distinguished with a precision and pictorial effect that may be called infallible. The minutest shades of distinction between classes that might be thought identical, and individual differences in characters where sameness might be thought to prevail, and which would have been overlooked or hopelessly confounded or caricatured by other artists, are noted and expressed by him with a clearness and beauty of delineation which conveys at once the verisimilitude of life. Could scholars or schoolmasters or intended clergy of their class be more distinct, or more individually truthful, than Dominie Sampson and Reuben Butler? personages more alike, yet more truly different, than Scotch and English gentlemen of similar ranks? women more true to their nationalities and themselves, than Flora M'Ivor and Rebecca? or more entirely distinct and distinguishable, of the same people, in the same rank of life, and of the same creed in religion, than Jeanie Deans and Jenny Dennison? Twenty Squire Stubbses, with all the acreage of Yorkshire, would not make one Baron of Bradwardine; nor could any number of Miss Ceciliass, with any amount of millinery at their disposal, be converted into a single Rose. It is noticeable in this, as in the matter of religion, how his national prejudice sharpens and refines these distinctions in favour of his native country; but from the examples above quoted, and many others that might easily be added, it is sufficiently clear that this discriminative faculty of his was as faithfully exercised in distinguishing Scot from Scot, as in distinguishing between the Scotch themselves and persons of all other nationalities.

But to do all the good that Scott himself desired, it was necessary not only that the very highest imaginable phase of historic reality and individual portraiture should be assumed and insisted on, to veil the occasional enormity of fact; but that the highest tone of social morality and the finest discrimination of personal virtues also, and more especially as between men and women, should pervade the whole.

No taint of impropriety, no compromise of purity, "no chambering and wantonness" could appear; and fortunately for the world, as for himself gifted as he was in other respects, such unimpeachable order and beauty were native to his own constitution: "whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise," he seemed to think on such things continually, for his readers' good, that he might write of, and recommend, and enforce them. Where equivocal situations were inevitable, with known licentious personages in the story; where details were required in fiction, to correspond with scandals in history; or where the exhibition of some repulsive character to be condemned was a part of the work, he never shrunk from such necessity: but surely never was more admirable delicacy shown in the treatment of such details. Not the most sensitive reader can be offended, or the most inexperienced endangered. Truth and modesty shine always and everywhere so clear and bright, that falsehood and iniquity, as ashamed, have no alternative left them but to "hide their heads." It was this most notable and glorious characteristic of his own manhood that made him so safe, and so inestimably dear, to the best and purest of his readers. Women, as a matter of necessity, loved and worshipped him; for without flattering he exalted them, without insulting he instructed them, and by mere silent implication he rebuked them—not one self-degraded or sinfully-triumphant type of their sex being ever intruded on their notice, or even so much as honoured with a name in their hearing, whilst hardly one feature of feminine excellence, goodness, beauty or grace, but is reflected from some corner of his many-sided mirror of sympathy and love for them. Even in the presence of royalty itself, where the tempter assumes the guise of the Lord's Anointed, the higher and truer angel of real light in female purity and constancy, or in unconscious innocence, confronts and repulses him unharmed; whilst the pure and patient victims themselves of falsehood and neglect, for whom no other earthly solace remains, are raised by their very endurance to a certain queenly rank in womanhood which compensates for all their sufferings.

In other cases, where no question of propriety can occur, but only vice in its violence or falsehood has to be dealt with, no limits are assigned to his treatment, because no limits could be transgressed. Treachery, selfishness, cruelty and injustice, are all punished and put down with open hand; whilst truth, generosity, gentleness, and courage maintain, by their own inherent weight and stability, a permanent attitude of triumph in the reader's heart and eyes. It was not precisely in Novel writing, to judge from former experience, that a practical illustration of Apostolic prophecy was to be expected; but never more truly, in the whole compass of human literary change or

labour, was the prediction verified "that the things which could be shaken should be removed, that those things which cannot be shaken might remain." If this had been attempted by some forced or awkward process of recommendation, or still more by mere authoritative assertion of moral excellence and goodness, or even by covert insinuation of their claims in man or woman on the reader's conscience, the effect would have been different and altogether inferior. On the contrary, the result of his delineations and contrasts is founded on some recognised principle of approval in man of what is good and great in his fellow-man, and of sympathy and admiration for what is seen by him to be lovely and pure. On such principles, beyond all metaphysical subtleties and dogmatical assumptions about right or wrong, this great practical teacher proceeded in his lessons for men; and by presenting, in a truthful unostentatious and natural light, what was good and truthful in itself, or by simply exposing to reprobation what was obviously and necessarily reprobate, in all his characters, he laid the foundation of a higher popular morality in life and literature for the reading world of Europe, and thus practically for the whole western world, than had been known or acted on since the Reformation, commending the very truth by a fable to every man's conscience as in the sight of God—Such priceless virtue is there in "a word fitly spoken;" such fascinating and resistless beauty, even for the most insensate or depraved, in "apples of gold" when duly set "in pictures of silver."

In addition to such fundamental principles as those we have now been attempting to illustrate, of simplicity in narrative, fidelity to nature, purity of moral teaching, and the like, which are the grand characteristics of Scott's authorship, there were other subordinate qualities not less conspicuous in his workmanship as a novelist. To enumerate all these in detail may not now be necessary. Of the genial humour, for example, the power of pictorial reproduction, the graceful dialogue, the admirable vernacular, the domestic love, it would be superfluous to speak; but two at least require to be specified in such a summary as the present. What the reader cannot fail to observe at the conclusion of all his novels, is the perfection of design which pervades them. To the critic, or the student intent on discovery, this may be apparent by degrees as the individual work proceeds, and conjectures may occur to him about the probable issue of the story—the fate of the hero or heroine, the disposal of contingent events, &c.; but as a rule, and to nine-tenths of "Waverley" readers, no plot seems to be in progress at all. Event succeeds event, as in the course of nature; characters appear and disappear, not because they are wanted for the work or for any ulterior purpose whatsoever, but because they are passing, on their own errands and of their own free will, along the road; and complications arise, and a denouement occurs, not because the author wills it, but because characters and events themselves will

so have it, whether the author will or not. This, we need hardly say, is the very perfection of design, and in nine cases out of ten it is the characteristic artistic excellence of Scott's romances. They are romantic, in fact, for this reason alone, much more than for any other commonly implied by the use of that term, that so strange a combination of events and so desirable an issue of fortune seem to be always the result of providential arrangement, without the author's knowledge, premeditation, or consent. There were a few exceptions, no doubt, to this natural order, when the intellect of the magician was beginning to fail under the combined weight of old age and calamity; but in all the grand original efforts of his genius, this inevitable progress, and this apparently unalterable sequence of events, independently of the author's volition or contrivance, is the distinguishing feature.

In connection with this, and in natural subordination to it, is the amazing ease with which all minute details are turned to account, or rather provided for use, and with which even inconsiderable characters are disposed of or employed. The most trivial incident that could be imagined, that seems to be nothing more than a wayside affair to occupy a page in the book, or to give temporary effect to the picture—the flight of a heron, or the freak of a child—turns out to be of the prime consequence at last in the drift of the whole story; and the most insignificant supernumerary, man or boy, who first walks the stage, is certain to have an errand of his own in which the hero will ultimately be involved. The reader may be sure from the very first, that no incident is to be forgotten and no actor to be despised. The fortune of a king may hang on the assistance of a beggar, and the counsel of princes be betrayed by “a bird of the air which carries the matter.” This adaptation and development, and what may be called utilising of materials, which astonishes and delights and sometimes provokes the reader, inasmuch as he did not suspect and was not prepared for it to such an extent, are proofs of artistic skill which only the very highest master of his art could afford; and in Scott they are so numerous, so perfect, and so fine, as insensibly to have procured and confirmed for him in perpetuity the popular designation of “The Wizard.” An incredible story is not necessarily a romance: that only is truly a romance which seems to carry nature along with it to a desired yet incredible issue. And such, above all others of their kind, were the fictions of Walter Scott. It was not alone the fabric of romance he wove out of the rude and often repulsive materials of recent history, but the infinite skill with which every thread of the pattern and every hue of colour were interwoven and inserted in the web, which made his workmanship such a mystery in itself, and its results such a marvel; and to know, as we do, that most of these immortal imaginings were designed and written without a pause, makes their production indeed seem one of the standing miracles of human capacity and labour.

WITH such introductory remarks to prepare the student of "Waverley" and the "Waverley Novels" for the better appreciation of their peculiar excellence as works both of moral and romantic interest, and of the most consummate literary art, we might perhaps be content; yet two other points of great interest beyond these demand some attention. In the first place, on a review of what we have just been advancing as characteristic of this distinguished author, one may reasonably inquire how he attained to the possession of such gifts, or cultivated their development so successfully? This is an inquiry natural enough for the non-reflecting reader of any age, but especially natural for the most reflecting in an age of economy and per-centage. It seems to many of us always, and to most of us certainly in the latter half of this nineteenth century, that the gift of God somehow may be purchased with money, or somehow made infinitely better by economical expenditure and cultivation. The talent undoubtedly can be improved, and even multiplied in its very circulation, as no man's history ever better proved than Scott's, one of the most indefatigable and successful of all human labourers; but the gift itself was of God. Such gift, indeed, could be of no other origin, and was utterly beyond acquisition on any conceivable mortal terms. It was of his own very nature, of his special intellectual constitution, to invent, to narrate, to embellish; and to go on inventing, narrating, and embellishing, till the divine repository of ideas, like the silk-worm's tissue, was exhausted. As love at first, from his earliest youth (*prima giovinezza*), and then gratitude, and then sympathy taught Boccaccio the art of story-telling by which the world was to be delighted; so from Scott's infancy and boyhood at least, if not from his very cradle, the exercise of a similar gift was his occupation, his solace, and his pride—not, indeed, to recount his own loves and disappointments, as Boccaccio originally did, but to imagine and detail and immortalise the loves and adventures of others. The same underground of passionate devotion to the honour and happiness of the sex characterises them both, but a veneration for antiquity and a pride in all national glory, with the super-addition of romantic enterprise, take the place in Scott of mere local gossip in Boccaccio; and this tendency was more developed and fostered in him, than it was likely to have been in almost any other writer not similarly born and educated, by the high aristocratic associations of clanship and early domestic traditions of a warlike race and people. It was at this point, and this only, it may be said, that the process of direct cultivation, conscious or unconscious, in the great novelist began. Border tales, nursery stories, ruined towers and haunted streams, were the alphabet and exemplars of his education; to which his very blood and brain, as well as his family connection, inclined him. Legends of romance from wider fields by and by followed, like selecter readings for the advanced pupil, which he not only

studied and devoured, but imitated or rivalled in his youthful efforts; and finally, the histories of Scotland, of England, and of France, became the grand text-books on which he relied for material in riper years, and to which he devoutly turned during an entire lifetime for inspiration. To this extent, as a novelist, he cultivated and enlarged his gift till its actual exercise began; from which period onwards its resources, by spontaneous development, augmented themselves. But such a system of practical education, however natural and appropriate for the man so gifted, would never have supplied the gift by which he was distinguished; nor would it ever have been adopted, or even submitted to, by one in whom the gift itself was not inherent. The accident of his early employment in a process office was also favourable indirectly to the development of his peculiar genius, inasmuch as it afforded him access to certain materials, and acquaintance with certain characters and forms, to which he must otherwise have been a stranger; but it was an accident only, and to any other sort of man might have been a cause of revulsion and distaste for all such details together. Such training and such opportunities, however, were assimilated by him with an intellectual affinity which made them entirely his own, and their result in combination with his creative and reproductive power was the exhibition of national history in the grandest dramatic cartoons, and of national peculiarities in the most attractive colouring—a reflection which prepares us naturally for the other and concluding inquiry, What object God could have in view by the bestowal of such gifts, and how the mission of a public teacher like Walter Scott coincided with the crisis of his appearance?

So far as public teaching in his own peculiar department had hitherto been attempted by the novelists of Great Britain, the moral purpose Scott was to subserve has already been explained, and was fully realised by himself; but there had been a moral and religious evil of a much more serious description, and a crisis more formidable for the welfare of Europe to be turned, than anything in mere sentiment or superficial fashionable entertainment at home, to which at the moment he might not perceive his own personal relationship as a counterbalancing power, but to which it is now as distinctly seen to be so related as any moral antidote could be to any moral evil in the providence of God. The half-developed philosophy of Germany, which, if better understood at the time, might and would have had a different result, and the profound inquiries of David Hume, equally misunderstood, had already shaken the superstitions of Europe and occasioned a temporary distrust of all religious authority; the writings of Voltaire and his compatriots, more popular and comprehensible, but essentially irreligious, had brought a torrent of profanity and vice along with them on the loosened world; the profligacy of the Church, the open venality, rascality, and incompetency of the State, in France and the

surrounding kingdoms, had issued in a revolution of which the administration was blasphemy and the consequences anarchy and despair; a devastating war had followed, which not only deluged the Continent in blood, but threatened the security or at least the tranquillity of Great Britain: all which combined influences of evil, or of divine retribution for iniquity, had to culminate and be dispersed and revoked, or succeeded by some happier elements of faith and love. Waterloo had not yet given a check to these physical disorders, but was close at hand, when Scott, with his poetry first, and finally with his romances, appeared, to diffuse a new sentiment of life in the breasts of men, and to fling a mantle of many-coloured splendour over the wastes of infidelity and war. Burns but a few years before him, and whilst the storm was only beginning to rage, had already spoken with natural faith in God and with natural love to man—the truest and the richest voice of its sort that had been heard in Europe for centuries—and by his lyrical utterances alone had prepared the way for a universal restoration; but the peculiar services of Walter Scott as a novelist, in uniting the beautiful and the human with what had hitherto been but horrible if not devilish, and redeeming men, by the help of their own imaginations, from a state of barbarism and blood, and soothing the most sorrowful recollections of hundreds of years, was still a moral necessity for Christendom.

There are a few readers—very few, it shall be hoped—in these days of dispassionate inquiry after cause and effect, who may hesitate about accepting such a theory of Divine ordination for any one man's existence in the miscellaneous aggregate of being; but if now, at the distance of two or three centuries, we can recognise the beneficent purpose of God in the use of all individual instruments for effecting his own ends—if we can now see clearly, for example, that the story-telling of Boccaccio, and the sublime poetry of Dante, and Petrarch, and Ariosto, and Tasso did actually liberate the intellect of Europe, and prepare for the overthrow of despotism and error at the Reformation; and that the caricatures of Sir David Lyndsay and the satires of George Buchanan “redd the gate” for a man like Knox with the destinies of a whole people in his hands; it should hardly seem incredible that men like Burns and Scott were sent before to prepare the way for yet more glorious emancipation—that they, too, were divinely appointed and divinely gifted by the universal Father with the common elements of human sympathy and human love, united with eloquence and music, to lead the people forth in joy from a wilderness of bondage, darkness, and woe. Such certainly has been the effect of their teaching, and it would be a want of faith as well as of philosophy to deny that the Great First Cause himself, who knows the end from the beginning, had ordained it.

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

To this slight attempt at a sketch of ancient Scottish manners, the public have been more attentive than the Author durst have hoped or expected. He has heard, with a mixture of satisfaction and humility, his work ascribed to more than one respectable name. Considerations, which seem weighty in his particular situation, prevent his releasing these gentlemen from suspicion by placing his own name in the title-page; so that, for the present at least, it must remain uncertain, whether *WAVERLEY* be the work of a poet or a critic, a lawyer or a clergyman, or whether the writer, to use Mrs Malaprop's phrase, be "like Cerberus—three gentlemen at once." The Author, as he is unconscious of any thing in the work itself (except perhaps its frivolity) which prevents its finding an acknowledged father, leaves it to the candour of the public to chuse among the many circumstances peculiar to different situations in life, such as may induce him to suppress his name on the present occasion. He may be a writer new to publication, and unwilling to avow a character to which he is unaccustomed; or he may be a hackneyed author, who is ashamed of too frequent appearance, and employs this mystery, as the heroine of the old comedy used her mask, to attract the attention of those to whom her face had become too familiar. He may be a man of grave profession, to whom the reputation of being a novel-writer may be prejudicial; or he may be a man of fashion, to whom writing of any kind might appear pedantic. He may be too young to assume the character of an author, or so old as to make it advisable to lay it aside.

The author of *Waverley* has heard it objected to this novel, that, in the character of *Callum Beg*, and in the account given by the Baron of *Bradwardine* of the petty trespasses of the Highlanders against trifling articles of property, he has borne hard, and unjustly so, upon

their national character. Nothing could be farther from his wish or intention. The character of Callum Beg is that of a spirit naturally turned to daring evil, and determined, by the circumstances of his situation, to a particular species of mischief. Those who have perused the curious Letters from the Highlands, published about 1726, will find instances of such atrocious characters, which fell under the writer's own observation, though it would be most unjust to consider such villains as representatives of the Highlanders of that period, any more than the murderers of Marr and Williamson can be supposed to represent the English of the present day. As for the plunder supposed to have been picked up by some of the insurgents in 1745, it must be remembered, that although the way of that unfortunate little army was neither marked by devastation nor bloodshed, but, on the contrary, was orderly and quiet in a most wonderful degree, yet *no* army marches through a country in a hostile manner without some trespasses; and several, to the extent, and of the nature, jocularly imputed to them by the Baron, were really laid to the charge of the Highland insurgents; for which many traditions, and particularly one respecting the Knight of the Mirror, may be quoted as good evidence.

WAVERLEY;

OR,

'TIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE title of this work has not been chosen without the grave and solid deliberation, which matters of importance demand from the prudent. Even its first, or general denomination, was the result of no common research or selection, although, according to the example of my predecessors, I had only to seize upon the most sounding and euphonic surname that English history or topography affords, and elect it at once as the title of my work, and the name of my hero. But, alas! what could my readers have expected from the chivalrous epithets of Howard, Mordaunt, Mortimer, or Stanley, or from the softer and more sentimental sounds of Belmour, Belville, Belfield, and Belgrave, but pages of inanity, similar to those which have been so christened for half a century past! I must modestly admit I am too diffident of my own merit to place it in unnecessary opposition to preconceived associations; I have, therefore, like a maiden knight with his white shield, assumed for my hero, WAVERLEY, an uncontaminated name, bearing with its sound little of good or evil, excepting what the reader shall be hereafter pleased to affix to it. But my second or supplemental title was a matter of much more difficult election, since that, short as it is, may be held as pledging the author to some special mode of laying his scene, drawing his characters, and managing his adventures. Had I, for example, announced in my frontispiece, "Waverley, a Tale of other Days," must not every novel reader have anticipated a castle scarce less than that of Udolpho, of which the eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper,

whose trembling steps, about the middle of the second volume, were doomed to guide the hero, or heroine, to the ruinous precincts? Would not the owl have shrieked and the cricket cried in my very title-page? and could it have been possible for me, with a moderate attention to decorum, to introduce any scene more lively than might be produced by the jocularly of a clownish but faithful valet, or the garrulous narrative of the heroine's fille-de-chambre, when rehearsing the stories of blood and horror which she had heard in the servants' hall? Again, had my title borne "Waverley, a Romance from the German," what head so obtuse as not to imagine forth a profligate abbot, an oppressive duke, a secret and mysterious association of Rosycrucians and Illuminati, with all their properties of black cowls, caverns, daggers, electrical machines, trap-doors, and dark-lanterns? Or if I had rather chosen to call my work a "Sentimental Tale," would it not have been a sufficient presage of a heroine with a profusion of auburn hair, and a harp, the soft solace of her solitary hours, which she fortunately finds always the means of transporting from castle to cottage, although she herself be sometimes obliged to jump out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, and is more than once bewildered on her journey, alone and on foot, without any guide but a blowzy peasant girl, whose jargon she hardly can understand? Or again, if my Waverley had been entitled "A Tale of the Times," wouldst thou not, gentle reader, have demanded from me a dashing sketch of the fashionable world, a few anecdotes of private scandal thinly veiled, and if lusciously painted, so much the better? a heroine from Grosvenor Square, and a hero from the Barouche Club or the Four-in-Hand, with a set of subordinate characters from the elegantes of Queen Anne Street East, or the dashing heroes of the Bow Street Office? I could proceed in proving the importance of a title-page, and displaying at the same time my own intimate knowledge of the particular ingredients necessary to the composition of romances and novels of various descriptions: But it is enough, and I scorn to tyrannize longer over the impatience of my reader, who is doubtless already anxious to know the choice made by an author so profoundly versed in the different branches of his art.

By fixing, then, the date of my story Sixty Years before this present 1st November, 1805, I would have my readers understand, that they will meet in the following pages neither a romance of chivalry, nor a tale of modern manners; that my hero will neither have iron on his shoulders, as of yore, nor on the heels of his boots, as is the present fashion of Bond Street; and that my damsels will neither be clothed "in purple and in pall," like the Lady Alice of an old ballad, nor reduced to the primitive nakedness of a modern fashionable at a route. From this my choice of an æra the understanding critic may farther presage, that the object of my tale is more a description of men

than manners. A tale of manners, to be interesting, must either refer to antiquity so great as to have become venerable, or it must bear a vivid reflection of those scenes which are passing daily before our eyes, and are interesting from their novelty. Thus the coat-of-mail of our ancestors, and the triple-furred pelisse of our modern beaux, may, though for very different reasons, be equally fit for the array of a fictitious character; but who, meaning the costume of his hero to be impressive, would willingly attire him in the court dress of George the Second's reign, with its no collar, large sleeves, and low pocket-holes? The same may be urged, with equal truth, of the Gothic hall, which, with its darkened and tinted windows, its elevated and gloomy roof, and massive oaken table garnished with boars-head and rosemary, pheasants and peacocks, cranes and cygnets, has an excellent effect in fictitious description. Much may also be gained by a lively display of a modern fête, such as we have daily recorded in that part of a newspaper entitled the *Mirror of Fashion*, if we contrast these, or either of them, with the splendid formality of an entertainment given Sixty years since; and thus it will be readily seen how much the painter of antique or of fashionable manners gains over him who delineates those of the last generation.

Considering the disadvantages inseparable from this part of my subject, I must be understood to have resolved to avoid them as much as possible, by throwing the force of my narrative upon the characters and passions of the actors;—those passions common to men in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corslet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth, or the blue frock and white dimity waistcoat of the present day.* Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary colouring; but the bearings, to use the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may be not only different, but opposed in strong contradistinction. The wrath of our ancestors, for example, was coloured *gules*; it broke forth in acts of open and sanguinary violence against the objects of its fury. Our malignant feelings, which must seek gratification through more indirect channels, and undermine the obstacles which they cannot openly bear down, may be rather said to be tintured *sable*. But the deep-ruling impulse is the same in both cases; and the proud peer, who can now only ruin his neighbour according to law, by protracted suits, is the genuine descendant of the baron who wrapped the castle of his competitor in flames, and knocked him on the head as he endeavoured to escape from the conflagration.

* Alas! that attire, respectable and gentlemanlike in 1805, or thereabouts, is now as antiquated as the Author of *Waverley* has himself become since that period! The reader of fashion will please to fill up the costume with an embroidered waistcoat of purple velvet or silk, and a coat of whatever colour he pleases.

It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter, or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public. Some favourable opportunities of contrast have been afforded me, by the state of society in the northern part of the island at the period of my history, and may serve at once to vary and to illustrate the moral lessons, which I would willingly consider as the most important part of my plan; although I am sensible how short these will fall of their aim, if I shall be found unable to mix them with amusement—a task not quite so easy in this critical generation as it was “Sixty Years since.”

CHAPTER II.

WAVERLEY-HONOUR.—A RETROSPECT.

IT is, then, sixty years since Edward Waverley, the hero of the following pages, took leave of his family to join the regiment of dragoons in which he had lately obtained a commission. It was a melancholy day at Waverley-Honour when the young officer parted with Sir Everard, the affectionate old uncle to whose title and estate he was presumptive heir. A difference in political opinions had early separated the Baronet from his younger brother Richard Waverley, the father of our hero. Sir Everard had inherited from his sires the whole train of tory or high-church predilections and prejudices, which had distinguished the house of Waverley since the great civil war. Richard, on the contrary, who was ten years younger, beheld himself born to the fortune of a second brother, and anticipated neither dignity nor entertainment in sustaining the character of Will Wimble. He saw early, that to succeed in the race of life, it was necessary he should carry as little weight as possible. Painters talk of the difficulty of expressing the existence of compound passions in the same features at the same moment: It would be no less difficult for the moralist to analyse the mixed motives which unite to form the impulse of our actions. Richard Waverley read and satisfied himself from history and sound argument, that, in the words of the old song,

Passive obedience was a jest,
And pshaw! was non-resistance;

yet reason would have probably been unable to remove hereditary prejudice, could Richard have anticipated that Sir Everard, taking to heart an early disappointment, would have remained a bachelor at seventy-two. The prospect of succession, however remote, might in

that case have led him to endure dragging through the greater part of his life as "Master Richard at the Hall, the baronet's brother," in hopes that ere its conclusion he should be distinguished as Sir Richard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, successor to a princely estate, and to extended political connections as head of the country interest. But this was a consummation of things not to be expected at Richard's outset, when Sir Everard was in the prime of life, and certain to be an acceptable suitor in almost any family, whether wealth or beauty should be the object of his pursuit, and when, indeed, his speedy marriage was a report which regularly amused the neighbourhood once a-year. His brother, therefore, saw no road to independence save that of relying upon his own exertions, and adopting a political creed more consonant both to reason and his own interest, than the hereditary faith of Sir Everard in high church and the house of Stuart. He therefore read his recantation at the beginning of his career, and entered life as an avowed whig, and friend of the Hanover succession.

The ministry of the period were prudently anxious to diminish the phalanx of opposition. The tory nobility, depending for their reflected lustre upon the sunshine of a court, had for sometime been gradually reconciling themselves to the new dynasty. But the wealthy country gentlemen of England, a rank which retained, with much of ancient manners and primitive integrity, a great proportion of obstinate and unyielding prejudice, stood aloof in haughty and sullen opposition, and cast many a look of mingled regret and hope to Bois le Duc, Avignon, and Italy. The accession of the near relation of one of these steady and inflexible opponents was considered as a means of bringing over more converts, and therefore Richard Waverley met with a share of ministerial favour more than proportioned to his talents or his political importance. It was, however, discovered that he had respectable parts for public business, and the first admittance to the minister's levee being negotiated, his success became rapid. Sir Everard learned from the public News Letter, first, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, was returned for the ministerial borough of Barterfaith; next, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had taken a distinguished part in the debate upon the Excise bill in the support of government; and lastly, that Richard Waverley, Esquire, had been honoured with a seat at one of those boards, where the pleasure of serving the country is combined with other important gratifications, which, to render them the more acceptable, occur regularly once a quarter.

Although these events followed each other so closely that the sagacity of the editor of a modern newspaper would have presaged the two last even while he announced the first, yet they came upon Sir Everard gradually, and drop by drop, as it were, distilled through the cool and procrastinating alembic of Dyer's Weekly Letter. For it may be

observed in passing, that instead of those mail-coaches, by means of which every mechanic at his six-penny club may nightly learn from twenty contradictory channels the yesterday's news of the capital, a weekly post brought in those days, to Waverley-Honour, a Weekly Intelligencer, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of his aged butler, was regularly transferred from the hall to the rectory, from the rectory to Squire Stubbs' at the Grange, from the Squire to the Baronet's steward at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after its arrival.

This slow succession of intelligence was of some advantage to Richard Waverley in the case before us. For had the sum total of his enormities reached the ears of Sir Everard at once, there can be no doubt the new commissioner would have had little reason to pique himself on the success of his politics. The Baronet, although the mildest of human beings, was not without sensitive points in his character; his brother's conduct had wounded these deeply; the Waverley estate was fettered by no entail, (for it had never entered into the head of any of its former possessors that one of their progeny could be guilty of the atrocities laid by Dyer's Letter to the door of Richard,) and if it had, the marriage of the proprietor might have been fatal to a collateral heir. These various ideas floated through the brain of Sir Everard, without, however, producing any determinate conclusion.

He examined the tree of his genealogy, which, emblazoned with many an emblematic mark of honour and heroic achievement, hung upon the well-varnished wainscot of his hall. The nearest descendants of Sir Hildebrand Waverley, failing those of his eldest son Wilfred, of whom Sir Everard and his brother were the only representatives, were, as this honoured register informed him, (and indeed as he himself well knew) the Waverleys of Highley Park, com. Hants; with whom the main branch, or rather stock, of the house had renounced all connection since the great law-suit in 1670. This scion had committed a further offence against the head and source of their gentility, by the intermarriage of their representative with Judith, heiress of Oliver Bradshawe, of Highley Park, whose arms, the same with those of Bradshawe the regicide, they had quartered with the ancient coat of Waverley. These offences, however, had vanished from Sir Everard's recollection in the heat of his resentment; and had Lawyer Clippurse, for whom his groom was dispatched express, arrived but an hour earlier, he might have had the benefit of drawing a new settlement of the lordship and manor of Waverley-Honour, with all its dependencies. But an hour of cool reflection is a great matter,

when employed in weighing the comparative evils of two measures, to neither of which we are internally partial. Lawyer Clippurse found his patron involved in a deep study, which he was too respectful to disturb, otherwise than producing his paper and leathern ink-case, as prepared to minute his honour's commands. Even this slight manœuvre was embarrassing to Sir Everard, who felt it as a reproach to his indecision. He looked at the attorney with some desire to issue his fiat, when the sun, emerging from behind a cloud, poured at once its chequered light through the stained window of the gloomy cabinet in which they were seated. The Baronet's eye, as he raised it to the splendour, fell right upon the central scutcheon, impressed with the same device which his ancestor was said to have borne in the field of Hastings; three ermines passant, argent, in a field azure, with its appropriate motto, *sans tache*. "May our name rather perish," thought Sir Everard, "than that ancient and loyal symbol should be blended with the dishonoured insignia of a traitorous round-head!"

All this was the effect of the glimpse of a sun-beam just sufficient to light Lawyer Clippurse to mend his pen. The pen was mended in vain. The attorney was dismissed, with directions to hold himself in readiness on the first summons.

The apparition of Lawyer Clippurse at the Hall occasioned much speculation in that portion of the world to which Waverley-Honour formed the centre: But the more judicious politicians of this microcosm augured yet worse consequences to Richard Waverley from a movement which shortly followed his apostacy. This was no less than an excursion of the Baronet in his coach and six, with four attendants in rich liveries, to make a visit of some duration to a noble peer on the confines of the shire, of untainted descent, steady tory principles, and the happy father of six unmarried and accomplished daughters. Sir Everard's reception in this family was, as it may be easily conceived, sufficiently favourable; but of the six young ladies, his taste unfortunately determined him in favour of Lady Emily, the youngest, who received his attentions with an embarrassment which showed at once that she durst not decline them, and that they afforded her anything but pleasure. Sir Everard could not but perceive something uncommon in the restrained emotions which she testified at the advances he hazarded; but assured by the prudent Countess that they were the natural effects of a retired education, the sacrifice might have been completed, as doubtless has happened in many similar instances, had it not been for the courage of an elder sister, who revealed to the wealthy suitor that Lady Emily's affections were fixed upon a young soldier of fortune, a near relation of her own. Sir Everard manifested great emotion on receiving this intelligence, which was confirmed to him, in a private interview, by the young lady herself, although under the most dreadful apprehensions of her father's indignation. Honour

and generosity were hereditary attributes of the house of Waverley. With a grace and delicacy worthy the hero of a romance, Sir Everard withdrew his claim to the hand of Lady Emily. He had even, before leaving Blandeville Castle, the address to extort from her father a consent to her union with the object of her choice. What arguments he used on this point cannot exactly be known; but the young officer immediately after this transaction rose in the army with a rapidity far surpassing the usual pace of unpatronized professional merit, although, to outward appearance, that was all he had to depend upon.

The shock which Sir Everard encountered upon this occasion, although diminished by the consciousness of having acted virtuously and generously, had its effect upon his future life. His resolution of marriage had been adopted in a fit of indignation; the labour of courtship did not quite suit the dignified indolence of his habits; he had but just escaped the risk of marrying a woman who could never love him, and his pride could not be greatly flattered by the termination of his amour, even if his heart had not suffered. The result of the whole matter was his return to Waverley-Honour without any transfer of his affections, notwithstanding the sighs and languishments of the fair tell-tale, who had revealed, in mere sisterly affection, the secret of Lady Emily's attachment, and in despite of the nods, winks, and inuendoes of the officious lady mother, and the grave eulogiums which the Earl pronounced successively on the prudence, and good sense, and admirable disposition of his first, second, third, fourth, and fifth daughters. The memory of his unsuccessful amour was with Sir Everard, as with many more of his temper, at once shy, proud, sensitive, and indolent, a beacon against exposing himself to similar mortification, pain, and fruitless exertion for the time to come. He continued to live at Waverley-Honour in the style of an old English gentleman, of ancient descent and opulent fortune. His sister, Miss Rachael Waverley, presided at his table; and they became, by degrees, an old bachelor and an ancient maiden lady, the gentlest and kindest of the votaries of celibacy.

The vehemence of Sir Everard's resentment against his brother was but short-lived; yet his dislike to the whig and the placeman, though unable to stimulate him to resume any active measures prejudicial to Richard's interest, continued to maintain the coldness between them. Accident at length occasioned a renewal of their intercourse. Richard had married a young woman of rank, by whose family interest and private fortune he hoped to advance his career. In her right he became possessor of a manor of some value, at the distance of a few miles from Waverley-Honour.

Little Edward, the hero of our tale, then in his fifth year, was their only child. It chanced that the infant with his maid had strayed one morning to a mile's distance from the avenue of Brere-Wood Lodge,

his father's seat. Their attention was attracted by a carriage drawn by six stately black long-tailed horses, and with as much carving and gilding as would have done honour to my lord mayor's. It was waiting for the owner, who was at a little distance inspecting the progress of a half-built farm-house. I know not whether the boy's nurse had been a Welch-woman or a Scotch-woman, or in what manner he associated a shield emblazoned with three ermines with the idea of personal property, but he no sooner beheld this family emblem than he stoutly determined on vindicating his right to the splendid vehicle on which it was displayed. The baronet arrived while the boy's maid was in vain endeavouring to make him desist from his determination to appropriate the gilded coach and six. The rencontre was at a happy moment for Edward, as his uncle had been just eyeing wistfully, with something of a feeling like envy, the chubby boys of the stout yeoman whose mansion was building by his direction. In the round-faced rosy cherub before him, bearing his eye and his name, and vindicating a hereditary title to his family, affection, and patronage, by means of a tie which Sir Everard held as sacred as either Garter or Blue-mantle, Providence seemed to have granted to him the very object best calculated to fill up the void in his hopes and his affections. The child and his attendant were sent home in the carriage to Brere-wood Lodge, with such a message as opened to Richard Waverley a door of reconciliation with his elder brother. Their intercourse, however, continued to be rather formal and civil, than partaking of brotherly cordiality; yet it was sufficient to the wishes of both parties. Sir Everard obtained, in the frequent society of his little nephew, something on which his hereditary pride might found the anticipated pleasure of a continuation of his lineage, and on which his kind and gentle affections could at the same time fully exercise themselves. For Richard Waverley, he beheld in the growing attachment between the uncle and nephew the means of securing his son's, if not his own, succession to the hereditary estate, which he felt would be rather endangered than promoted by any attempt on his own part towards a more intimate commerce with a man of Sir Everard's habits and opinions.

Thus, by a sort of tacit compromise, little Edward was permitted to pass the greater part of the year at the Hall, and appeared to stand in the same intimate relation to both families, although their intercourse was otherwise limited to formal messages and more formal visits. The education of the youth was regulated alternately by the taste and opinions of his uncle and of his father. But more of this in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER III.

EDUCATION.

THE education of our hero, Edward Waverley, was of a nature somewhat desultory. In infancy his health suffered, or was supposed to suffer, (which is quite the same thing) by the air of London. As soon, therefore, as official duties, attendance on parliament, or the prosecution of any of his plans of interest or ambition, called his father to town, which was his usual residence for eight months in the year, Edward was transferred to Waverley-Honour, and experienced a change of instructors and of lessons, as well as of residence. This might have been remedied had his father placed him under the superintendence of a permanent tutor. But he considered that one of his chusing would probably have been unacceptable at Waverley-Honour, and that such a selection as Sir Everard might have made, were the matter left to him, would have burdened him with a disagreeable inmate, if not a political spy, in his family. He therefore prevailed upon his private secretary, a young man of taste and accomplishment, to bestow an hour or two on Edward's education while at Brere-wood Lodge, and left his uncle answerable for his improvement in literature while an inmate at the Hall.

This was in some degree respectably provided for. Sir Everard's chaplain, an Oxonian, who had lost his fellowship for declining to take the oaths at the accession of George I., was not only an excellent classical scholar, but reasonably skilled in science, and master of most modern languages. He was, however, old and indulgent, and the recurring interregnum, during which Edward was entirely freed from his discipline, occasioned such a great relaxation of authority, that the youth was permitted, in a great measure, to learn as he pleased, what he pleased, and when he pleased. This looseness of rule would have been ruinous to a boy of slow understanding, who, feeling labour in the acquisition of knowledge, would have altogether neglected it, save for the command of a task-master; and it might have proved equally dangerous to a youth whose animal spirits were more powerful than his imagination or his feelings, and whom the irresistible influence of Alma, when seated in his arms and legs, would have engaged in field-sports from morning till night. But the character of Edward Waverley was remote from either of these. His powers of apprehension were so uncommonly quick, as almost to resemble intuition, and the chief care of his preceptor was to prevent him, as a sportsman would phrase it, from over-running his game, that is, from acquiring his knowledge in a slight, flimsy, and inadequate manner. And here the instructor had to combat another propensity too often united with brilliancy of fancy and vivacity of talent,—that indolence, namely, of disposition, which

can only be stirred by some strong motive of gratification, and which renounces study so soon as curiosity is gratified, the pleasure of conquering the first difficulties exhausted, and the novelty of pursuit at an end. Edward would throw himself with spirit upon any classical author of which his preceptor proposed the perusal, make himself master of the style so far as to understand the story, and if that pleased or interested him, he finished the volume. But it was in vain to attempt fixing his attention on critical distinctions of philology, upon the difference of idiom, the beauty of felicitous expression, or the artificial combinations of syntax. "I can read and understand a Latin author," said young Edward, with the self-confidence and rash reasoning of fifteen, "and Scaliger or Bentley could not do much more." Alas! while he was thus permitted to read only for the gratification of his own amusement, he foresaw not that he was losing for ever the opportunity of acquiring habits of firm and incumbent application, of gaining the art of controuling, directing, and concentrating the powers of his own mind for earnest investigation,—an art far more essential than even that learning which is the primary object of study.

I am aware I may be here reminded of the necessity of rendering instruction agreeable to youth, and of Tasso's infusion of honey into the medicine prepared for a child; but an age in which children are taught the driest doctrines by the insinuating method of instructive games, has little reason to dread the consequences of study being rendered too serious or severe. The history of England is now reduced to a game at cards, the problems of mathematics to puzzles and riddles, and the doctrines of arithmetic may, we are assured, be sufficiently acquired by spending a few hours a-week at a new and complicated edition of the Royal Game of the Goose. There wants but one step further, and the Creed and Ten Commandments may be taught in the same manner, without the necessity of the grave face, deliberate tone of recital, and devout attention, hitherto exacted from the well-governed childhood of this realm. It may in the meantime be subject of serious consideration, whether those who are accustomed only to acquire instruction through the medium of amusement, may not be brought to reject that which approaches under the aspect of study; whether those who learn history by the cards, may not be led to prefer the means to the end; and whether, were we to teach religion in the way of sport, our pupils might not thereby be gradually induced to make sport of their religion. To our young hero, who was permitted to seek his instruction only according to the bent of his own mind, and who, of consequence, only sought it so long as it afforded him amusement, the indulgence of his tutors was attended with evil consequences, which long continued to influence his character, happiness, and utility. Edward's power of imagination and love of literature, although the former was vivid, and the latter ardent, were so far from

affording a remedy to this peculiar evil, that they rather inflamed and increased its violence. The library at Waverley-Honour, a large Gothic room, with double arches and a gallery, contained that miscellaneous and extensive collection of volumes usually assembled together, during the course of two hundred years, by a family which had been always wealthy, and inclined of course, as a mark of splendour, to furnish their shelves with the current literature of the day, without much scrutiny or nicety of discrimination. Through this ample realm Edward was permitted to roam at large. His tutor had his own studies; and church politics and controversial divinity, together with a love of learned ease, though they did not withdraw his attention at stated times from the progress of his patron's presumptive heir, induced him readily to grasp at any apology for not extending a strict and regulated survey towards his general studies. Sir Everard had never been himself a student, and, like his sister Miss Rachael Waverley, held the vulgar doctrine, that idleness is incompatible with reading of any kind, and that the mere tracing the alphabetical characters with the eye, is in itself a useful and meritorious task, without scrupulously considering what ideas or doctrines they may happen to convey. With a desire of amusement therefore, which better discipline might soon have converted into a thirst for knowledge, young Waverley drove through the sea of books, like a vessel without a pilot or a rudder. Nothing perhaps increases by indulgence more than a delusive habit of reading, especially under such opportunities of gratifying it. I believe one reason why such numerous instances of erudition occur among the lower ranks is, that, with the same powers of mind, the poor student is limited to a narrow circle for indulging his passion for books, and must necessarily make himself master of the few he possesses ere he can acquire more. Edward, on the contrary, like the epicure who only deigned to take a single morsel from the sunny side of a peach, read no volume a moment after it ceased to excite his curiosity or interest; and it necessarily happened, that the habit of seeking only this sort of gratification rendered it daily more difficult of attainment, till the passion for reading like other strong appetites, produced by indulgence a sort of satiety.

Ere he attained this indifference, however, he had read over, and stored in a memory of uncommon tenacity, much curious, though ill-arranged and miscellaneous information. In English literature he was master of Shakspeare and Milton, of our earlier dramatic authors, of many picturesque and interesting passages from our old historical chronicles, and particularly of Spenser, Drayton, and other poets who have exercised themselves on romantic fiction, of all themes the most fascinating to a youthful imagination, before the passions have roused themselves, and demand poetry of a more sentimental description. In this respect his acquaintance with the Italian opened him yet a wider

range. He had perused the numerous romantic poems which, from the days of Pulci, have been a favourite exercise of the wits of Italy, and had sought gratification in the numerous collections of *novelle* which were brought forth by the genius of that elegant though luxurious nation, in emulation of the Decameron. In classical literature, Waverley had made the usual progress, and read the usual authors; and the French had afforded him an almost exhaustless collection of memoirs, scarcely more faithful than romances, and of romances so well written as hardly to be distinguished from memoirs. The splendid pages of Froissart, with his heart-stirring and eye dazzling descriptions of war and of tournaments, were among his chief favourites; and from those of Brantome and De la Noue he learned to compare the wild and loose, yet superstitious character of the nobles of the League, with the stern, rigid, and sometimes turbulent disposition of the Huguenot party. The Spanish had contributed to his stock of chivalrous and romantic lore. The earlier literature of the northern nations did not escape the study of one who read, rather to awaken the imagination than to benefit the understanding. And yet, knowing much that is known but to few, Edward Waverley might justly be considered as ignorant, since he knew little of what adds dignity to man, and qualifies him to support and adorn an elevated situation in society.

The occasional attention of his parents might indeed have been of service, to prevent the dissipation of mind incidental to such a desultory course of reading. But Mrs Richard Waverley died in the seventh year after the reconciliation between the brothers, and Waverley himself, who after this event resided more constantly in London, was too much interested in his own plans of wealth and ambition, to notice more respecting Edward than that he was of a very bookish turn, and probably destined to be a bishop. If he could have discovered and analyzed his son's waking dreams, he would have formed a very different conclusion.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

I HAVE already hinted that the dainty, squeamish, and fastidious taste acquired by a surfeit of idle reading, had not only rendered our hero unfit for serious and sober study, but had even disgusted him in some degree with that in which he had hitherto indulged. He was in his sixteenth year, when his habits of abstraction and love of solitude

became so much marked as to excite Sir Everard's affectionate apprehension. He tried to counterbalance these propensities, by engaging his nephew in field-sports, which had been the chief pleasure of his own youth. But although Edward eagerly carried the gun for one season, yet when practice had given him some dexterity, the pastime ceased to afford him amusement. In the succeeding spring, the perusal of old Isaac Walton's fascinating volume determined Edward to become "a brother of the angle." But of all diversions which ingenuity ever devised for the relief of idleness, fishing is the worse qualified to amuse a man who is at once indolent and impatient, and our hero's rod was speedily flung aside. Society and example, which, more than any other motives, master and sway the natural bent of our passions, might have had their usual effect upon our youthful visionary. But the neighbourhood was thinly inhabited, and the home-bred young squires whom it afforded, were not of a class fit to form Edward's usual companions, far less to excite him to emulate them in the practice of those pastimes which composed the serious business of their lives. Sir Everard had, upon the death of Queen Anne, resigned his seat in parliament, and, as his age increased and the number of his contemporaries diminished, gradually withdrawn himself from society; so that, when, upon any particular occasion, Edward mingled with accomplished and well-educated young men of his own rank and expectations, he felt an inferiority in their society, not so much from deficiency of information, as from the want of the skill to command and to arrange that which he possessed. A deep and increasing sensibility added to this dislike of society. The idea of having committed the slightest solecism in politeness, whether real or imaginary, was agony to him; for perhaps even guilt itself does not impose upon some minds so keen a sense of shame and remorse as a modest, sensitive, and inexperienced youth feels from the consciousness of having neglected etiquette, or excited ridicule. Where we are not at ease, we cannot be happy; and therefore it is not surprising, that Edward Waverley supposed that he disliked and was unfitted for society, merely because he had not yet acquired the habit of living in it with ease and comfort, and of reciprocally giving and receiving pleasure. The hours he spent with his uncle and aunt were exhausted in listening to the oft-repeated tale of narrative old age. Yet even there his imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, was frequently excited. Family tradition and genealogical history, upon which much of Sir Everard's discourse turned, is the very reverse of amber, which, itself a valuable substance, usually includes flies, straws, and other trifles; whereas these studies, being themselves very insignificant and trifling, do nevertheless serve to perpetuate a great deal of what is rare and valuable in ancient manners, and to record many curious and minute facts which could have been preserved and conveyed through no other medium. If, therefore, Edward Waverley

yawned at times over the dry deduction of his line of ancestors, with their various intermarriages, and inwardly deprecated the remorseless and protracted accuracy with which the worthy Sir Everard rehearsed the various degress of propinquity between the house of Waverley-Honour and the doughty barons, knights, and squires, to whom they stood allied; if (notwithstanding his obligations to the three ermines passant) he sometimes cursed in his heart the jargon of heraldry, its griffins, its moldwarps, its wyverns, and its dragons, with all the bitterness of Hotspur himself, there were moments when these communications interested his fancy and rewarded his attention. The deeds of Wilibert of Waverley in the Holy Land, his long absence and perilous adventures, his supposed death, and his return on the evening when the betrothed of his heart had wedded the hero who had protected her from insult and oppression during his absence; the generosity with which the crusader relinquished his claims, and sought in a neighbouring cloister that peace which passeth not away;—to these and similar tales he would hearken till his heart glowed and his eye glistened. Nor was he less affected, when his aunt Mrs Rachael narrated the sufferings and fortitude of Lady Alice Waverley during the great Civil War. The benevolent features of the venerable spinster kindled into more majestic expression, as she told how Charles had, after the field of Worcester, found a day's refuge at Waverley-Honour, and how, when a troop of cavalry were approaching to search the mansion, Lady Alice dismissed her youngest son with a handful of domestics, charging them to make good with their lives an hour's diversion, that the king might have that space for escape. "And God help her," would Mrs Rachael continue, fixing her eyes upon the heroine's portrait as she spoke, "full dearly did she purchase the safety of her prince with the life of her darling child. They brought him here a prisoner, and mortally wounded; and you may trace the drops of his blood from the great hall door along the little gallery, and up to the saloon, where they laid him down to die at his mother's feet. But there was comfort exchanged between them; for he knew from the glance of his mother's eyes that the purpose of his desperate defence was attained—Ah! I remember," she continued, "I remember well to have seen one that knew and loved him. Miss Lucy St. Aubin lived and died a maid for his sake, though one of the most beautiful and wealthy matches in this country; all the country ran after her, but she wore widow's mourning all her life for poor William, for they were betrothed though not married, and died in——I cannot think of the date; but I remember, in the November of that very year, when she found herself sinking, she desired to be brought to Waverley-Honour once more, and visited all the places where she had been with my grand-uncle, and caused the carpets to be raised that she might trace the impression of his blood, and if tears could have washed it out, it had not been there now; for there

was not a dry eye in the house. You would have thought, Edward, that the very trees mourned for her, for their leaves dropt around her without a gust of wind; and indeed she looked like one that would never see them green again."

From such legends our hero would steal away to indulge the fancies they excited. In the corner of the large and sombre library, with no other light than was afforded by the decaying brands on its ponderous and ample hearth, he would exercise for hours that internal sorcery, by which past or imaginary events are presented in action, as it were, to the eye of the muser. Then arose in long and fair array the splendour of the bridal feast at Waverley-Castle; the tall and emaciated form of its real lord, as he stood in his pilgrim's weeds, an unnoticed spectator of the festivities of his supposed heir and intended bride; the electrical shock occasioned by the discovery; the springing of the vassals to arms; the astonishment of the bridegroom; the terror and confusion of the bride; the agony with which Wilibert observed, that her heart as well as consent was in these nuptials; the air of dignity, yet of deep feeling with which he flung down the half-drawn sword, and turned away for ever from the house of his ancestors. Then would he change the scene, and fancy would at his wish represent Aunt Rachael's tragedy. He saw the Lady Waverley seated in her bower, her ear strained to every sound, her heart throbbing with double agony, now listening to the decaying echo of the hoofs of the king's horse, and when that had died away, hearing in every breeze that shook the trees of the park, the noise of the remote skirmish. A distant sound is heard like the rushing of a swollen stream; it comes nearer, and Edward can plainly distinguish the galloping of horses, the cries and shouts of men, with straggling pistol-shots between, rolling forwards to the hall. The lady starts up—a terrified menial rushes in—But why pursue such a description.

As living in this ideal world became daily more delectable to our hero, interruption was disagreeable in proportion. The extensive domain that surrounded the Hall, which, far exceeding the dimensions of a park, was usually termed Waverley-Chase, had originally been forest ground, and still, though broken by extensive glades in which the young deer were sporting, retained its pristine and savage character. It was traversed by broad avenues, in many places half grown up with brushwood, where the beauties of former days used to take their stand to see the stag coursed with greyhounds, or to gain an aim at him with the cross-bow. In one spot, distinguished by a moss-grown gothic monument which retained the name of Queen's Standing, Elizabeth herself was said to have pierced seven bucks with her own arrows. This was a favourite haunt of Edward Waverley. At other times, with his gun and his spaniel, which served as an apology to others, and with a book in his pocket, which perhaps served as an apology to

himself, he used to pursue one of these long avenues, which, after an ascending sweep of four miles, gradually narrowed into a rude and contracted path through the clifty and wooded pass called Mirkwood Dingle, and opened suddenly upon a deep, dark, and small lake, named, from the same cause, Mirkwood-Mere. There stood in former times a solitary tower upon a rock almost surrounded by the water, which had acquired the name of the Strength of Waverley, because in perilous times it had often been the refuge of the family. There, in the wars of York and Lancaster, the last adherents of the Red Rose who dared to maintain her cause, carried on a harassing and predatory warfare, till the strong-hold was reduced by the celebrated Richard of Gloucester. Here too a party of cavaliers long maintained themselves under Nigel Waverley, elder brother of that William, whose fate Aunt Rachael commemorated. Through these scenes it was that Edward loved to "chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," and, like a child among his toys, culled and arranged, from the splendid yet useless imagery and emblems with which his imagination was stored, visions as brilliant and as fading as those of an evening sky. The effect of this indulgence upon his temper and character will appear in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

FROM the minuteness with which I have traced Waverley's pursuits, and the bias which these unavoidably communicated to his imagination, the reader may perhaps anticipate, in the following tale, an imitation of the romance of Cervantes. But he will do my prudence injustice in the supposition. My intention is not to follow the steps of that inimitable author, in describing such total perversion of intellect as misconstrues the objects actually presented to the senses, but that more common aberration from sound judgment, which apprehends occurrences indeed in their reality, but communicates to them a tincture of its own romantic tone and colouring. So far was Edward Waverley from expecting general sympathy with his own feelings, or concluding that the present state of things was calculated to exhibit the reality of those visions in which he loved to indulge, that he dreaded nothing more than the detection of such sentiments as were dictated by his musings. He neither had nor wished to have a confidant, with whom to communicate his reveries; and so sensible was he of the ridicule attached to them, that had he been to chuse between any punishment short of ignominy, and the necessity of giving a cold

and composed account of the ideal world in which he lived the better part of his days, I think he would not have hesitated to chuse the former infliction. This secrecy became doubly precious as he felt in advancing life the influence of the awakening passions. Female forms of exquisite grace and beauty began to mingle in his mental adventures; nor was he long without looking abroad to compare the creatures of his own imagination with the females of actual life.

The list of the beauties who displayed their hebdomadal finery at the parish church of Waverley was neither numerous nor select. By far the most passable was Miss Sissy, or, as she rather chose to be called, Miss Cecilia Stubbs, daughter of Squire Stubbs at the Grange. I know not whether it was by the "merest accident in the world," a phrase which from female lips does not always exclude *malice prepense*, or whether it was from a conformity of taste, that Miss Cecilia more than once crossed Edward in his favourite walks through Waverley-Chase. He had not as yet assumed courage to accost her on these occasions; but the meeting was not without its effect. A romantic lover is a strange idolater, who sometimes cares not out of what log he frames the object of his adoration; at least, if nature has given that object any passable proportion of personal charms, he can easily play the Jeweller and Dervise, in the oriental tale,* and supply her richly out of the stores of his own imagination with supernatural beauty, and all the properties of intellectual wealth. But ere the charms of Miss Cecilia Stubbs had erected her into a positive goddess, or elevated her at least to a level with the saint her namesake, Mrs Rachael Waverley gained some intimation which determined her to prevent the approaching apotheosis. Even the most simple and unsuspecting of the female sex have (God bless them!) an instinctive sharpness of perception in such matters, which sometimes goes the length of observing partialities that never existed, but rarely misses to detect such as pass actually under their observation. Mrs Rachael applied herself, with great prudence, not to combat, but to elude, the approaching danger, and suggested to her brother the necessity that the heir of his house should see something more of the world than was consistent with constant residence at Waverley-Honour. Sir Everard would not at first listen to a proposal which went to separate his nephew from him. Edward was a little bookish, he admitted; but youth, he had always heard, was the season for learning, and no doubt, when his rage for letters was abated, and his head fully stocked with knowledge, his nephew would take to field-sports and country business. He had often, he said, himself regretted that he had not spent some time in study during his youth: he would neither have shot or hunted with less skill, and he might have made the roof of St. Stephen's echo to longer orations than

* See Hoppner's tale of the Seven Lovers.

were comprised in those zealous Noes, with which, when a member of the house during Godolphin's administration, he encountered every measure of government.

Aunt Rachael's anxiety, however, lent her address to carry her point. Every representative of their house had visited foreign parts, or served his country in the army, before he settled for life at Waverley-Honour, and she appealed for the truth of her assertion to the genealogical pedigree, an authority which Sir Everard was never known to contradict. In short, a proposal was made to Mr Richard Waverley, that his son should travel, under the direction of his present tutor, Mr Pembroke, with a suitable allowance from the baronet's liberality. He saw no objection to this overture; but upon mentioning it casually at the table of the minister, the great man looked grave. The reason was explained in private. The unhappy turn of Sir Everard's politics, the minister observed, was such as would render it highly improper that a young gentleman of such hopeful prospects should travel on the continent with a tutor doubtless of his uncle's chusing, and directing his course by his instructions. What might Mr Edward Waverley's society be at Paris, what at Rome, where all manner of snares were spread by the Pretender and his sons; these were points for Mr Waverley to consider. This he could himself say, that he knew his Majesty had such a just sense of Mr Richard Waverley's merits, that if his son adopted the army for a few years, a troop, he believed, might be reckoned upon in one of the dragoon regiments lately returned from Flanders. A hint thus conveyed and enforced was not to be neglected with impunity; and Richard Waverley, though with great dread of shocking his brother's prejudices, deemed he could not avoid accepting the commission thus offered him for his son. The truth is, he calculated much, and justly, upon Sir Everard's fondness for Edward, which was unlikely to resent any step that he might take in due submission to parental authority. Two letters announced this determination to the baronet and his nephew. The latter barely communicated the fact, and pointed out the necessary preparations for joining his regiment. To his brother, Richard was more diffuse and circuitous. He coincided with him in the most flattering manner in the propriety of his son's seeing a little more of the world, and was even humble in expressions of gratitude for his proposed assistance; was, however, deeply concerned that it was now, unfortunately, not in Edward's power exactly to comply with the plan which had been chalked out by his best friend and benefactor. He himself had thought with pain on the boy's inactivity, at an age when all his ancestors had borne arms; even Royalty himself had deigned to enquire whether young Waverley was not now in Flanders, at an age when his grandfather was already bleeding for his king in the great Civil War. This was accompanied by an offer of a troop of horse. What could he do? There was no time to consult his brother's

inclinations, even if he could have conceived there might be objections on his part to his nephew's following the glorious career of his predecessors. And in short, that Edward was now (the intermediate steps of cornet and lieutenant being overleapt with great agility) Captain Waverley, of the —— regiment of dragoons, which he must join in their quarters at D—— in Scotland, in the course of a month.

Sir Everard Waverley received this intimation with a mixture of feelings. At the period of the Hanoverian accession he had withdrawn from parliament, and his conduct in the memorable year 1715, had not been altogether unsuspected. There were reports of private musters of tenants and horses in Waverley-Chase by moonlight, and of cases of carbines and pistols purchased in Holland, and addressed to the baronet, but intercepted by the vigilance of a riding officer of the excise, who was afterwards tossed in a blanket on a moonless night, by an association of stout yeomen, for his officiousness. Nay, it was even said, that at the arrest of Sir W—— W——, the leader of the tory party, a letter from Sir Everard was found in the pocket of his night-gown. But there was no overt act to be founded on, and government, contented with suppressing the insurrection of 1715, felt it neither prudent nor safe to push their vengeance farther than against those who actually took up arms. Nor did Sir Everard's apprehensions of personal consequences seem to correspond with the reports spread among his whig neighbours. It was well known that he supplied with money several of the distressed Northumbrians and Scotchmen, who, after being made prisoners at Preston in Lancashire, were imprisoned in Newgate and the Marshalsea, and it was his solicitor and ordinary counsel who conducted the defence of some of these unfortunate gentlemen at their trial. It was generally supposed, that had ministers possessed any real proof of Sir Everard's accession to the rebellion, he either would not have ventured thus to brave the existing government, or at least would not have done so with impunity. The feelings, however, which then dictated his proceedings, were those of a young man, and at an agitating period. Since that time Sir Everard's jacobitism had been gradually decaying, like a fire which burns out for want of fuel. His tory and high-church principles were kept up by some occasional exercise at elections and quarter-sessions; **but these respecting hereditary right were fallen into a sort of abeyance.** Yet it jarred severely upon his feelings, that his nephew should go into the army under the Brunswick dynasty; and the more so, as, independent of his high and conscientious ideas of paternal authority, it was impossible, or at least highly imprudent, to interfere authoritatively to prevent it. This suppressed vexation gave rise to many poohs and pshawes, which were placed to the account of an incipient fit of gout, until, having sent for the Army List, the worthy baronet consoled himself with reckoning the descendants of the houses of genuine loyalty, Mordaunts,

Granvilles, and Stanleys, whose names were to be found in that military record; and calling up all his feelings of family grandeur and warlike glory, he concluded, with logic something like Falstaff's, that when war was at hand, although it were shame to be on any side but one, it were worse shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than rebellion could make it. As for Aunt Rachael, her scheme had not exactly terminated according to her wishes, but she was under the necessity of submitting to circumstances; and her mortification was diverted by the employment she found in fitting out her nephew for the campaign, and greatly consoled by the prospect of beholding him blaze in complete uniform.

Edward Waverley himself received with animated and undefined surprise this most unexpected intelligence. It was, as a fine old poem expresses it, "like a fire to heather set," that covers a solitary hill with smoke, and illumines it at the same time with dusky fire. His tutor, or, I should say, Mr Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse, which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life. The doctor, who was a believer in all poetry, which was composed by his friends, and written out in fair straight lines, with a capital at the beginning of each, communicated this treasure to Aunt Rachael, who, with her spectacles dimmed with tears, transferred them to her common-place book, among choice receipts for cookery and medicine, favourite texts, and portions from high-church divines, and a few songs, amatory and jacobitical, which she had caroll'd in her younger days, from whence they were extracted when the volume itself, with other authentic records of the Waverley family, were exposed to the inspection of the unworthy editor of this memorable history. If they afford the reader no higher amusement, they will serve at least, better than narrative of any kind, to acquaint him with the wild and irregular spirit of our hero:—

Late, when the Autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam:
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.
But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake!
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak.

As warrior, at the battle-cry,
 Invests him with his panoply :
 Then, as the whirl-wind nearer press'd,
 He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
 O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
 And bade his surge in thunder speak.
 In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
 Flitted that fond ideal world,
 And to the shore in tumult tost,
 The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
 I saw the spirit-stirring change.
 As warr'd the wind with wave and wood,
 Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
 And felt my heart more strongly bound,
 Responsive to the lofty sound,
 While, joying in the mighty roar,
 I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth,
 Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
 Bids each fair vision pass away,
 Like landscape on the lake that lay,
 As fair, as fitting, and as frail,
 As that which fled the Autumn gale—
 For ever dead to fancy's eye
 Be each gay form that glided by,
 While dreams of love and lady's charms
 Give place to honour and to arms!

In sober prose, as perhaps these verses intimate less decidedly, the transient idea of Miss Cecilia Stubbs passed from Captain Waverley's heart amid the turmoil which his new destinies excited. She appeared indeed in full splendour in her father's pew upon the Sunday when he attended service for the last time at the old parish church, upon which occasion, at the request of his uncle and Aunt Rachael, he was induced (nothing loth, if the truth must be told) to present himself in full uniform.

There is no better antidote against entertaining too high an opinion of others, than having an excellent one of ourselves at the very same time. Miss Stubbs had indeed summoned up every assistance which art could afford to beauty; but, alas! hoop, patches, frizzled locks, and a new mantua of genuine French silk, were lost upon a young officer of dragoons, who wore for the first time his gold-laced hat, boots, and broad-sword. I know not whether, like the champion of an old ballad,

His heart was all on honour bent,
 He could not stoop to love;
 No lady in the land had power
 His frozen heart to move;

or whether the deep and flaming bars of embroidered gold, which now fenced his breast, defied the artillery of Cecilia's eyes, but every arrow was launched at him in vain.

Yet did I mark where Cupid's shaft did light,
It lighted not on little western flower,
But on a yeoman, flower of all the west,
Hight Jonas Culbertfield, the steward's son.

Craving pardon for my heroics, (which I am unable in certain cases to resist giving way to) it is a melancholy fact, that my history must here take leave of the fair Cecilia, who, like many a daughter of Eve, after the departure of Edward, and the dissipation of certain idle visions which she had adopted, quietly contented herself with a *pis-aller*, and gave her hand, at the distance of six months, to the aforesaid Jonas, son of the baronet's steward, and heir (no unfertile prospect) to a steward's fortune; besides the snug probability of succeeding to his father's office. All these advantages moved Squire Stubbs, as much as the ruddy brow and manly form of the suitor influenced his daughter, to abate somewhat in the article of their gentry, and so the match was concluded. None seemed more gratified than Aunt Rachael, who had hitherto looked rather askance upon the presumptuous damsel, (as much so peradventure as her nature would permit) but who, on the first appearance of the new-married pair at church, honoured the bride with a smile and a profound courtesy, in presence of the rector, the curate, the clerk, and the whole congregation of the united parishes of Waverley *cum* Beverley.

I beg pardon, once and for all, of those readers who take up novels merely for amusement, for plaguing them so long with old-fashioned politics, and Whig and Tory, and Hanoverians and Jacobites. The truth is, I cannot promise them that this story shall be intelligible, not to say probable, without it. My plan requires that I should explain the motives on which its action proceeded; and these motives necessarily arose from the feelings, prejudices, and parties, of the times. I do not invite my fair readers, whose sex and impatience give them the greatest right to complain of these circumstances, into a flying chariot drawn by hippogriffs, or moved by enchantment. Mine is a humble English post-chaise, drawn upon four wheels, and keeping his majesty's highway. Such as dislike the vehicle may leave it at the next halt, and wait for the conveyance of Prince Hussein's tapestry, or Malek the Weaver's flying sentry-box. Those who are contented to remain with me will be occasionally exposed to the dulness inseparable from heavy roads, steep hills, sloughs, and other terrestrial retardations; but, with tolerable horses and a civil driver, (as the advertisements have it) I also engage to get as soon as possible into a more picturesque and romantic country, if my passengers incline to have some patience with me during my first stages.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ADIEUS OF WAVERLEY.

It was upon the evening of this memorable Sunday that Sir Everard entered the library, where he narrowly missed surprising our young hero as he went through the guards of the broad-sword with the ancient weapon of old Sir Hildebrand, which, being preserved as an heir-loom, usually hung over the chimney in the library, beneath a picture of the knight and his horse, where the features were almost entirely hidden by the knight's profusion of curled hair, and the Bucephalus which he bestrode concealed by the voluminous robes of the Bath with which he was decorated. Sir Everard entered, and after a glance at the picture and another at his nephew, began a little speech, which, however, soon dropt into the natural simplicity of his common manner, agitated upon the present occasion by no common feeling. "Nephew," he said; and then, as mending his phrase, "my dear Edward, it is God's will, and also the will of your father, whom, under God, it is your duty to obey, that you should leave us to take up the profession of arms, in which so many of your ancestors have been distinguished. I have made such arrangements as will enable you to take the field as their descendant, and as the probable heir of the house of Waverley; and, sir, in the field of battle you will remember what name you bear. And, Edward, my dear boy, remember also that you are the last of that race, and the only hope of its revival depends upon you; therefore, as far as duty and honour will permit, avoid danger—I mean unnecessary danger—and keep no company with rakes, gamblers, and whigs, of whom, it is to be feared, there are but too many in the service into which you are going. Your colonel, as I am informed, is an excellent man—for a presbyterian; but you will remember your duty to God, the church of England, and the——(this breach ought to have been supplied, according to the rubrick, with the word *king*; but as, unfortunately that word conveyed a double and embarrassing sense, one meaning *de facto*, and the other *de jure*, the knight filled up the blank otherwise)—the church of England, and all constituted authorities." Then, not trusting himself with any farther oratory, he carried his nephew to his stables to see the horses he destined for his campaign. Two were black, (the regimental colour) superb chargers both; the other three were stout active hacks, designed for the road, or for his domestics, of whom two were to attend him from the Hall; an additional groom, if necessary, might be picked up in Scotland. "You will depart with but a small retinue, quoth the baronet, "compared to Sir Hildebrand, when he mustered before the gate of the Hall a larger body of horse than your whole regiment consists of. I could have wished that these twenty young fellows from

my estate, who have enlisted in your troop, had been to march with you on your journey to Scotland. It would have been something at least; but I am told their attendance would be thought unusual in these days, when every new and foolish fashion is introduced to break the natural dependence of the people upon their landlords." Sir Everard had done his best to correct this unnatural disposition of the times; for he had brightened the chain of attachment between the recruits and their young captain, not only by a copious repast of beef and ale, by way of parting feast, but by such a pecuniary donation to each individual, as tended rather to improve the conviviality than the discipline of their march. After inspecting the cavalry, Sir Everard again conducted his nephew to the library, where he produced a letter, carefully folded, surrounded by a little stripe of flox-silk, according to ancient form, and sealed with an accurate impression of the Waverley coat-of-arms. It was addressed, with great formality, "To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq. of Bradwardine, at his principal mansion of Tully-Veolan, in Perthshire, North Britain. These—By the hands of Captain Edward Waverley, nephew of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, Bart."

The gentleman to whom this enormous greeting was addressed, of whom we shall have more to say in the sequel, had been in arms for the exiled family of Stuart in the year 1715, and was made prisoner at Preston in Lancashire. He was a man of a very ancient family and somewhat embarrassed fortune; a scholar, according to the scholarship of Scotchmen, that is, his learning was more diffuse than accurate, and he was rather a reader than a grammarian. Of his zeal for the classic authors he is said to have given an uncommon instance. On the road between Preston and London, he made his escape from his guards; but being afterwards found loitering near the place where they had lodged the former night, he was recognized, and again arrested. His companions, and even his escort, were surprised at his infatuation, and could not help enquiring, why, being once at liberty, he had not made the best of his way to a place of safety; to which he replied, that he had intended to do so, but in good faith, he had returned to seek his Titus Livius, which he had forgot in the hurry of his escape. The simplicity of this anecdote struck the gentleman, who, as we before observed, had managed the defence of some of those unfortunate persons, at the expence of Sir Everard, and perhaps some others of the party. He was, besides, himself a special admirer of the old Patavinian, and though probably his own zeal might not have carried him such extravagant lengths, even to recover the edition of Sweynheim and Pannartz, (supposed to be the princeps) he did not the less estimate the devotion of the North Briton, and so exerted himself to remove and soften evidence, detect legal flaws, *et cetera*, that he accomplished the final discharge and deliverance of Cosmo Comyne

Bradwardine from certain very awkward consequences of a plea before our sovereign lord the king in Westminster.

The Baron of Bradwardine, for he was generally so called in Scotland, (although his intimates, from his place of residence, used to denominate him Tully-Veolan, or, more familiarly, Tully) no sooner stood *rectus in curia*, than he posted down to pay his respects and make his acknowledgments at Waverley-Honour. A congenial passion for field-sports, and a general coincidence in political opinions, cemented his friendship with Sir Everard, notwithstanding the difference of their habits and studies in other particulars; and having spent several weeks at Waverley-Honour, he departed with many expressions of regard, warmly pressing the baronet to return his visit, and partake of the diversion of grouse-shooting upon his moors in Perthshire next season. Shortly after, Mr Bradwardine remitted from Scotland a sum in reimbursement of expences incurred in the King's High Court of Westminster, which, although not quite so formidable when reduced to the English denomination, had, in its original form of Scotch pounds, shillings, and pence, such a formidable effect upon the frame of Duncan Macwheeble, the laird's confidential factor, baron baillie, and man of resource, that he had a fit of the cholic which lasted for five days, occasioned, he said, solely and utterly by becoming the unhappy instrument of conveying such a serious sum of money out of his native country into the hands of the false English. But patriotism, as it is the fairest, so it is often the most suspicious mark of other feelings; and many who knew Baillie Macwheeble, concluded that his professions of regret were not altogether disinterested, and that he would have grudged the monies paid to the *loons* at Westminster much less had they not come from Bradwardine estate, a fund which he considered as more particularly his own. But the Baillie protested he was absolutely disinterested—

“Woe, woe, for Scotland, not a whit for me!”

The laird was only rejoiced that his worthy friend Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour was reimbursed of the expenditure which he had outlaid on account of the house of Bradwardine. It concerned, he said, the credit of his own family, and of the kingdom of Scotland at large, that these disbursements should be repaid forthwith, and if delayed, it would be a matter of national reproach. Sir Everard, accustomed to treat much larger sums with indifference, received the remittance of L. 294: 13: 6, without being aware that the payment was an international concern, and indeed would probably have forgot the circumstance altogether, if Baillie Macwheeble had thought of comforting his cholic by intercepting the subsidy. A yearly intercourse took place, of a short letter, and a hamper or a cask

or two between Waverley-Honour and Tully-Veolan, the English exports consisting of mighty cheeses and mightier ale, pheasants, and venison, and the Scottish returns being vested in grouse, white hares, pickled salmon, and usquebaugh. All which were meant and received as pledges of constant friendship and amity between two important houses. It followed as a matter of course, that the heir-apparent of Waverley-Honour could not with propriety visit Scotland without being furnished with credentials to the Baron of Bradwardine.

When this matter was explained and settled, Mr Pembroke expressed his wish to take a private and particular leave of his dear pupil. The good man's exhortations to Edward to preserve an unblemished life and morals, to hold fast the principles of the Christian religion, and to eschew the profane company of scoffers and latitudinarians, too much abounding in the army, were not unmingled with his political prejudices. It had pleased Heaven, he said, to place Scotland (doubtless for the sins of their ancestors in 1642) in a more deplorable state of darkness than even this unhappy kingdom of England. Here, at least, although the candlestick of the church of England had been in some degree removed from its place, it yet afforded a glimmering light; there was a hierarchy, though schismatical and fallen from the principles maintained by those great fathers of the church, Sancroft and his brethren; there was a liturgy, though woefully perverted in some of the principal petitions. But in Scotland it was utter darkness, and excepting a sorrowful, scattered, and persecuted remnant, the pulpits were abandoned to presbyterians, and, he feared, to sectaries of every description. It should be his duty to fortify his dear pupil to resist such unhallowed and pernicious doctrines in church and state, as must necessarily be forced at times upon his unwilling ears.—Here he produced two immense folded packets, which appeared each to contain a whole ream of closely written manuscript. They had been the labour of the worthy man's whole life; and never were labour and zeal more absurdly wasted. He had at one time gone to London, with the intention of giving them to the world, by the medium of a bookseller in Little Britain, well known to deal in such commodities, and to whom he was instructed to address himself in a particular phrase, and with a certain sign, which, it seems, passed at that time current among the initiated Jacobites. The moment Mr Pembroke had uttered the Shibboleth with the appropriated gesture, the bibliopoliſt greeted him, notwithstanding every disclamation, by the title of Doctor, and conveying him into his back shop, after inspecting every possible and impossible place of concealment, he commenced: "Eh, doctor!—Well—all under the rose—snug—I keep no holes here even for a Hanoverian rat to hide in. And, what—eh! any good news from our friends over the water?—and how does the worthy King of France?—Or perhaps you are more lately from Rome? it must be Rome will do it at last—

the church must light its candle at the old lamp.—Eh—what, cautious? I like you the better; but no fear.” Here Mr Pembroke with some difficulty stopt a torrent of interrogations, eked out with signs, nods, and winks; and, having at length convinced the bookseller that he did him too much honour in supposing him an emissary of exiled royalty, he explained his real business.

The man of books with a much more composed air proceeded to examine the manuscripts. The title of the first was “A Dissent from Dissenters, or the Comprehension confuted; shewing the Impossibility of any Composition between the Church and Puritans, Presbyterians, or Sectaries of any Description; illustrated from the Scriptures, the Fathers of the Church, and the soundest controversial Divines.” To this work the bookseller positively demurred. “Well meant,” he said, “and learned, doubtless; but the time had gone by. Printed on small-pica it would run to eight hundred pages, and could never pay. Begged therefore to be excused—Loved and honoured the true church from his soul, and, had it been a sermon on the martyrdom, or any twelve-penny touch—why I would venture something for the honour of the cloth—But come, let’s see the other. ‘Right Hereditary righted!’—Ah! there’s some sense in this. Hum—hum—hum—pages so many, paper so much, letter-press—Ah—I’ll tell you, though, doctor, you must knock out some of the Latin and Greek; heavy, doctor, damn’d heavy—(beg your pardon) and if you throw in a few grains more pepper—I am he that never peached my author—I have published for Drake and Charlwood Lawton, and poor Amhurst—Ah, Caleb! Caleb! Well it was a shame to let poor Caleb starve, and so many fat rectors and squires among us. I gave him a dinner once a week; but, Lord love you, what’s once a week, when a man does not know where to go the other six days?—Well, but I must shew the manuscript to little Tom Alibi the solicitor, who manages all my law affairs—must keep on the windy side—the mob were very uncivil the last time in Old Palace Yard—all whigs and roundheads every man of them, Williamites and Hanover rats.”

The next day Mr Pembroke again called on the publisher, but found Tom Alibi’s advice had determined him against undertaking the work. “Not but what I would go to—(what was I going to say?) to the plantations for the church with pleasure—but, dear doctor, I have a wife and family; but, to show my zeal, I’ll recommend the job to my neighbour Trimmel—he is a bachelor, and leaving off business, so a voyage in a western barge would not inconvenience him.” But Mr. Trimmel was also obdurate, and Mr. Pembroke, fortunately perchance for himself, was compelled to return to Waverley-Honour with his treatise in vindication of the real fundamental principles of church and state safely packed in his saddle-bags.

As the public were thus likely to be deprived of the benefit arising

from his lucubrations by the selfish cowardice of the trade, Mr Pembroke resolved to make two copies of these tremendous manuscripts for the use of his pupil. He felt that he had been indolent as a tutor, and, besides, his conscience checked him for complying with the request of Mr Richard Waverley, that he would impress no sentiments upon Edward's mind inconsistent with the present settlement in church and state. "But now," thought he, "I may without breach of my word, since he is no longer under my tuition, afford the youth the means of judging for himself, and have only to dread his reproaches for so long concealing the light which the perusal will flash upon his mind." While he thus indulged the reveries of an author and a politician, his darling proselyte, seeing nothing very inviting in the title of the tracts, and appalled by the bulk and compact lines of the manuscript, quietly consigned them to a corner of his travelling trunk.

Aunt Rachael's farewell was brief and affectionate. She only cautioned her dear Edward, whom she probably deemed somewhat susceptible, against the fascination of Scottish beauty. She allowed that the northern part of the island contained some ancient families, but they were all whigs and presbyterians except the Highlanders; and respecting them she must needs say, there could be no great delicacy among the ladies, where the gentlemen's usual attire was, as she had been assured, to say the least, very singular, and not at all decorous. She concluded her farewell with a kind and moving benediction, and gave the young officer, as a pledge of her regard, a valuable diamond ring, (frequently worn by the male sex at that time) and a purse of broad gold pieces, which also were more common Sixty Years since than they have been of late.

CHAPTER VII.

A HORSE-QUARTER IN SCOTLAND.

THE next morning, amid varied feelings, the chief of which was a predominant, anxious, and even solemn impression, that he was now in a great measure abandoned to his own guidance and direction, Edward Waverley departed from the Hall amid the blessings and tears of all the old domestics and the inhabitants of the village, mingled with some sly petitions for serjeancies and corporal-ships, and so forth, on the part of those who professed that they never thoft to ha' seen Jacob, and Giles, and Jonathan, go off for soldiers, save to attend his honour, as in duty bound. Edward, as in duty bound, extricated himself from the supplicants with the pledge of fewer promises than might have

been expected from a young man so little accustomed to the world. After a short visit to London, he proceeded on horseback, then the general mode of conveyance, to Edinburgh, and from thence to D——, a seaport on the eastern coast of Angus-shire, where his regiment was then quartered.

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all was new. Colonel G——, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive, youth. In person he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years, he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses, had produced this wonderful change; and though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel G—— a peculiar and solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier. It may be easily imagined that the officers of a regiment, commanded by so respectable a person, composed a society more sedate and orderly than a military mess always exhibits; and that Waverley escaped some temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

Meanwhile his military education proceeded. Already a good horseman, he was **now** initiated into the arts of the manege, which, when carried to perfection, almost realize the fable of the Centaur, the guidance of the horse appearing to proceed from the rider's mere volition rather than from the use of any external and apparent signal of motion. He received also instructions in his field duty; but I must own, that when his first ardour was past, his progress fell short in the latter particular of what he wished and expected. The duty of an officer, the most imposing of all others to the inexperienced mind, because accompanied with so much outward pomp and circumstance, is in its essence a very dry and abstract task, depending chiefly upon arithmetical combinations, requiring much attention, and a cool and reasoning head to bring them into action. Our hero was liable to fits of absence, in which his blunders excited some mirth, and called down some reproof. This circumstance impressed him with a painful sense of inferiority in those qualities which appeared most to deserve and obtain regard in his new profession. He asked himself in vain, why his eye could not judge of distance or space so well as those of his companions; why his head was not always successful in disentangling the various partial movements necessary to execute a particular evolution; and why his memory, so alert upon most occasions, did not correctly retain technical phrases, and minute points of etiquette

or field discipline. Waverley was naturally modest, and therefore did not fall into the egregious mistake of supposing such minuter rules of military duty beneath his notice, or conceiting himself to be born a general because he made an indifferent subaltern. The truth was, that the vague and unsatisfactory course of reading which he had pursued, working upon a temper naturally retired and abstracted, had given him that wavering and unsettled habit of mind which is most averse to study and rivetted attention. Time, in the meanwhile, hung heavy on his hands. The gentry of the neighbourhood were disaffected, and shewed little hospitality to the military guests; and the people of the town, chiefly engaged in mercantile pursuits, were not such as Waverley chose to associate with. The arrival of summer, and a curiosity to know something more of Scotland than he could see in a ride from his quarters, determined him to request leave of absence for a few weeks. He resolved first to visit his uncle's ancient friend and correspondent, with a purpose of extending or shortening the time of his residence according to circumstances. He travelled of course on horseback, and with a single attendant, and passed his first night at a miserable inn, where the landlady had neither shoes nor stockings, and the landlord, who called himself a gentleman, was disposed to be rude to his guest, because he had not bespoke the pleasure of his society to supper. The next day, traversing an open and unclosed country, Edward gradually approached the Highlands of Perthshire, which at first had appeared a blue outline in the horizon, but now swelled into huge gigantic masses, which frowned defiance over the more level country that lay beneath them. Near the bottom of this stupendous barrier, but still in the Lowland country, dwelt Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine; and if grey-haired eld can be in aught believed, there had dwelt his ancestors, with all their heritage, since the days of the gracious King Duncan.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCOTTISH MANOR-HOUSE SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

It was about noon when Captain Waverley entered the straggling village, or rather hamlet, of Tully-Veolan, close to which was situated the mansion of the proprietor. The houses seemed miserable in the extreme, especially to an eye accustomed to the smiling neatness of English cottages. They stood, without any respect for regularity, on each side of a straggling kind of unpaved street, where children, almost in a primitive state of nakedness, lay sprawling, as if to be crushed by

the hoofs of the first passing horse. Occasionally, indeed, when such a consummation seemed inevitable, a watchful old grandam, with her close cap, distaff, and spindle, rushed like a sybil in frenzy out of one of these miserable cells, dashed into the middle of the path, and snatching up her own charge from among the sun-burnt loiterers, saluted him with a sound cuff, and transported him back to his dungeon, the little white-headed varlet screaming all the while from the very top of his lungs a shrilly treble to the growling remonstrances of the enraged matron. Another part in this concert was sustained by the incessant yelping of a score of idle useless curs, which followed, snarling, barking, howling, and snapping at the horses' heels; a nuisance at that time so common in Scotland, that a French tourist, who, like other travellers, longed to find a good and rational reason for every thing he saw, has recorded, as one of the memorabilia of Caledonia, that the state maintained in each village a relay of curs, called *collies*, whose duty it was to chase the *chevaux de poste* (too starved and exhausted to move without such a stimulus) from one hamlet to another, till their annoying convoy drove them to the end of their stage. The evil and remedy (such as it is) still exist: But this is remote from our present purpose, and is only thrown out for consideration of the collectors under Mr Dent's dog-bill.

As Waverley moved on, here and there an old man, bent as much by toil as years, his eyes bleared with age and smoke, tottered to the door of his hut, to gaze on the dress of the stranger and the form and motions of the horses, and then assembled, with his neighbours, in a little group at the smithy, to discuss the probabilities of whence the stranger came, and where he might be going. Three or four village girls, returning from the well or brook with pitchers and pails upon their heads, formed more pleasing objects, and, with their thin short gowns and single petticoats, bare arms, legs, and feet, uncovered heads and braided hair, somewhat resembled Italian forms of landscape. Nor could a lover of the picturesque have challenged either the elegance of their costume, or the symmetry of their shape, although, to say the truth, a mere Englishman, in search of the *comfortable*, a word peculiar to his native tongue, might have wished the clothes less scanty, the feet and legs somewhat protected from the weather, the head and complexion shrouded from the sun, or perhaps might even have thought the whole person and dress considerably improved, by a plentiful application of spring water, with a *quantum sufficit* of soap. The whole scene was depressing, for it argued, at the first glance, at least a stagnation of industry, and perhaps of intellect. Even curiosity, the busiest passion of the idle, seemed of a listless cast in the village of Tully-Veolan: the curs aforesaid alone showed any part of its activity; with the villagers it was passive. They stood and gazed at the handsome young officer and his attendant, but without any of

those quick motions and eager looks, that indicate the earnestness with which those who live in monotonous ease at home, look out for amusement abroad. Yet the physiognomy of the people, when more closely examined, was far from exhibiting the indifference of stupidity; their features were rough, but remarkably intelligent; grave, but the very reverse of stupid; and from among the young women, an artist might have chosen more than one model, whose features and form resembled those of Minerva. The children, also, whose skins were burnt black, and whose hair was bleached white, by the influence of the sun, had a look and manner of life and interest. It seemed, upon the whole, as if poverty, and indolence, its too frequent companion, were combining to depress the natural genius and acquired information of a hardy, intelligent, and reflecting peasantry.

Some such thoughts crossed Waverley's mind as he paced his horse slowly through the rugged and flinty street of Tully-Veolan, interrupted only in his meditations by the occasional cabrioles which his charger exhibited at the reiterated assaults of these canine Cossacks, the *collies* before mentioned. The village was more than half a mile long, the cottages being irregularly divided from each other by gardens, or yards, as the inhabitants called them, of different sizes, where (for it is Sixty Years since) the now universal potatoe was unknown, but which were stored with gigantic plants of *kale* or colewort, encircled with groves of nettles, and exhibited here and there a huge hemlock, or the national thistle, overshadowing a quarter of the petty inclosure. The broken ground on which the village was built had never been levelled, so that these inclosures presented declivities of every degree, here rising like terraces, there sinking like tan-pits. The dry stone walls which fenced or seemed to fence, (for they were sorely breached,) these hanging gardens of Tully-Veolan, were intersected by a narrow lane leading to the common field, where the joint labour of the villagers cultivated alternate ridges and patches of rye, oats, barley, and pease, each of such minute extent, that at a little distance the unprofitable variety of the surface resembled a tailor's book of patterns. In a few favoured instances, there appeared behind the cottages a miserable wigwam, compiled of earth, loose stones, and turf, where the wealthy might perhaps shelter a starved cow or sorely galled horse. But almost every hut was fenced in front by a huge black stack of turf on one side of the door, while on the other the family dunghill ascended in noble emulation. About a bow-shot from the end of the village appeared the inclosures proudly denominated the Parks of Tully-Veolan, being certain square fields, surrounded and divided by stone walls five feet in height. In the centre of the exterior barrier was the upper gate of the avenue, opening under an archway, battlemented on the top, and adorned with two large weather-beaten mutilated masses of upright stone, which, if

the tradition of the hamlet could be trusted, had once represented, at least had been once designed to represent, two rampant bears, the supporters of the family of Bradwardine. This avenue was straight, and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chesnuts, planted alternately with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely over-arched the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two high walls, of apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honey-suckle, and other climbing plants. The avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by foot passengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a very deep and rich verdure, excepting where a footpath, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, and battlemented on the top, over which were seen, half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with lines indented into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets. One of the folding leaves of the lower gate was open, and as the sun shone full into the court behind, a long line of brilliancy was flung upon the aperture up the dark and gloomy avenue. It was one of those effects which a painter loves to represent, and mingled well with the struggling light which found its way between the boughs of the shady arch that vaulted the broad green alley.

The solitude and repose of the whole scene seemed almost monastic, and Waverley, who had given his horse to his servant on entering the first gate, walked slowly down the avenue, enjoying the grateful and cooling shade, and so much pleased with the placid ideas of rest and seclusion excited by this confined and quiet scene, that he forgot the misery and dirt of the hamlet he had left behind him. The opening into the paved court-yard corresponded with the rest of the scene. The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not yet acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some non-descript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loop-holes for musquetry, and iron stancheons on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the Caterans of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupied another side of the square.

The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling, as Edward's groom observed, "rather a prison for murderers and larceners, and such like as are tried at sizes, than a place for any Christian cattle." Above these dungeon-looking stables were granaries, called girnels, and other offices, to which there was access by outside stairs of heavy masonry. Two battlemented walls, one of which faced the avenue and the other divided the court from the garden, completed the enclosure.

It was not without its ornaments. In one corner was a tun-bellied pigeon-house, of great size and rotundity, resembling in figure and proportion the curious edifice called Arthur's Oven, which would have turned the brains of all the Antiquaries in England, had not the worthy proprietor pulled it down for the sake of mending a neighbouring dam-dyke. This dove-cote, or *columbarium*, as the owner called it, was no small resource to a Scottish laird of this period, whose scanty rents were eked out by the contributions levied upon the farms by these light foragers, and the conscriptions exacted from the latter for the benefit of the table.

Another corner of the court displayed a fountain, where a huge-bear, carved in stone, predominated over a large stone bason, into which he disgorged the water. This work of art was the wonder of the country ten miles round. It must not be forgotten, that all sorts of bears, small and large, demi or in full proportion, were carved over the windows, upon the ends of the gables, terminated the spouts, and supported the turrets, with the ancient family motto, "**Bewar the Bar,**" cut under each hyperborean form. The court was spacious, well paved, and perfectly clean, there being probably another entrance behind the stables for removing the litter. Every thing around appeared solitary, and would have been silent, but for the continued splashing of the fountain; and the whole scene still maintained the monastic illusion which the fancy of Waverley had conjured up.—And here we beg permission to close a chapter of still life.

CHAPTER IX.

MORE OF THE MANOR-HOUSE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

AFTER having satisfied his curiosity by gazing around him for a few minutes, Waverley applied himself to the massive knocker of the hall-door, the architrave of which bore the date 1594. But no answer was returned, though the peal resounded through a number of apartments, and was echoed from the court-yard walls without the house, startling

the pigeons from the venerable rotunda which they occupied, and alarming anew even the distant village curs, which had retired to sleep upon their respective dunghills. Tired of the din which he created, and the unprofitable responses which it excited, Waverley began to think that he had reached the castle of Orgoglio, as entered by the victorious Prince Arthur,

When 'gan he loudly through the house to call,
But no man cared to answer to his cry;
There reign'd a solemn silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seen in bower or hall.

Filled almost with expectation of beholding some "old, old man, with beard as white as snow," whom he might question concerning this deserted mansion, our hero turned to a little oaken wicket-door, well clenched with iron nails, which opened in the court-yard wall at its angle with the house. It was only latched, notwithstanding its fortified appearance, and, when opened, admitted him into the garden, which presented a pleasant scene. The southern side of the house, clothed with fruit-trees, and having many evergreens trained upon its walls, extended its irregular yet venerable front, along a terrace, partly paved, partly gravelled, partly bordered with flowers and choice shrubs. This elevation descended by three several flights of steps, placed in its centre and at the extremities, into what might be called the garden proper, and was fenced along the top by a stone parapet with a heavy balustrade, ornamented from space to space with huge grotesque figures of animals seated upon their haunches, among which the favourite bear was repeatedly introduced. Placed in the middle of the terrace, between a sashed-door opening from the house and the central flight of steps, a huge animal of the same species supported on his head and fore paws a sun-dial of large circumference, inscribed with more diagrams than Edward's mathematics enabled him to decypher.

The garden, which seemed to be kept with great accuracy, and abounded in fruit-trees, exhibited a profusion of flowers and evergreens, cut into grotesque forms. It was laid out in terraces, which descended rank by rank from the western wall to a large brook, which had a tranquil and smooth appearance where it served as a boundary to the garden; but near the extremity, leapt in tumult over a strong dam, or wear-head, the cause of its temporary tranquillity, and there forming a cascade, was overlooked by an octangular summer-house, with a gilded bear on the top by way of vane. After this feat, the brook, assuming its natural rapid and fierce character, escaped from the eye down a deep and wooded dell, from the copse of which arose a massive, but ruinous tower, the former habitation of the Barons of Bradwardine. The margin of the brook, opposite to the garden, displayed a narrow meadow or *haugh*, as it was called, which formed

a small washing-green; the bank, which retired behind it, was covered by ancient trees.

The scene, though pleasing, was not quite equal to the gardens of Alcina; yet it wanted not the "*due donzelette garrule*" of that enchanted paradise, for upon the green aforesaid two bare-legged damsels, each standing in a spacious tub, performed with their feet the office of a patent washing-machine. These did not, however, like the maidens of Armida, remain to greet with their harmony the approaching guest, but, alarmed at the appearance of a handsome stranger on the opposite side, dropped their garments (I should say garment to be quite correct) over their limbs, which their occupation exposed somewhat too freely, and, with a shrill exclamation of "Eh, sirs!" uttered with an accent between modesty and coquetry, sprung off like deer in different directions.

Waverley began to despair of gaining entrance into this solitary and seemingly enchanted mansion, when a man advanced up one of the garden alleys, where he still retained his station. Trusting this might be a gardener, or some domestic belonging to the house, Edward descended the steps in order to meet him; but as the figure approached, and long before he could descry its features, he was struck with the oddity of its appearance and gestures. Sometimes this mister wight held his hands clasped over his head, like an Indian Jogue in the attitude of penance; sometimes he swung them perpendicularly, like a pendulum, on each side; and anon he slapped them swiftly and repeatedly across his breast, like the substitute used by a hackney-coachman for his usual flogging exercise, when his cattle are idle upon the stand, in a clear frosty day. His gait was as singular as his gestures, for at times he hopp'd with great perseverance on the right foot, then exchanged that supporter to advance in the same manner on the left, and then putting his feet close together, he hopp'd upon both at once. His dress also was antiquated and extravagant. It consisted in a sort of grey jerkin, with scarlet cuffs and slash'd sleeves, shewing a scarlet lining; the other parts of the dress corresponded in colour, not forgetting a pair of scarlet stockings, and a scarlet bonnet, proudly surmounted with a turkey's feather. Edward, whom he did not seem to observe, now perceived confirmation in his features of what the mien and gestures had already announced. It was apparently neither idiocy nor insanity which gave that wild, unsettled, irregular expression to a face which naturally was rather handsome, but something that resembled a compound of both, where the simplicity of the fool was mixed with the extravagance of a crazed imagination. He sung with great earnestness, and not without some taste, a fragment of an old Scotch ditty:

False love, and hast thou play'd me this
In summer among the flowers?

I will repay thee back again
 In winter among the showers.
 Unless again, again, my love,
 Unless you turn again;
 As you with other maidens rove,
 I'll smile on other men.

Here lifting up his eyes, which had hitherto been fixed in observing how his feet kept time to the tune, he beheld Waverley, and instantly doff'd his cap, with many grotesque signals of surprise, respect, and salutation. Edward, though with little hope of receiving an answer to any constant question, requested to know whether Mr Bradwardine were at home, or where he could find any of the domestics. The questioned party replied,—and, like the witch of Thalaba, “still his speech was song,”—

The Knight's to the mountain
 His bugle to wind,
 The Lady's to greenwood
 Her garland to bind.
 The bower of Burd Ellen
 Has moss on the floor,
 That the step of Lord William
 Be silent and sure.

This conveyed no information, and Edward, repeating his queries, received a rapid answer, in which, from the haste and peculiarity of the dialect, the word “butler” was alone intelligible. Waverley then requested to see the butler; upon which the fellow, with a knowing look and nod of intelligence, made a signal to Edward to follow, and began to dance and caper down the alley up which he had made his approaches. “A strange guide this,” thought Edward, “and not much unlike one of Shakspeare's roynish clowns. I am not over prudent to trust to his pilotage; but wiser men have been led by fools.” By this time he reached the bottom of the alley, where, turning short on a little parterre of flowers, shrouded from the east and north by a close yew hedge, he found an old man at work without his coat, whose appearance hovered between that of an upper servant and gardener; his red nose and ruffled shirt belonging to the former profession; his hale and sunburnt visage, with his green apron, appearing to indicate

Old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden.

The major domo, for such he was, and indisputably the second officer of state in the barony, (nay, as chief minister of the interior, superior even to Baillie Macwheeble, in his own department of the kitchen and cellar)—the major domo laid down his spade, slipped on his coat in haste, and, with a wrathful look at Edward's guide, probably excited by his having introduced a stranger while he was engaged in this laborious, and, as he might suppose it, degrading office, requested to know the gentleman's commands. Being informed that he wished to pay his

respects to his master, that his name was Waverley, and so forth, the old man's countenance assumed a great deal of respectful importance. "He could take it upon his conscience to say, his honour would have exceeding pleasure in seeing him. Would not Mr Waverley chuse some refreshment after his journey? His honour was with the folk who were getting doon the dark hag; the twa gardner lads (an emphasis on the word *twa*) had been ordered to attend him; and he had been just amusing himself in the mean time with dressing Miss Rose's flower-bed, that he might be near to receive his honour's orders, if need were: he was very fond of a garden, but had little time for such divertisements."—"He canna get it wrought in abune twa days in the week at no rate whatever," said Edward's fantastic conductor. A grim look from the butler chastised his interference, and he commanded him, by the name of Davie Gellatley, in a tone which admitted no discussion, to look for his honour at the dark hag, and tell him there was a gentleman from the south had arrived at the Ha'. "Can this poor fellow deliver a letter?" asked Edward. "With all fidelity, sir, to any one whom he respects. I would hardly trust him with a long message by word of mouth—though he is more knave than fool."

Waverley delivered his credentials to Mr Gellatley, who seemed to confirm the butler's last observation, by twisting his features at him, when he was looking another way, into the resemblance of the grotesque face on the bole of a German tobacco-pipe; after which, with an odd congé to Waverley, he danced off to discharge his errand. "He is an innocent, sir," said the butler; "there is one such in almost every town in the country, but ours is brought far ben. He used to work a day's turn weel enough; but he help'd Miss Rose when she was flemit with the Laird of Killancureit's new English bull, and since that time we ca' him Davie Do-little; indeed we might ca' him Davie Do-naething, for since he got that gay clothing, to please his honour and my young mistress, (great folks will have their fancies) he has done nothing but dance up and down about the *toun*, without doing a single turn, unless trimming the laird's fishing-wand or busking his flies, or may be catching a dish of trouts at any over-time. But here comes Miss Rose, who, I take burden upon me for her, will be especial glad to see one of the house of Waverley at her father's mansion of Tully-Veolan."

But Rose Bradwardine deserves better of her unworthy historian, than to be introduced at the end of a chapter.

In the meanwhile it may be noticed, that Waverley learned two things from this colloquy; that in Scotland a single house was called *a town*, and a natural fool an *innocent*.

CHAPTER X.

ROSE BRADWARDINE AND HER FATHER.

MISS BRADWARDINE was but seventeen; yet, at the last races of the county town of —, upon her health being proposed among a round of beauties, the Laird of Bumperquaigh, permanent toast-master and croupier of the Bautherwhillery Club, not only said *More* to the pledge in a pint bumper of Bourdeaux, but, ere pouring forth the libation, denominated the divinity to whom it was dedicated, the “Rose of Tully-Veolan;” upon which festive occasion, three cheers were given by all the sitting members of that respectable society, whose throats the wine had left capable of such exertion. Nay, I am well assured, that the sleeping partners of the company snorted applause, and that although strong bumpers and weak brains had consigned two or three to the floor, yet even these, fallen as they were from their high estate, and weltering—I will carry the parody no further—uttered divers inarticulate sounds intimating their assent to the motion.

Such unanimous applause could not be extorted but by acknowledged merit; and Rose Bradwardine not only deserved it, but also the approbation of much more rational persons than the Bautherwhillery Club could have mustered, even before discussion of the first *magnum*. She was indeed a very pretty girl of the Scotch cast of beauty, that is, with a profusion of hair of paley gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains in whiteness. Yet she had not a pallid or pensive cast of countenance; her features, as well as her temper, had a lively expression; her complexion, though not florid, was so pure as to seem transparent, and the slightest emotion sent her whole blood at once to her face and neck. Her form, though under the common size, was remarkably elegant, and her motions light, easy, and unembarrassed. She came from another part of the garden to receive Captain Waverley, with a manner that hovered between bashfulness and courtesy.

The first greetings past, Edward learned from her that the *dark hag*, which had somewhat puzzled him in the butler’s account of his master’s avocations, had nothing to do either with a black cat or a broomstick, but was simply a portion of oak copse which was to be felled that day. She offered, with embarrassed civility, to show the stranger the way to the spot, which, it seems, was not far distant; but they were prevented by the appearance of the Baron of Bradwardine in person, who, summoned by David Gellatley, now appeared, “on hospitable thoughts intent,” clearing the ground at a prodigious rate with swift and long strides, which reminded Waverley of the seven-league boots of the nursery fable. He was a tall, thin, athletic figure, old indeed and grey-haired, but with every muscle rendered as tough as whipcord by constant exercise. He was dressed carelessly, and more like a

Frenchman than an Englishman of the period, while from his hard features and perpendicular rigidity of stature, he bore some resemblance to a Swiss officer of the guards, who had resided some time at Paris, and caught the *costume*, but not the ease or manner of its inhabitants. The truth was, that his language and habits were as heterogeneous as his external appearance.

Owing to his natural disposition to study, or perhaps to a very general Scottish fashion of giving young men of rank a legal education, he had been bred with a view to the bar. But the politics of his family precluding the hope of his rising in that profession, Mr Bradwardine travelled with high reputation for several years, and made some campaigns in foreign service. After his demelée with the law of high treason in 1715, he had lived in retirement, conversing almost entirely with those of his own principles in the vicinage. The pedantry of the lawyer, superinduced upon the military pride of the soldier, might remind a modern of the days of the zealous volunteer service, when the bar-gown of our pleaders was often flung over a blazing uniform. To this must be added the prejudices of ancient birth and Jacobite politics, greatly strengthened by habits of solitary and secluded authority, which, though exercised only within the bounds of his half-cultivated estate, was there indisputable and undisputed. For, as he used to observe, "the lands of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, had been erected into a free barony by a charter from David the First, *cum liberali potest. habendi curias et justicias, cum fossa et furca* (LIE pit and gallows) *et saka et soka et thol et theam, et infang thief et outfang thief, sive hand-habend. sive bak-barand.*" The peculiar meaning of all these cabalistical words few or none could explain; but they implied, upon the whole, that the Baron of Bradwardine might imprison, try, and execute his vassals and tenants at his pleasure. Like James the First, however, the present possessor of this authority was more pleased in talking about prerogative than in exercising it; and excepting that he imprisoned two poachers in the dungeon of the old tower of Tully-Veolan, where they were sorely frightened by ghosts, and almost eaten by rats, and that he set an old woman in the *jougs* (or Scottish pillory) for saying "there were mair fules in the laird's ha' house than Davie Gellatley," I do not learn that he was accused of abusing his high powers. Still, however, the conscious pride of possessing them gave additional importance to his language and deportment.

At his first address to Waverley, it would seem that the hearty pleasure he felt to behold the nephew of his friend had somewhat discomposed the stiff and upright dignity of the Baron of Bradwardine's demeanour, for the tears stood in the old gentleman's eyes, when, having first shaken Edward heartily by the hand in the English fashion, he embraced him *a-la-mode Française*, and kissed him on both

sides of his face; while the hardness of his gripe, and the quantity of Scotch snuff which his *accolade* communicated, called corresponding drops of moisture to the eyes of his guest.

"Upon the honour of a gentleman," he said, "but it makes me young again to see you here, Mr Waverley! A worthy scion of the old stock of Waverley-Honour—*spes altera*, as Maro hath it—and you have the look of the old line, Captain Waverley: not so portly yet as my old friend Sir Everard—*mais cela viendra avec le tems*, as my Dutch acquaintance, Baron Kikkitbroeck, said of the *sagesse* of *Madame son epouse*.—And so ye have mounted the cockade? Right, right; though I could have wished the colour different, and so I would ha' deemed might Sir Everard. But no more of that; I am old, and times are changed.—And how does the worthy knight baronet, and the fair Mrs Rachael?—Ah, ye laugh, young man? but she was the fair Mrs Rachael in the year of grace seventeen hundred and sixteen; but time passes—*et singula prædantur anni*—that is most certain. But once again, ye are most heartily welcome to my poor house of Tully-Veolan!—Hie to the house, Rose, and see that Alexander Saunderson looks out the old Chateau Margoux, which I sent from Bourdeaux to Dundee in the year 1713.

Rose tripped off demurely enough till she turned the first corner, and then ran with the speed of a fairy, that she might gain leisure, after discharging her father's commission, to put her own dress in order, and produce all her little finery, an occupation for which the approaching dinner-hour left but little time. "We cannot rival the luxuries of your English table, Captain Waverley, or give you the *epulæ lautiores* of Waverley-Honour—I say *epulæ* rather than *prandium*, because the latter phrase is popular; *Epulæ ad senatum, prandium vero ad populum attinet*, says Suetonius Tranquillus. But I trust ye will applaud my Bourdeaux; *c'est des doux oreilles*, as Captain Vinsauf used to say—*Vinum primæ noctæ*, the Principal of St Andrews denominated it. And, once more, Captain Waverley, right glad am I that ye are here to drink the best my cellar can make forth-coming."

This speech, with the necessary interjectional answers, continued from the lower alley where they met, up to the door of the house, where four or five servants in old-fashioned liveries, headed by Alexander Saunderson the butler, who now bore no token of the sable stains of the garden, received them in grand *costume*,

In an old hall hung round with pikes and with bows,
With old bucklers and corslets that had borne many shrewd blows.

With much ceremony, and still more real kindness, the Baron, without stopping in any intermediate apartment, conducted his guest through several into the great dining parlour, wainscoted with black oak, and hung round with the pictures of his ancestry, where a table was

set forth in form for six persons, and an old-fashioned beaufet displayed all the ancient and massive plate of the Bradwardine family. A bell was now heard at the head of the avenue; for an old man, who acted as porter upon gala days, had caught the alarm given by Waverley's arrival, and, repairing to his post, announced the arrival of other guests.

These, as the Baron assured his young friend, were very estimable persons. "There was the young Laird of Balmawhapple, a Falconer by surname, of the house of Glenfarquhar, given right much to field-sports—*gaudet equis et canibus*—but a very discreet young gentleman. Then there was the Laird of Killancureit, who had devoted his leisure *untill* tillage and agriculture, and boasted himself to be possessed of a bull of matchless merit, brought from the county of Devon (the Damnonia of the Romans, if we can trust Robert of Cirencester.) He is, as ye may well suppose from such a tendency, but of yeoman extraction—*servabit odorem testa diu*—and I believe, between ourselves, his grandsire was from the wrong side of the Border—one Bullsegg, who came hither as a steward, or bailiff, or ground officer, or something in that department, to the last Girnigo of Killancureit, who died of an atrophy. After his master's death, sir,—ye would hardly believe such a scandal,—but this Bullsegg, being portly and comely of aspect, intermarried with the lady dowager, who was young and amorous, and possessed himself of the estate, which devolved on this unhappy woman by a settlement of her umwhile husband, in direct contravention of an unrecorded tailie, and to the prejudice of the disponder's own flesh and blood, in the person of his natural heir and seventh cousin, Girnigo of Tipperhewit, whose family was so reduced by the ensuing law-suit, that his representative is now serving as a private gentleman-sentinel in the Highland Black Watch. But this gentleman, Mr Bullsegg of Killancureit that now is, has good blood in his veins by the mother and grandmother, who were both of the family of Pickletillim, and he is well liked and looked upon, and knows his own place. And God forbid, Captain Waverley, that we of irreproachable lineage should exult over him, when it may be, that in the eight, ninth, or tenth generation, his progeny may rank, in a manner, with the old gentry of the country. Rank and ancestry, sir, should be the last words in the mouths of us men of unblemished race *vix ea nostra voco*, as Naso saith.—There is, besides, a clergyman of the true (though suffering) episcopal church of Scotland. He was a confessor in her cause after the year 1715, when a whiggish mob destroyed his meeting-house, tore his surplice, and plundered his dwelling-house of four silver spoons, intromitting also with his mart and his meal-ark, and with two barrels, one of single, and one of double ale, besides three bottles of brandy. My Baron-Baillie and doer, Mr Duncan Macwheeble, is the fourth on our list. There is a question, owing to the

incertitude of ancient orthography, whether he belongs to the clan of Wheedle or of Quibble, but both have produced persons eminent in the law."—

As thus he described them by person and name,
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BANQUET.

THE entertainment was ample, and handsome according to the Scotch ideas of the period, and the guests did great honour to it. The Baron eat like a famished soldier, the Laird of Balmawhapple like a sportsman, Bullsegg of Killancureit like a farmer, Waverley himself like a traveller, and Baillie Macwheeble like all four together, though, either out of more respect, or in order to preserve that proper declination of person which shewed a sense that he was in the presence of his patron, he sat upon the edge of his chair, placed at three feet distance from the table, and achieved a communication with his plate by projecting his person towards it in a line which obliques from the bottom of his spine, so that the person who sat opposite to him could only see the foretop of his riding periwig.

This stooping position might have been inconvenient to another person, but long habit made it, whether seated or walking, perfectly easy to the worthy Baillie. In the latter posture, it occasioned, no doubt, an unseemly projection of the person toward those who happened to walk behind; but those being at all times his inferiors, (for Mr Macwheeble was very scrupulous in giving place to all others,) he cared very little what inference of contempt or slight regard they might derive from the circumstance. Hence, when he waddled across the court to and from his old grey pony, he somewhat resembled a turnspit walking upon its hind legs.

The nonjuring clergyman was a pensive and interesting old man, with much the air of a sufferer for conscience sake. He was one of those,

Who, undeprived, their benefice forsook.

For this whim, when the Baron was out of hearing, the Baillie used sometimes gently to rally Mr Rubrick, upbraiding him with the nicety of his scruples. Indeed, it must be owned, that he himself, though at heart a keen partizan of the exiled family, had kept pretty fair with all the different turns of state in his time; so that Davie Gellatley once

described him as a particularly good man, who had a very quiet and peaceful conscience, *that never did him any harm.*

When the dinner was removed, the Baron announced the health of the king, politely leaving to the consciences of his guests to drink to the sovereign *de facto*, or *de jure*, as their politics inclined. The conversation now became general; and, shortly afterwards, Miss Bradwardine, who had done the honours with natural grace and simplicity, retired, and was soon followed by the clergyman. Among the rest of the party, the wine, which fully justified the encomiums of the landlord, flowed freely round, although Waverley, with some difficulty, obtained the privilege of sometimes neglecting his glass. At length, as the evening grew more late, the Baron made a private signal to Mr Saunders Saunderson, or, as he facetiously denominated him, *Alexander ab Alexandro*, who left the room with a nod, and soon after returned, his grave countenance mantling with a solemn and mysterious smile, and placed before his master a small oaken casket, mounted with brass ornaments of curious form. The Baron, drawing out a private key, unlocked the casket, raised the lid, and produced a golden goblet of a singular and antique appearance, moulded into the shape of a rampant bear, which the owner regarded with a look of mingled reverence, pride, and delight, that irresistibly reminded Waverley, of Ben Johnson's Tom Otter, with his Bull, Horse, and Dog, as that wag wittily denominated his chief carousing cups. But Mr Bradwardine, turning towards him with complacency, requested him to observe this curious relique of the olden time. "It represents," he said, "the chosen crest of our family, a bear, as ye observe, and *rampant*; because a good herald will depict every animal in its noblest posture; as a horse *salient*, a greyhound *current*, and, as may be inferred a ravenous animal *in actu ferociori*, or in a voracious, lacerating, and devouring posture. Now, sir, we hold this most honourable achievement by the wappen-brief, or concession of arms of Frederick Red-beard, emperor of Germany, to my predecessor, Godmund Bradwardine, it being the crest of a gigantic Dane, whom he slew in the lists in the Holy Land, on a quarrel touching the chastity of the emperor's spouse or daughter, tradition saith not precisely which, and thus, as Virgilius hath it—

Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis
Aptemus.

Then for the cup, Captain Waverley, it was wrought by the command of Saint Duthac, abbot of Aberbrothock, for behoof of another baron of the house of Bradwardine, who had valiantly defended the patrimony of that monastery against certain encroaching nobles. It is properly termed the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine, (though old Dr Doubleit used jocosely to call it *Ursa Major*,) and was supposed, in old and catholic

times, to be invested with certain properties of a mystical and supernatural quality. And though I give not in to such *anilia*, it is certain it has always been esteemed a solemn standard cup and heirloom of our house; nor is it ever used but upon seasons of high festival, and such I hold to be the arrival of the heir of Sir Everard under my roof; and I devote this draught to the health and prosperity of the ancient and highly-to-be-honoured house of Waverley." During this long harangue, he carefully decanted a cob-webbed bottle of claret into the goblet, which held nearly an English pint; and, at the conclusion, delivering the bottle to the butler, to be held carefully in the same angle with the horizon, he devoutly quaffed off the contents of the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine.

Edward, with horror and alarm, beheld the animal making his rounds, and thought with great anxiety upon the appropriate motto, "Beware the Bear;" but plainly foresaw, that, as none of the guests scrupled to do him this extraordinary honour, a refusal on his part to pledge their courtesy would be extremely ill received. Resolving, therefore, to submit to this last piece of tyranny, and then to quit the table, if possible, and confiding in the strength of his constitution, he did justice to the company in the contents of the Blessed Bear, and felt less inconvenience from the draught than he could possibly have expected. The others, whose time had been more actively employed, began to show symptoms of innovation, "the good wine did its good office." The frost of etiquette, and pride of birth, began to give way before the genial blessings of this benign constellation, and the formal appellatives with which the three dignitaries had hitherto addressed each other, were now familiarly abbreviated into Tully, Bally, and Killie. When a few rounds had passed, the two latter, after whispering together, craved permission, (a joyful hearing for Edward) to ask the grace cup. This, after some delay, was at length produced, and Waverley concluded the orgies of Bacchus were terminated for the evening. He was never more mistaken in his life.

As the guests had left their horses at the small inn, or *change-house*, as it was called, of the village, the Baron could not, in politeness, avoid walking with them up the avenue, and Waverley, from the same motive, and to enjoy, after this feverish revel, the cool summer evening, attended the party. But when they arrived at Luckie Macleary's the Lairds of Balmawhapple and Killancureit declared their determination to acknowledge their sense of the hospitality of Tully-Veolan by partaking, with their entertainer and his guest Captain Waverley, what they technically called *doch an dorroch*, a stirrup-cup, to the honour of the Baron's roof-tree.

It must be noticed, that the Baillie, knowing by experience that the day's joviality, which had been hitherto sustained at the expence of his patron, might terminate partly at his own, had mounted his spavined

grey poney, and, between gaiety of heart, and alarm for being hooked into a reckoning, spurred him into a hobbling canter, (a trot was out of the question,) and had already cleared the village. The others entered the change-house, leading Edward in unresisting submission; for his landlord whispered him, that to demur to such an overture would be construed into a high misdemeanour against the *leges convivales*, or regulations of genial compotation. Widow Macleary seemed to have expected this visit, as well she might, for it was the usual consummation of merry-bouts, not only at Tully-Veolan, but at most other gentlemen's houses in Scotland, Sixty Years since. The guests thereby at once acquitted themselves of their burden of gratitude to their entertainer's kindness, encouraged the trade of his change-house, did honour to the place which afforded harbour to their horses, and indemnified themselves for the previous restraints imposed by private hospitality, by spending, what Falstaff calls the sweet of the night, in the genial licence of a tavern.

Accordingly, in full expectation of these distinguished guests, Luckie Macleary had swept her house for the first time this fortnight, tempered her turf-fire to such a heat as the season required in her damp hovel even at midsummer, set forth her deal table newly washed, propped its lame foot with a fragment of turf, arranged four or five stools of huge and clumsy form upon the sites which best suited the inequalities of her clay floor; and having, moreover, put on her clean toy, rokelay, and scarlet plaid, gravely awaited the arrival of the company, in full hope of custom and profit. When they were seated under the sooty rafters of Luckie Macleary's only apartment, thickly tapestried with cobwebs, their hostess, who had already taken her cue from the Laird of Balmawhapple, appeared with a huge pewter measuring-pot, containing at least three English quarts, familiarly denominated a *Tappit Hen*, and which, in the language of the hostess, reamed (*i. e.* mantled) with excellent claret just drawn from the cask.

It was soon plain that what crumbs of reason the Bear had not devoured, were to be picked up by the Hen; but the confusion which appeared to prevail favoured Edward's resolution to evade the gaily circling glass. The rest began to talk thick and at once, each performing his own part in the conversation, without the least respect to his neighbour. The Baron of Bradwardine sung French *chansons-a-boire*, and spouted pieces of Latin; Killancureit talked in a steady unalterable dull key, of top-dressing and bottom-dressing, and year-olds, and gimmers, and dinmonts, and stots, and runts, and kyloes, and a proposed turnpike-act; while Balmawhapple, in notes exalted above both, extolled his horse, his hawks, and a greyhound called Whistler. In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed, that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention "unto a military

ariette, which was a particular favourite of the Marechal Duc de Berwick;" then, imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French musquetaire, he immediately commenced,—

Mon coeur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon;
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon

Qui port chapeau a plume,
Soulier a rouge talon,
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in with what he called a d——d good song, composed by Gibby Gaethroughwi't, the piper of Cupar, and without wasting more time struck up,—

It's up Glenbarchan's braes I gaed,
And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
And mony a weary cast I made,
To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

The Baron, whose voice was drowned in the louder and more obstreperous strains of Balmawhapple, now dropped the competition, but continued to hum, Lon, Lon, Laridon, and to regard the successful candidate for the attention of the company with an eye of disdain, while Balmawhapple proceeded,—

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunzie string,
Right seldom would I fail.

After an ineffectual attempt to recover the second verse, he sung the first over again; and, in prosecution of his triumph, declared there was "more sense in that than in all the *derry-dongs* of France, and Fifeshire to the boot of it." The Baron only answered with a long pinch of snuff, and a glance of infinite contempt. But those noble allies, the Bear and the Hen, had emancipated the young laird from the habitual reverence in which he held Bradwardine at other times. He pronounced the claret *shilpit*, and demanded brandy with great vociferation. It was brought; and now the Demon of Politics envied even the harmony arising from this Dutch concert, merely because there was not a wrathful note in the strange compound of sounds which it produced. Inspired by her, the Laird of Balmawhapple, now superior to the nods and winks with which the Baron of Bradwardine, in delicacy to Edward, had hitherto checked his entering upon political discussion, demanded a bumper with the lungs of a Stentor, "to the

little gentleman in black velvet who did such service in 1702, and may the white horse break his neck over a mound of his making."

Edward was not at that moment clear-headed enough to remember that King William's fall, which occasioned his death, was said to be owing to his horse stumbling at a mole-hill, yet felt inclined to take umbrage at a toast, which seemed, from the glance of Balmawhapple's eye, to have a peculiar and uncivil reference to the government that he served. But ere he could interfere, the Baron of Bradwardine had taken up the quarrel. "Sir, whatever my sentiments, *tanquam privatus*, may be in such matters, I shall not tamely endure your saying any thing that may impinge upon the honourable feelings of a gentleman under my roof. Sir, if you have no respect for the laws of urbanity, do ye not respect the military oath, the *sacramentum militare*, by which every officer is bound to the standards under which he is enrolled? Look at Titus Livius, what he says of those Roman soldiers who were so unhappy as *exuere sacramentum*,—to renounce their legionary oath; but ye are ignorant, sir, alike of ancient history and modern courtesy."

"Not so ignorant as ye would pronounce me," roared Balmawhapple. "I ken weel that you mean the Solemn League and Covenant; but if a' the whigs in hell had taken the——"

Here the Baron and Waverley spoke both at once, the former calling out "Besilient, sir! ye not only show your ignorance, but disgrace your native country before a stranger and an Englishman;" and Waverley, at the same moment, entreating Mr Bradwardine to permit him to reply to an affront which seemed levelled at him personally. But the Baron was exalted by wine, wrath, and scorn, above all sub-lunary considerations.

"I crave you to be hushed, Captain Waverley; you are elsewhere, peradventure, *sui juris*—foris-familiated, that is, and entitled, it may be, to think and resent for yourself; but in my domain, in this poor Barony of Bradwardine, and under this roof, which is *quasi* mine, being held by tacit relocation by a tenant at will, I am *in loco parentis* to you, and bound to see you scathless.—And for you, Mr Falconer, of Balmawhapple, I warn ye let me see no more aberrations from the paths of good manners."

"And I tell you, Mr Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tulley-Veolan," retorted the sportsman, in huge disdain, "that I'll make a moor-cock of the man that refuses my toast, whether it be a crop-eared English whig wi' a black ribband at his lug, or ane wha deserts his ain friends to claw favour wi' the rats of Hanover."

In an instant both rapiers were brandished, and some desperate passes exchanged. Balmawhapple was young, stout, and active; but the Baron, infinitely more master of his weapon, would, like Sir Toby Belch, have tickled his opponent other gates than he did, had he not been under the influence of Ursa Major.

Edward rushed forward to interfere between the combatants, but the prostrate bulk of the Laird of Killancureit, over which he stumbled, intercepted his passage. How Killancureit happened to be in this recumbent posture, at so interesting a moment, was never accurately known. Some thought he was about to ensconce himself under the table; he himself alleged that he stumbled in the act of lifting a joint stool, to prevent mischief, by knocking down Balmawhapple. Be that as it may, if readier aid than either his or Waverley's had not interposed, there would certainly have been bloodshed. But the well-known clash of swords, which was no great stranger to her dwelling, aroused Luckie Macleary as she sat quietly beyond the hallan, or earthern partition of the cottage, with eyes employed on Boston's Crook of the Lot, while her ideas were engaged in summing up the reckoning. She boldly rushed in, with the shrill expostulation, "Wad their honours slay ane another there, and bring discredit on an honest widow-woman's house, when there was a' the lee-land in the country to fight upon?" a remonstrance which she seconded by flinging her plaid with great dexterity over the weapons of the combatants. The servants by this time rushed in, and being, by great chance, tolerably sober, separated the incensed opponents, with the assistance of Edward and Killancureit. The latter led off Balmawhapple, cursing, swearing, and vowing revenge against every whig, presbyterian, and fanatic in England and Scotland, from John-o'-Groat's to the Land's End, and was with difficulty got to horse. Our hero, with the assistance of Saunders Saunderson, escorted the Baron of Bradwardine to his own dwelling, but could not prevail upon him to retire to bed until he had made a long and learned apology for the events of the evening, of which, however, there was not a word intelligible, except something about the Centaurs and the Lapithæ.

CHAPTER XII.

REPENTANCE, AND A RECONCILIATION.

WAVERLEY was unaccustomed to the use of wine, excepting with great temperance. He slept therefore soundly till late in the succeeding morning, and then awakened to a painful recollection of the scene of the preceding evening. He had received a personal affront,—he, a gentleman, a soldier, and a Waverley. True, the person who offered it was not, at the time it was given, possessed of the moderate share of sense which nature had allotted him; true also, in resenting this insult, he would break the laws of Heaven, as well as of his country;

true, in doing so, he might take the life of a young man who perhaps respectably discharged the social duties, and render his family miserable; or he might lose his own;—no pleasant alternative even to the bravest, when it is debated coolly and in private.

All this pressed on his mind; yet the original statement recurred with the same irresistible force. He had received a personal insult; he was of the house of Waverley; and he bore a commission. There was no alternative; and he descended to the breakfast parlour with the intention of taking leave of the family, and writing to one of his brother officers to meet him at the inn mid-way between Tulley-Veolan and the town where they were quartered, in order that he might convey such a message to the Laird of Balmawhapple as the circumstances seemed to demand. He found Miss Bradwardine presiding over the tea and coffee, the table loaded with warm bread, both of flour and barley, in the shape of loaves, cakes, biscuits, and other varieties, together with eggs, rein-deer ham, mutton and beef ditto, smoked salmon, marmalade, and all the other delicacies which induced even Johnson himself to extol the luxury of a Scotch breakfast above that of all other countries. A mess of oatmeal porridge, flanked by a silver jug, which held an equal mixture of cream and butter-milk, was placed for the Baron's share of this repast; but Rose observed he had walked out early in the morning, after giving orders that his guest should not be disturbed.

Waverley sat down almost in silence, and with an air of absence and abstraction, which could not give Miss Bradwardine a favourable opinion of his talents for conversation. He answered at random one or two observations which she ventured to make upon ordinary topics; so that feeling herself almost repulsed in her efforts at entertaining him, and secretly wondering that a scarlet coat should cover no better breeding, she left him to his mental amusement of cursing Dr Doubt's favourite constellation of Ursa Major, as the cause of all the mischief which had already happened, and was likely to ensue. At once he started, and his colour heightened, as looking toward the window he beheld the Baron and young Balmawhapple pass arm in arm, apparently in deep conversation. "Did Mr Falconer sleep here last night?" Rose, not much pleased with the abruptness of the first question which the young stranger had addressed to her, answered drily in the negative, and the conversation again sunk into silence.

At this moment Mr Saunderson appeared, with a message from his master, requesting to speak with Captain Waverley in another apartment. With a heart which beat a little quicker, not indeed from fear, but from uncertainty and anxiety, Edward obeyed the summons. He found the two gentlemen standing together, an air of complacent dignity on the brow of the Baron, while something like sullenness or shame, or both, blanked the bold visage of Balmawhapple. The

former slipped his arm through that of the latter, and thus seeming to walk with him, while in reality he led him, advanced to meet Waverley, and stopping in the midst of the apartment, made in great state the following oration: "Captain Waverley,—my young and esteemed friend, Mr Falconer of Balmawhapple, has craved of my age and experience, as of one not wholly unskilled in the dependencies and punctilios of the duello or monomachia, to be his interlocutor in expressing to you the regret with which he calls to remembrance certain passages of our symposion last night, which could not but be highly displeasing to you, as serving for the time under this present existing government. He craves you, sir, to drown in oblivion the memory of such solecisms against the laws of politeness, as being what his better reason disavows, and to receive the hand which he offers you in amity; and I must needs assure you, that nothing less than a sense of being *dans son tort*, as a gallant French chevalier, Mons. Le Breuilleur, once said to me on such an occasion, and an opinion also of your peculiar merit, could have extorted such concessions; for he and all his family are, and have been, time out of mind, *mavortia pectora*, as Buchanan saith, a bold and warlike sept, or people."

Edward immediately, and with natural politeness, accepted the hand which Balmawhapple, or rather the Baron in his character of mediator, extended towards him. "It was impossible," he said, "for him to remember what a gentleman expressed his wish he had not uttered; and he willingly imputed what had passed to the exuberant festivity of the day."

"That is very handsomely said," answered the Baron; "for undoubtedly, if a man be *ebrius*, or intoxicated, an incident which on solemn and festive occasions may and will take place in the life of a man of honour; and if the same gentleman, being fresh and sober, recants the contumelies which he hath spoken in his liquor, it must be held *vinum locutus est*; the words cease to be his own. Yet would I not find this exculpation relevant in the case of one who was *ebriosus*, or a habitual drunkard; because, if such person chuse to pass the greater part of his time in the predicament of intoxication, he hath no title to be exeemed from the obligations of the code of politeness, but should learn to deport himself peaceably and courteously when under influence of the vinous stimulus.—And now let us proceed to breakfast, and think no more of this daft business."

I must confess, whatever inference may be drawn from the circumstance, that Edward, after so satisfactory an explanation, did much greater honour to the delicacies of Miss Bradwardine's breakfast-table than his commencement had promised. Balmawhapple, on the contrary, seemed embarrassed and dejected; and Waverley now, for the first time, observed that his arm was in a sling, which seemed to account for the awkward and embarrassed manner with which he had

presented his hand. To a question from Miss Bradwardine, he muttered, in answer, something about his horse having fallen; and, seeming desirous to escape both from the subject and the company, he arose as soon as breakfast was over, made his bow to the party, and declining the Baron's invitation to tarry till after dinner, mounted his horse and returned to his own home.

Waverley now announced his purpose of leaving Tully-Veolan early enough after dinner to gain the stage at which he meant to sleep; but the unaffected and deep mortification with which the good-natured and affectionate old gentleman heard the proposal, quite deprived him of courage to persist in it. No sooner had he gained Waverley's consent to lengthen his visit for a few days, than he laboured to remove the grounds upon which he conceived he had meditated a more early retreat. "I would not have you opine, Captain Waverley, that I am by practice or precept an advocate of ebriety, though it may be that, in our festivity of last night, some of our friends, if not perchance altogether *ebrii*, or drunken, were, to say the least, *ebrioli*, by which the ancients designed those who were fuddled, or, as your English vernacular and metaphorical phrase goes, half-seas over. Not that I would so insinuate respecting you, Captain Waverley, who, like a prudent youth, did rather abstain from potation; nor can it be truly said of myself, who, having assisted at the tables of many great generals and marechals at their solemn carousals, have the art to carry my wine discreetly, and did not, during the whole evening, as ye must have doubtless observed, exceed the bounds of a modest hilarity."

There was no refusing assent to a proposition so decidedly laid down by him, who undoubtedly was the best judge; although, had Edward formed his opinion from his own recollections, he would have pronounced that the Baron was not only *ebriolus*, but verging to become *ebrius*; or, in plain English, was incomparably the most drunk of the party, except perhaps his antagonist, the Laird of Balmawhapple. However, having received the expected, or rather the required, compliment on his sobriety, the Baron proceeded—"No, sir, though I am myself of a strong temperament, I abhor ebriety, and detest those who swallow wine *gulæ causa*, for the oblectation of the gullet; albeit I might deprecate the law of Pittacus of Mitylene, who punished doubly a crime committed under the influence of *Liber Pater*; nor would I utterly accede to the objurgation of the younger Plinius, in the fourteenth book of his 'Historia Naturalis.' No, sir, I distinguish, I discriminate, and approve of wine so far only as it maketh glad the face, or, in the language of Flaccus, *recepto amico*."

Thus terminated the apology which the Baron of Bradwardine thought it necessary to make for the superabundance of his hospitality; and it may be easily believed that he was neither interrupted by dissent, or any expression of incredulity.

He then invited his guest to a morning ride, and ordered that Davie Gellatley should meet them at the *dern path* with Ban and Buscar. "For, until the shooting season commence, I would willingly show you some sport; and we may, God willing, meet with a roe. The roe, Captain Waverley, may be hunted at all times alike; for never being in what is called *pride of grease*, he is also never out of season, though it be a truth that his venison is not equal to that of either the red or fallow deer. But he will serve to show how my dogs run; and therefore they shall attend us with David Gellatley."

Waverley expressed his surprise that his friend Davie was capable of such trust; but the Baron gave him to understand that this poor simpleton was neither fatuous, *nec naturaliter idiota*, as is expressed in the briefs of furiosity, but simply a crack-brained knave, who could execute very well any commission which jumped with his own humour, and made his folly a plea for avoiding every other. "He has made an interest with us," continued the Baron, "by saving Rose from a great danger with his own proper peril; and the roguish loon must therefore eat of our bread and drink of our cup, and do what he can, or what he will; which, if the suspicions of Saunderson and the Baillie are well founded, may perchance in his case be commensurate terms."

Miss Bradwardine then gave Waverley to understand, that this poor simpleton was doatingly fond of music, deeply affected by that which was melancholy, and transported into extravagant gaiety by light and lively airs. He had in this respect a prodigious memory, stored with miscellaneous snatches and fragments of all tunes and songs, which he sometimes applied, with considerable address, as the vehicles of remonstrance, explanation, or satire. Davie was much attached to the few who shewed him kindness; and both aware of any slight or ill usage which he happened to receive, and sufficiently apt, where he saw opportunity, to revenge it. The common people, who often judge hardly of each other, as well as of their betters, although they had expressed great compassion for the poor *innocent* while suffered to wander in rags about the village, no sooner beheld him decently clothed, provided for, and even a sort of favourite, than they called up all the instances of sharpness and ingenuity, in action and repartee, which his annals afforded, and charitably bottomed thereupon a hypothesis, that David Gellatley was no farther fool than was necessary to avoid hard labour. This opinion was not better founded than that of the Negroes, who, from the acute and mischievous pranks of the monkees, suppose that they have the gift of speech, and only suppress their powers of elocution to escape being set to work. David Gellatley was in good earnest the half-crazed simpleton which he appeared, and was incapable of any constant and steady exertion. He had just so much solidity as kept on the windy side of insanity; so much wild wit as saved him from the imputation of idiocy; some dexterity in field-

sports, (in which we have known as great fools excel;) great kindness and humanity in the treatment of animals entrusted to him, warm affections, a prodigious memory, and an ear for music.

The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,

Hie away, hie away,
Over bank and over brae,
Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
Where the fairy latest trips it:
Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

"Do the verses he sings belong to old Scottish poetry, Miss Bradwardine?"

"I believe not," she replied. "This poor creature had a brother, and Heaven, as if to compensate to the family Davie's deficiencies, had given him what the hamlet thought uncommon talents. An uncle contrived to educate him for the Scottish kirk, but he could not get preferment because he came from our *ground*. He returned from college hopeless and broken-hearted, and fell into a decline. My father supported him till his death, which happened before he was nineteen. He played beautifully on the flute, and was supposed to have a great turn for poetry. He was affectionate and compassionate to his brother, who followed him like his shadow, and we think that from him Davie gathered many fragments of songs and music unlike those of this country. But if we ask him where he got such a fragment as he is now singing, he either answers with wild and long fits of laughter, or else breaks into tears of lamentation; but was never heard to give any explanation, or to mention his brother's name since his death."

"Surely," said Edward, who was readily interested by a tale bordering on the romantic, "surely more might be learned by more particular enquiry."

"Perhaps so," answered Rose; "but my father will not permit any one to practise on his feelings on this subject."

By this time the Baron, with the help of Mr Saunderson, had indued a pair of jack-boots of large dimension, and now invited our hero to follow him as he stalked clattering down the ample stair-case, tapping each huge balustrade as he passed with the butt of his massive horse-whip, and humming, with the air of a *chasseur* of Louis Quatorze,

Pour la chasse ordonnée il faut preparer tout,
Ho la ho! Vite! vite debout.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MORE RAZZONAL DAY THAN THE LAST.

THE Baron of Bradwardine, mounted on an active and well-managed horse, and seated on a demi-pique saddle, with deep housings to agree with his livery, was no bad representation of the old school. His light-coloured embroidered coat, and superbly barred waistcoat, his brigadier-wig, surmounted by a small gold-laced cocked hat, completed his personal costume; but he was attended by two well-mounted servants on horseback, armed with holster-pistols.

In this guise he ambled forth over hill and valley, the admiration of every farm-yard which they passed in their progress; till "low down in a grassy vale," they found David Gellatley leading two very tall deer greyhounds, and presiding over half a dozen curs, and about as many bare-legged and bare-headed boys, who, to procure the chosen distinction of attending on the chase, had not failed to tickle his ears with the dulcet appellation of *Maister Gellatley*, though probably all and each had hooted him on former occasions in the character of *daft Davie*. But this is no uncommon strain of flattery to persons in office, nor altogether confined to the bare-legged villagers of Tully-Veolan; it was in fashion Sixty Years since, is now, and will be six hundred years hence, if this admirable compound of folly and knavery, called the world, shall be then in existence.

These *gillie-white-foots*, as they were called, were destined to beat the bushes, which they performed with so much success, that, after half an hour's search, a roe was started, coursed, and killed; the Baron following on his white horse, like Earl Percy of yore, and magnanimously flaying and disembowelling the slain animal (which, he observed, was called by the French chasseurs, *faire la curée*) with his own baronial couteau de chasse. After this ceremony, he conducted his guest homeward by a pleasant and circuitous route, commanding an extensive prospect of different villages and houses, to each of which Mr Bradwardine attached some anecdote of history or genealogy, told in language whimsical from prejudice and pedantry, but often respectable for the good sense and honourable feelings which his narratives displayed, and almost always curious, if not valuable, for the information they contained.

The truth is, the ride seemed agreeable to both gentlemen, because they found amusement in each other's conversation, although their characters and habits of thinking were in many respects totally opposite. Edward, we have informed the reader, was warm in his feelings, wild and romantic in his ideas and in his taste of reading, with a strong disposition towards poetry. Mr Bradwardine was the reverse of all this, and piqued himself upon stalking through life with

the same upright, starched, stoical gravity which distinguished his evening promenade upon the terrace of Tully-Veolan, where for hours together—the very model of old Hardyknute—

Stately stepp'd he east the wa',
And stately stepp'd he west.

As for literature, he read the classic poets to be sure, and the Epithalamium of Georgius Buchanan, and Arthur Johnston's Psalms, of a Sunday; and the *Deliciæ Poetarum*, and Sir David Lindsay's Works, and Barbour's Bruce, and Blind Harry's Wallace, and the Gentle Shepherd, and the Cherry and the Slae. But though he thus far sacrificed his time to the muses, he would, if the truth must be spoken, have been much better pleased had the pious or sapient apothegms, as well as the historical narratives, which these various works contained, been presented to him in the form of simple prose. And he sometimes could not refrain from expressing contempt of the "vain and unprofitable art of poem-making," in which, he said, "the only one who had excelled in his time was Allan Ramsay, the periwig maker."

But although Edward and he differed *toto cælo*, as the Baron would have said, upon this subject, yet they met upon history as on a neutral ground, in which each claimed an interest. The Baron, indeed, only cumbered his memory with matters of fact; the cold, dry, hard outlines which history delineates. Edward, on the contrary, loved to fill up and round the sketch with the colouring of a warm and vivid imagination, which gives light and life to the actors and speakers in the drama of past ages. Yet with tastes so opposite, they contributed greatly to each other's amusement. Mr Bradwardine's minute narratives and powerful memory supplied to Waverley fresh subjects of the kind upon which his fancy loved to labour, and opened to him a new mine of incident and of character. And he repaid the pleasure thus communicated, by an earnest attention, valuable to all story tellers, **more** especially to the Baron, who felt his habits of self-respect flattered by it; and sometimes also by reciprocal communications, which interested Mr Bradwardine, as confirming or illustrating his own favourite anecdotes. Besides, Mr Bradwardine loved to talk of the scenes of his youth, which had been spent in camps and foreign lands, and had many interesting particulars to tell of the generals under whom he had served, and the actions he had witnessed.

Both parties returned to Tully-Veolan in great good humour with each other; Waverley desirous of studying more attentively what he considered as a singular and interesting character, gifted with a memory containing a curious register of ancient and modern anecdotes; and Bradwardine disposed to regard Edward as *puer* (or rather *juvenis*) *bonæ spei et magnæ indolis*, a youth devoid of that petulant volatility, which

is impatient of, or vilipends, the conversation and advice of his seniors, from which he predicted great things of his future success and deportment in life. There was no other guest except Mr Rubrick, whose information and discourse, as a clergyman and a scholar, harmonized very well with that of the Baron and his guest.

Shortly after dinner, the Baron, as if to show that his temperance was not entirely theoretical, proposed a visit to Rose's apartment, or, as he termed it, her *Troisième Etage*. Waverley was accordingly conducted through one or two of those long awkward passages with which ancient architects studied to puzzle the inhabitants of the houses which they planned, at the end of which Mr Bradwardine began to ascend, by two steps at once, a very steep, narrow, and winding stair, leaving Mr Rubrick and Waverley to follow at more leisure, while he should announce their approach to his daughter.

After having climbed this perpendicular cork-screw until their brains were almost giddy, they arrived in a little matted lobby, which served as an anti-room to Rose's *sanctum sanctorum*, and through which they entered her parlour. It was a small but pleasant apartment opening to the south, and hung with tapestry; adorned besides with two pictures, one of her mother, in the dress of a shepherdess, with a bell-hoop; the other of the Baron, in his tenth year, in a blue coat, embroidered waistcoat, laced hat, and bag-wig, with a bow in his hand. Edward could not help smiling at the costume, and at the odd resemblance between the round, smooth, red-cheeked, staring visage in the portrait, and the gaunt, bearded, hollow-eyed, swarthy features, which travelling, fatigues of war, and advanced age, had bestowed on the original. The Baron joined in the laugh. "Truly," he said, "that picture was a woman's fantasy of my good mother's, (a daughter of the Laird of Tullielum, Captain Waverley; I indicated the house to you when we were on the top of the Shinny-heuch; it was burnt by the Dutch auxiliaries brought in by the government in 1715;) I never sate for my pourtraicture but once since that was painted, and it was at the special and reiterated request of the Marechal Duke of Berwick."

The good old gentleman did not mention what Mr Rubrick afterwards told Edward, that the Duke had done him this honour on account of his being the first to mount the breach of a fort in Savoy during the memorable campaign of 1709, and having there defended himself with his half-pike for nearly ten minutes before any support reached him. To do the Baron justice, although sufficiently prone to exaggerate his family dignity and consequence, he was too much a man of real courage ever to dwell upon such personal acts of merit as he had himself manifested.

Miss Rose now appeared from the interior room of her apartment, to welcome her father and his friends. The little labours in which she

had been employed obviously showed a natural taste, which required only cultivation. Her father had taught her French and Italian, and a few of the ordinary authors in those languages ornamented her shelves. He had endeavoured also to be her preceptor in music; but as he began with the more obtruse doctrines of the science, and was not perhaps master of them himself, she had made no proficiency farther than to be able to accompany her voice with the harpsichord; but even this was not very common in Scotland at that period. To make amends, she sung with great taste and feeling, and with a respect to the sense of what she uttered that might be proposed in example to ladies of much superior musical talent. Her natural good sense taught her, that if, as we are assured by high authority, music be "married to immortal verse," they are very often divorced by the performer in a most shameful manner. It was perhaps owing to this sensibility to poetry, and power of combining its expression with those of the musical notes, that her singing gave more pleasure to all the unlearned in music, and even to many of the learned, than could have been communicated by a much finer voice and more brilliant execution, unguided by the same delicacy of feeling.

A bartizan, or projecting gallery, before the windows of her parlour, served to illustrate another of Rose's pursuits, for it was crowded with flowers of different kinds, which she had taken under her special protection. A projecting turret gave access to this Gothic balcony, which commanded a most beautiful prospect. The formal garden, with its high bounding walls, lay below, contracted, as it seemed, to a mere parterre; while the view extended beyond them down a wooded glen, where the small river was sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in copse. The eye might be delayed by a desire to rest on the rocks, which here and there rose from the dell with massive or spiry fronts, or it might dwell on the noble, though ruined tower, which was here beheld in all its dignity, frowning from a promontory over the river. To the left were seen two or three cottages, a part of the village; the brow of the hill concealed the others. The glen, or dell, was terminated by a sheet of water called Loch Veolan, into which the brook discharged itself, and which now glistened in the western sun. The distant country seemed open and varied in surface, though not wooded; and there was nothing to interrupt the view until the scene was bounded by a ridge of distant and blue hills, which formed the southern boundary of the strath or valley. To this pleasant station Miss Bradwardine had ordered coffee.

The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin's Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr Rubrick mentioned some

curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend, in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other's names, but left his own unsung.

The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted. I almost doubt if it can be read with patience, destitute of those advantages; although I conjecture the following copy to have been somewhat corrected by Waverley, to suit the taste of those who might not relish pure antiquity.

St. Swithin's Chair.

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you bounne ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless'd;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damp'd her hair:
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks:—
Is it the moody owl that shrieks? |
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream.

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
And the roaring torrent has ceased to flow;
The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form.

* * * * *

“I am sorry to disappoint the company, especially Captain Waverley,

who listens with such laudable gravity; it is but a fragment, although I think there are other verses, describing the return of the Baron from the wars, and how the lady was found 'clay-cold upon the groud-sill ledge.'"

"It is one of those figments," observed Mr Bradwardine, "with which the early history of distinguished families was deformed in the times of superstition; as that of Rome, and other ancient nations, had their prodigies, sir, the which you may read in ancient histories, or in the little work compiled by Julius Obsequens, and inscribed by the learned Scheffer, the editor, to his patron, Benedictus Skytte, Baron of Dundershoff."

"My father has a strange defiance of the marvellous, Captain Waverley, and once stood firm when a whole synod of presbyterian divines were put to the rout by a sudden apparition of the foul fiend."

Waverley looked as if desirous to hear more.

"Must I tell my story as well as sing my song?—Well—Once upon a time there lived an old woman, called Janet Gellatley, who was suspected to be a witch, on the infallible grounds that she was very old, very ugly, very poor, and had two sons, one of whom was a poet, and the other a fool, which visitation, all the neighbourhood agreed, had come upon her for the sin of witchcraft. And she was imprisoned for a week in the steeple of the parish church, and sparsely supplied with food, and not 'permitted to sleep until she herself became as much persuaded of her being a witch as her accusers; and in this lucid and happy state of mind was brought forth to make a clean breast, that is, to make open confession of her sorceries before all the whig gentry and ministers in the vicinity, who were no conjurors themselves. My father went to see fair play between the witch and the clergy; for the witch had been born on his estate. And while the witch was confessing that the enemy appeared, and made his addresses to her as a handsome black man,—which, if you could have seen poor old beary-eyed Janet, reflected little honour on Apollyon's taste,—and while the auditors listened with astonished ears, and the clerk recorded with a trembling hand, she, all of a sudden, changed the low mumbling tone with which she 'spoke into a shrill yell, and exclaimed, 'Look to yourselves! look to yourselves! I see the Evil One sitting in the midst of ye.' The surprise was general, and terror and flight its immediate consequences. Happy were those who were next the door; and many were the disasters that befel hats, bands, cuffs, and wigs, before they could get out of the church, where they left the obstinate prelatist to settle matters with the witch and her admirer, at his own peril or pleasure."

"*Risus solvuntur tabulae*," said the Baron, "when they recovered their panic trepidation, they were too much ashamed to bring any wakening of the process against Janet Gellatley."

This anecdote led into a long discussion of

All those idle thoughts and phantasies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unsound,
Shows, visions, soothsayers, and prophecies,
And all that feigned is, as leasings, tales and lies.

With such conversation, and the romantic legends which it introduced, closed our hero's second evening in the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XIV

A DISCOVERY—WAVERLEY BECOMES DOMESTICATED AT TULLY-VEOLAN.

THE next day Edward arose betimes, and in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognised Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad :

Young men will love thee more fair and more fast ?
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?
Old men's love the longest will last,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire ;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man will brawl at the evening board ;
Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?
But the old man will draw at the dawning the sword,
And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

Waverley could not avoid observing that Davie laid something like a satirical emphasis on these lines. He therefore approached, and endeavoured, by sundry queries, to elicit from him what the inuendo might mean ; but Davie had no mind to explain, and had wit enough to make his foily cloak his knavery. Edward could collect nothing from him excepting that the Laird of Balmawhapple had gone home yesterday morning, “ wi’ his boots full o’ bluid.” In the garden, however, he met the old butler, who no longer attempted to conceal, that, having been bred in the nursery line with Sumack and Co. of Newcastle, he sometimes wrought a turn in the flower-borders to oblige the laird and Miss Rose. By a series of queries, Edward at length discovered, with a painful feeling of surprise and shame, that

Balmawhapple's submission and apology had been the consequence of a rencontre with the Baron before he had quitted his pillow, in which the younger combatant had been disarmed and wounded in the sword arm.

Greatly mortified at this information, Edward sought out his friendly host, and anxiously expostulated with him upon the injustice he had done him in anticipating his meeting with Mr Falconer, a circumstance, which, considering his youth and the profession of arms which he had just adopted, was capable of being represented much to his prejudice. The Baron justified himself at greater length than I chuse to report. He urged, that the quarrel was common to them, and that Balmawhapple could not, by the code of honour, *evite* giving satisfaction to both, which he had done in his case by an honourable meeting, and in that of Edward by such a *palinode* as rendered the use of the sword unnecessary, and which, being made and accepted, must necessarily *sopite* the whole affair. With this excuse or explanation Waverley was silenced, if not satisfied; but he could not help testifying some displeasure against the Blessed Bear, which had given rise to the quarrel, nor refrain from hinting, that the sanctified epithet was hardly appropriate. The Baron observed, he could not deny that "the Bear, though allowed by heralds as a most honourable ordinary, had, nevertheless, somewhat fierce, churlish, and morose in his disposition, (as might be read in Archibald Simson, pastor of Dalkeith's *Hieroglyphica Animalium*,) and had thus been the type of many quarrels and dissensions which had occurred in the house of Bradwardine; of which," he continued, "I might commemorate mine own unfortunate dissension with my third cousin by the mother's side, Sir Hew Halbert, who was so unthinking as to deride my family name, as if it had been *quasi* Bear-Warden; a most uncivil jest, since it not only insinuated that the founder of our house occupied such a mean situation as to be a custodier of wild beasts, a charge which, ye must have observed, is only entrusted to the very basest plebeians; but, moreover, seemed to infer that our coat-armour had not been achieved by honourable actions in war, but bestowed by way of *paranomasia*, or pun, upon our family appellation,—a sort of bearing which the French call *armoires parlantes*; the Latins *arma cantantia*; and your English authorities, canting heraldry; being indeed a species of emblazoning more befitting canters, gaberlunzies, and such like mendicants, whose gibberish is formed upon playing on the word, than the noble, honourable and useful science of heraldry, which assigns armorial bearings as the reward of noble and generous actions, and not to tickle the ear with vain quodlibets, such as are found in jest-books." Of his quarrel with Sir Hew he said nothing more, than that it was settled in a fitting manner.

Having been so minute with respect to the diversions of Tully-Veolan, on the first days of Edward's arrival, — the purpose of introducing its

inmates to the reader's acquaintance, it becomes less necessary to trace the progress of his intercourse with the same accuracy. It is probable that a young man, accustomed to more cheerful society, would have tired of the conversation of so violent an assertor of the "boast of heraldry" as the Baron; but Edward found an agreeable variety in that of Miss Bradwardine, who listened with eagerness to his remarks upon literature, and showed great justness of taste in her answers. The sweetness of her disposition had made her submit with complacency, and even pleasure, to the course of reading prescribed by her father, although it not only comprehended several heavy folios of history, but certain gigantic tomes in high-church polemics. In heraldry he was fortunately contented to give her only such a slight tincture as might be acquired by perusal of the two folio volumes of Nisbett. Rose was indeed the very apple of her father's eye. Her constant liveliness, her attention to all those little observances most gratifying to those who would never think of exacting them, her beauty, in which he recalled the features of his beloved wife, her unfeigned piety, and the noble generosity of her disposition, would have justified the affection of the most doating father.

His anxiety on her behalf did not, however, seem to extend itself in that quarter, where, according to the general opinion, it is most efficiently displayed; in labouring, namely, to establish her in life, either by a large dowry or a wealthy marriage. By an old settlement, almost all the landed estates of the Baron went, after his death, to a distant relation; and it was supposed that Miss Bradwardine would remain but slenderly provided for, as the good gentleman's cash matters had been too long under the exclusive charge of Baillie Mac-wheelbe, to admit of any great expectations from his personal succession. It is true, the said Baillie loved his patron and his patron's daughter next (though at an incomparable distance) to himself. He thought it was possible to set aside the settlement on the male line, and had actually procured an opinion to that effect (and, as he boasted without a fee) from an eminent Scottish counsel, under whose notice he contrived to bring the point while consulting him regularly on some other business. But the Baron would not listen to such a proposal for an instant. On the contrary, he used to have a perverse pleasure in boasting that the barony of Bradwardine was a male fief, the first charter having been given at that early period when women were not deemed capable to hold a feudal grant; because according to *Les coutumes de Normandie, c'est l'homme ki se bast et ki conseille*; or, as is yet more ungallantly expressed by other authorities, all of whose barbarous names he delighted to quote at full length, because a woman could not serve the superior, or feudal lord, in war, on account of the decorum of her sex, nor assist him with advice, because of her limited intellect, nor keep his counsel. owing to the firmity of her disposition. He

would triumphantly ask, how it would become a female, and that female a Bradwardine, to be seen employed in *servitio exuendi, seu detrahendi, caligas regis post battaliam*? that is, in pulling off the king's boots after an engagement, which was the feudal service by which he held the barony of Bradwardine. "No," he said, "beyond hesitation, *procul dubio*, many females, as worthy as Rose, had been excluded, in order to make way for my own succession, and Heaven forbid that I should do aught that might contravene the destination of my forefathers, or impinge upon the right of my kinsman, Malcolm Bradwardine of Inchgrabbit, an honourable though decayed branch of my own family."

The Baillie, as prime minister, having received this decisive communication from his sovereign, durst not press his own opinion any farther, but contented himself with deploring, on all suitable occasions, to Saunderson, the minister of the interior, the laird's self-willedness, and with laying plans for uniting Rose with the young laird of Balmawhapple, who had a fine estate, only moderately burthened, and was a faultless young gentleman, being as sober as a saint—if you kept brandy from him, and him from brandy—and who, in brief, had no imperfection but that of keeping light company at a time; such as Jinker, the horse-couper, and Gibby Gaethrowit, the piper o' Cupar; "o' whilk follies, Mr Saunderson, he'll mend, he'll mend,"—pronounced the Baillie.

"Like sour ale in simmer," added Davie Gellatley, who happened to be nearer the conclave than they were aware of.

Miss Bradwardine, such as we have described her, with all the simplicity and curiosity of a recluse, attached herself to the opportunities of increasing her store of literature which Edward's visit afforded her. He sent for some of his books from his quarters, and they opened to her sources of delight of which she had hitherto had no idea. The best English poets, of every description, and other works on belles lettres, made a part of this precious cargo. Her music, even her flowers, were neglected, and Saunders not only mourned over, but began to mutiny against the labour for which he now scarce received thanks. These new pleasures became gradually enhanced by sharing them with one of a kindred taste. Edward's readiness to comment, to recite, to explain difficult passages, rendered his assistance invaluable; and the wild romance of his spirit delighted a character too young and inexperienced to observe its deficiencies. Upon subjects which interested him, and when quite at ease, he possessed that flow of natural, and somewhat florid eloquence, which has been supposed as powerful as figure, fashion, fame, or fortune, in winning the female heart. There was, therefore, an increasing danger, in this constant intercourse, to poor Rose's peace of mind, which was the more imminent, as her father was greatly too much abstracted in his studies, and wrapped up in his own dignity, to dream of his daughter's incurring it. The

daughters of the house of Bradwardine were, in his opinion, like those of the house of Bourbon or Austria, placed high above the clouds of passion which might obfuscate the intellects of meaner females; they moved in another sphere, were governed by other feelings, and amenable to other rules, than those of idle and fantastic affection. In short, he shut his eyes so resolutely to the natural consequences of Edward's intimacy with Miss Bradwardine, that the whole neighbourhood concluded that he had opened them to the advantages of a match between his daughter and the wealthy young Englishman, and pronounced him much less a fool than he had generally shown himself in cases where his own interest was concerned.

If the Baron, however, had really meditated such an alliance, the indifference of Waverley would have been an insuperable bar to his project. Our hero, since mixing more freely with the world, had learned to think with great shame and confusion upon his mental legend of Saint Cecilia, and the vexation of these reflections was likely, for some time at least, to counterbalance the natural susceptibility of his disposition. Besides, Rose Bradwardine, beautiful and amiable as we have described her, had not precisely the sort of beauty or merit which captivates a romantic imagination in early youth. She was too frank, too confiding, too kind; amiable qualities undoubtedly, but destructive of the marvellous, with which a youth of imagination delights to dress the empress of his affections. Was it possible to bow, to tremble, and to adore, before the timid, yet playful little girl, who now asked Edward to mend her pen, now to construe a stanza in Tasso, and now how to spell a very—very long word in her version of it? All these incidents have their fascination on the mind at a certain period of life, but not when a youth is entering it, and rather looking out for some object whose affection may dignify him in his own eyes, than stooping to one who looks up to him for such distinction. Hence, though there can be no rule in so capricious a passion, early love is frequently ambitious in chusing its object; or, which comes to the same, selects her (as in the case of Saint Cecilia aforesaid) from a situation that gives fair scope for *le beau ideal*, which the reality of intimate and familiar life rather tends to limit and impair. I knew a very accomplished and sensible young man cured of a violent passion for a pretty woman, whose talents were not equal to her face and figure, by being permitted to bear her company for a whole afternoon. Thus, it is certain, that had Edward enjoyed such an opportunity of conversing with Miss Stubbs, aunt Rachel's precaution would have been unnecessary, for he would as soon have fallen in love with the dairy-maid. And although Miss Bradwardine was a very different character, it seems probable that the very intimacy of their intercourse prevented his feeling for her other sentiments than those of a brother for an amiable and accomplished sister; while the sentiments of poor Rose were

gradually, and without her being conscious, assuming a shade of warmer affection.

I ought to have mentioned that Edward had applied for, and received permission, extending his leave of absence. But the letter of his commanding officer contained a friendly recommendation to him, not to spend his time exclusively with persons, who, estimable as they might be in a general sense, could not be supposed well affected to a government which they declined to acknowledge by taking the oath of allegiance. The letter further insinuated, though with great delicacy, that although some family connections might be supposed to render it necessary for Captain Waverley to communicate with gentlemen who were in this unpleasant state of suspicion, yet his father's situation and wishes ought to prevent his prolonging those attentions into exclusive intimacy. And it was intimated, that while his political principles were endangered by communicating with laymen of this description, he might also receive erroneous impressions in religion from the prelatie clergy, who so perversely laboured to set up the royal prerogative in things sacred.

This last insinuation probably induced Waverley to set both down to the prejudices of his commanding-officer. He was sensible that Mr Bradwardine had acted with the most scrupulous delicacy, in never entering upon any discussion that had the most remote tendency to bias his mind in political opinions, although he was himself not only a decided partizan of the exiled family, but had been trusted at different times with important commissions for their services. Sensible, therefore, that there were no risque of his being perverted from his allegiance, Edward felt as if he should do his uncle's old friend injustice in removing from a house where he gave and received pleasure and amusement, merely to gratify a prejudiced and ill-judged suspicion. He therefore wrote a very general answer, assuring his commanding-officer that his loyalty was not in the most distant danger of contamination, and continued an honoured guest and inmate of the house of Tully-Veolan.

CHAPTER XV.

A CREAGH, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN Edward had been a guest at Tully-Veolan nearly six weeks, he descried, one morning, as he took his usual walk before the breakfast hour, signs of unusual perturbation in the family. Four bare-legged dairy-maids, with each an empty milk-pail in her hand, ran about with frantic gestures, and uttering loud exclamations of surprise,

grief, and resentment. From their appearance, a pagan might have conceived them a detachment of the celebrated Belides, just come from their baleing penance. As nothing was to be got from this distracted chorus, excepting "Lord guide us!" and "Eh sirs!" ejaculations which threw no light upon the cause of their dismay, Waverley repaired to the fore-court, as it was called, where he beheld Baillie Macwheeble cantering his white pony down the avenue with all the speed it could muster. He had arrived, it would seem, upon a hasty summons, and was followed by half a score of peasants from the village, who had no great difficulty in keeping pace with him.

The Baillie, greatly too busy, and too important, to enter into explanations with Edward, summoned forth Mr Saunderson, who appeared with a countenance in which dismay was mingled with solemnity, and they immediately entered into close conference. Davie Gellatley was also seen in the group, idle as Diogenes at Sinope, while his countrymen were preparing for a siege. His spirits always rose with anything, good or bad, which occasioned tumult, and he continued frisking, hopping, dancing, and singing the burden of an old ballad,—

"Our gear's a' gane."

until, happening to pass too near the Baillie, he received an admonitory hint from his horse-whip, which converted his songs into lamentation.

Passing from thence towards the garden, Waverley beheld the Baron in person, measuring and re-measuring, with swift and tremendous strides, the length of the terrace; his countenance clouded with offended pride and indignation, and the whole of his demeanour such as seemed to indicate, that any enquiry concerning the cause of his discomposure would give pain at least, if not offence. Waverley therefore glided into the house, without addressing him, and took his way to the breakfast parlour, where he found his young friend Rose, who, though she neither exhibited the resentment of her father, the turbid importance of Baillie Macwheeble, nor the despair of the hand-maidens, seemed vexed and thoughtful. A single word explained the mystery. "Your breakfast will be a disturbed one, Captain Waverley. A party of Catherans have come down upon us last night, and driven off all our milch cows."

"A party of Catherans?"

"Yes; robbers from the neighbouring Highlands. We used to be quite free from them while we paid black-mail to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr; but my father thought it unworthy of his rank and birth to pay it any longer, and so this disaster has happened. It is not the value of the cattle, Captain Waverley, that vexes me; but my father is so much hurt at the affront, and so bold and hot, that I fear he will try to recover them by the strong hand; and then if he is not hurt himself, he will hurt some of these wild people, and there will be

no peace between them and us perhaps for our lifetime; and we cannot defend ourselves as in old times, for the government have taken all our arms; and my dear father is so rash—O what will become of us!”—Here poor Rose lost heart altogether, and burst into a flood of tears.

The Baron entered at this moment, and rebuked her with more asperity than Waverley had ever heard him use to any one. “Was it not a shame,” he said, “that she should exhibit herself before any gentleman in such a light, as if she shed tears for a drove of horned nolt and milch kine, like the daughter of a Cheshire yeoman!—Captain Waverley, I must request your favourable construction of her grief, which may, or ought to proceed solely from seeing her father’s estate exposed to spulzie and depredation from common thieves and sornars, while we are not allowed to keep a half a score of muskets, whether for defence or rescue.”

Baillie Macwheeble entered immediately afterwards, and by his report of arms and ammunition confirmed this statement, informing the Baron, in a melancholy voice, that though the people would certainly obey his honour’s orders, yet was there no chance of their following the gear to ony guid purpose, in respect there were only his honour’s body servants who had swords and pistols, and the depredators were twelve Highlanders, completely armed after the manner of their country.—Having delivered this doleful annunciation, he assumed a posture of silent dejection, shaking his head slowly with the motion of a pendulum when it is ceasing to vibrate, and then remained stationary, his body stooping at a more acute angle than usual, and the latter part of his person projected in proportion.

The Baron, meanwhile, paced the room in silent indignation, and at length fixing his eye upon an old portrait, whose person was clad in armour, and whose features glared grimly out of a huge bush of hair, part of which descended from his head to his shoulders, and part from his chin and upper lip to his breast-plate,—“That gentleman, Captain Waverley, my grandsire, with two hundred horse, whom he levied within his own bounds, discomfited and put to the rout more than five hundred of these Highland reivers, who have been ever *lapis offensionis, et petra scandali*, a stumbling-block and a rock of offence to the Lowland vicinage—he discomfited them, I say, when they had the temerity to descend to harry this country, in the time of the civil dissensions, in the year of grace sixteen hundred forty and two. And now, sir, I, his grandson, am thus used at such unworthy hands!”

Here there was an awful pause; after which all the company, as is usual in cases of difficulty, began to give separate and inconsistent counsel. Alexander ab Alexandro proposed they should send some one to compound with the Catherans, who would readily, he said, give up their prey for a dollar a-head. The Baillie opined that this transaction

would amount to theft-boot, or composition of felony; and he recommended that some *canny hand* should be sent up to the glens to make the best bargain he could, as it were for himself, so that the Laird might not be seen in such a transaction. Edward proposed to send off to the nearest garrison for a party of soldiers and a magistrate's warrant; and Rose, as far as she dared, endeavoured to insinuate the course of paying the arrears of tribute money to Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, who, they all knew, could easily procure restoration of the cattle, if he were properly propitiated.

None of these proposals met the Baron's approbation. The idea of composition, direct or implied, was absolutely ignominious; that of Waverley only shewed that he did not understand the state of the country, and of the political parties which divided it; and, standing matters as they did with Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr, the Baron would make no concession to him, were it, he said, "to procure restitution *in integrum* of every stirk and stot that his clan had stolen since the days of Malcolm Canmore."

In fact, his voice was still for war, and he proposed to send expresses to Balmawhapple, Killancureit, Tilliellum, and other lairds, who were exposed to similar depredations, inviting them to join in the pursuit; "and then, sir, shall these *nebulones nequissimi*, as Leslæus calls them, be brought to the fate of their predecessor Cacus,

Elisos oculos, et siccum sanguine guttur."

The Baillie, who by no means relished these warlike councils, here pulled forth an immense watch, of the colour, and nearly of the size, of a pewter warming-pan, and observed it was now past noon, and that the Catherans had been seen in the pass of Ballybrough soon after sun-rise, so that before the allied forces could assemble, they and their prey would be far beyond the reach of the most active pursuit, and sheltered in those pathless deserts, where it was neither advisable to follow, nor indeed possible to trace them.

This proposition was undeniable. The council therefore broke up without coming to any conclusion, as has occurred to councils of more importance; only it was determined that the Baillie should send his own three milk-cows down to the Mains for the use of the Baron's family, and brew small ale as a substitute for milk in his own. To this arrangment, which was suggested by Saunderson, the Baillie readily assented, both from habitual deference to the family, and an internal consciousness that his courtesy would, in some mode or other, be repaid tenfold.

The Baron having also retired to give some necessary directions, Waverley seized the opportunity to ask, whether this Fergus, with the unpronounceable name, were the chief thief-taker of the district?

"Thief-taker!" answered Rose laughing; "he is a gentleman of

great honour and consequence; the chieftain of an independent branch of a powerful Highland clan, and is much respected, both for his own power, and that of his kith, kin, and allies."

"And what has he to do with the thieves then?" Is he a magistrate, or in the commission of the peace?

"The commission of war rather, if there be such a thing," said Rose; "for he is a very unquiet neighbour to his un-friends, and keeps a greater *following* on foot than many that have thrice his estate. As to his connection with the thieves, that I cannot well explain; but the boldest of them will never steal a hoof from any one that pays black-mail to Vich Ian Vohr."

"And what is black-mail?"

"A sort of protection-money that low-country gentlemen and heritors, lying near the Highlands, pay to some Highland chief that he may neither do them harm himself, nor suffer it to be done to them by others; and then if your cattle are stole, you have only to send him word, and he will recover them; or it may be, he will drive away cows from some distant place where he has a quarrel, and give them to you to make up your loss."

"And is this sort of Highland Jonathan Wild admitted into society, and called a gentleman?"

So much so, that the quarrel between my father and Fergus Mac-Ivor began at a county meeting, where he wanted to take precedence of all the Lowland gentlemen then present, only my father would not suffer it. And then he upbraided my father that he was under his banner, and paid him tribute; and my father was in a towering passion, for Baillie Macwheeble, who manages such things his own way, had contrived to keep this black-mail a secret from him, and passed it in his account for cess-money. And they would have fought; but Fergus Mac-Ivor said, very gallantly, he would never raise his hand against a grey head that was so much respected as my father's—O I wish, I wish they had continued friends!"

And did you ever see this Mr Mac-Ivor, if that be his name, Miss Bradwardine?"

"No, that is not his name; and he would consider *master* as a sort of affront, only that you are an Englishman and know no better. But the Lowlanders call him, like other gentlemen, by the name of his estate, Glennaquoich; and the Highlanders call him Vich Ian Vohr, that is, the son of John the Great; and we upon the braes here call him by both names indifferently.

"I am afraid I shall never bring my English tongue to call him by either one or other.

"But he is a very polite, handsome man, continued Rose; and his sister Flora is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies in this country; she was bred in a convent in France, and was

a great friend of mine before this unhappy dispute. Dear Captain Waverley try your influence with my father to make matters up. I am sure this is but the beginning of our troubles; for Tully-Veolan has never been a safe or quiet residence when we have been at feud with the Highlanders. When I was a girl about ten, there was a skirmish fought between a party of twenty of them, and my father and his servants, behind the Mains; and the bullets broke several panes in the north windows, they were so near. Three of the Highlanders were killed, and they brought them in wrapped in their plaids, and laid them on the stone floor of the hall; and next morning, their wives and daughters came, clapping their hands, and crying the coronach and shrieking, and carried away the dead bodies, with the pipes playing before them. I could not sleep for six weeks without starting, and thinking I heard these terrible cries, and saw the bodies lying on the steps, all stiff and swathed up in their bloody tartans. But since that time there came a party from the garrison at Stirling, with a warrant from the Lord Justice Clerk, or some such great man, and took away all our arms; and now, how are we to protect ourselves if they come down in any strength?"

Waverley could not help starting at a story which bore so much resemblance to one of his own day-dreams. Here was a girl scarce seventeen, the gentlest of her sex, both in temper and appearance, who had witnessed with her own eyes such a scene as he had used to conjure up in his imagination, as only occurring in ancient times. He felt at once the impulse of curiosity, and that slight sense of danger which only serves to heighten its interest. He might have said with Malvolio, "I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me!" I am actually in the land of military and romantic adventures, and it only remains to be seen what will be my own share in them."

The whole circumstances now detailed concerning the state of the country, seemed equally novel and extraordinary. He had indeed often heard of Highland thieves, but had no idea of the systematic mode in which their depredations were conducted; and that the practice was connived at, and even encouraged, by many of the Highland chieftains, who not only found the creaghs, or forays, useful for the purpose of training individuals of their clans to the practice of arms, but also of maintaining a wholesome terror among their Lowland neighbours, and levying, as we have seen, a tribute from them, under colour of protection-money. Baillie Macwheeble, who soon afterwards entered, expatiated still more at length upon the same topic. This honest gentleman's conversation was so formed upon his professional practice, that Davie Gellatley once said his discourse was like a "charge of horning." He assured our hero, that "from the maist ancient times of record, the lawless thieves, limmers, and broken men of the Highlands, had been in fellowship together by reason of their surnames,

for the committing of divers thefts, reifs, and herships upon the honest men of the low country, when they not only intromitted with their whole goods and gear, corn, cattle, horse, nolt, sheep, outstight and insight plenishing, at their wicked pleasure, but moreover made prisoners, ransomed them, or concussed them into giving borrows (pledges,) to enter into captivity again: All which was directly prohibited in divers parts of the Statute Book, both by the act one thousand five hundred and sixty seven, and various others; the whilk statutes, with all that had followed and might follow thereupon, were shamefully broken and vilipended by the said sorners, limmers, and broken men, associated into fellowships for the aforesaid purposes of theft, stouthreif, fire-raising, murther, *raptus mulierum*, or forcible abduction of women, and such like as aforesaid."

It seemed like a dream to Waverley that these deeds of violence should be familiar to men's minds, and currently talked of, as falling within the common order of things, and happening daily in the immediate neighbourhood, without his having crossed the seas, and while he was yet in the otherwise well-ordered island of Great Britain.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY APPEARS.

THE Baron returned at the dinner hour, and had in a great measure recovered his composure and good humour. He not only confirmed the stories which Edward had heard from Rose and Baillie Macwheeble, but added many anecdotes from his own experience, concerning the state of the Highlands and their inhabitants. The chiefs, he pronounced to be, in general, gentlemen of great honour and high pedigree, whose word was accounted as a law by all those of their own sept or clan. "It did not indeed," he said, "become them, as had occurred in late instances, to propone their *prosapia*, a lineage which rested for the most part on the vain and fond rhymes of their Seannachies or Bhaids, as æquiponderate with the evidence of ancient charters and royal grants of antiquity, conferred upon distinguished houses in the low country by divers Scottish monarchs; nevertheless, such was their *outrecuidance* and presumption, as to undervalue those who possessed such evidents, as if they held their lands in a sheep's skin."

This, by the way, pretty well explained the cause of quarrel between the Baron and his Highland ally. But he went on to state so many curious particulars concerning the manners, customs, and habits of this patriarchal race, that Edward's curiosity became highly interested, and he enquired whether it were possible to make with safety

an excursion into the neighbouring highlands, whose dusky barrier of mountains had already excited his wish to penetrate beyond them. The Baron assured his guest that nothing would be more easy, providing this quarrel were first made up, since he could himself give him letters to many of the distinguished chiefs, who would receive him with the utmost courtesy and hospitality.

While they were on this topic, the door suddenly opened, and, ushered by Saunders Saunderson, a Highlander, fully armed and equipped, entered the apartment. Had it not been that Saunders acted the part of master of the ceremonies to this martial apparition, without appearing to deviate from his usual composure, and that neither Mr Bradwardine nor Rose exhibited any emotion, Edward would certainly have thought the intrusion hostile. As it was, he started at the sight of what he had not yet happened to see, a mountaineer in his full national costume. The individual Gael was a stout dark man of low stature, the ample folds of whose plaid added to the appearance of strength which his person exhibited. The short kilt, or petticoat, shewed his sinewy and clean-made limbs; the goat-skin purse, flanked by the usual defences, a dirk, and steel wrought-pistol, hung before him; his bonnet had a short feather, which indicated his claim to be treated as a Duinhé-Wassel, or sort of gentleman; a broad sword dangled by his side, a target hung upon his shoulder, and a long Spanish fowling-piece occupied one of his hands. With the other hand he pulled off his bonnet, and the Baron, who well knew their customs, and the proper mode of addressing them, immediately said, with an air of dignity, but without rising, and much, as Edward thought, in the manner of a prince receiving an embassy, "Welcome, Evan Dhu Maccombich; what news from Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr?"

"Fergus Mac-Ivor Vich Ian Vohr," said the ambassador, in good English, "greet you well, Baron of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and is sorry there has been a thick cloud interposed between you and him, which has kept you from seeing and considering the friendship and alliances that have been between your houses and forbears of old; and he prays you that the cloud may pass away, and that things may be as they have been heretofore between the clan Ivor and the house of Bradwardine, when there was an egg between them for a flint, and a knife for a sword. And he expects you will also say, you are sorry for the cloud, and no man shall hereafter ask whether it descended from the hill to the valley, or rose from the valley to the hill; for they never struck with the scabbard who did not receive with the sword, and woe to him who would lose his friend for the stormy cloud of a spring morning.

To this the Baron of Bradwardine answered with suitable dignity, that he knew the chief of clan Ivor to be a well-wisher to the King,

and he was sorry there should have been a cloud between him and any gentleman of such sound principles, "for when folks are banding together, feeble is he who hath no brother."

This appearing perfectly satisfactory, that the peace between these august persons might be duly solemnized, the Baron ordered a stoup of usquebaugh, and, filling a glass, drank to the health and prosperity of Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich; upon which the Celtic Ambassador, to requite his politeness, turned down a mighty bumper of the same generous liquor, seasoned with his good wishes to the house of Bradwardine.

Having thus ratified the preliminaries of the general treaty of pacification, the envoy retired to adjust with Mr Macwheeble some subordinate articles, with which it was not thought necessary to trouble the Baron. These probably referred to the discontinuance of the subsidy, and apparently the Baillie found means to satisfy their ally, without suffering his master to suppose that his dignity was compromised. At least, it is certain, that after the plenipotentiaries had drunk a bottle of brandy in single drams, which seemed to have no more effect upon such seasoned vessels, than if it had been poured upon the two bears at the top of the avenue, Evan Dhu Maccombich having possessed himself of all the information which he could procure respecting the robbery of the preceding night, declared his intention to set off immediately in pursuit of the cattle, which he pronounced to be "no that far off;—they have broken the bone," he observed, "but have had no time to suck the marrow."

Our hero, who had attended Evan Dhu during his perquisitions, was much struck with the ingenuity which he displayed in collecting information, and the precise and pointed conclusions which he drew from it. Evan Dhu, on his part, was obviously flattered with the attention of Waverley, the interest he seemed to take in his enquiries, and his curiosity about the customs and scenery of the Highlands. Without much ceremony he invited Edward to accompany him on a short walk of ten or fifteen miles into the mountains, and see the place where the cattle were conveyed to; adding, "If it be as I suppose, you never saw such a place in your life, nor ever will, unless you go with me or the like of me."

Our hero, feeling his curiosity considerably excited by the idea of visiting the den of a Highland Cacus, took, however, the precaution to enquire if his guide might be trusted. He was assured, that the invitation would on no account have been given had there been the least danger, and that all he had to apprehend was a little fatigue; and as Evan proposed he should pass a day at his chieftain's house in returning, where he would be sure of good accommodation and an excellent welcome, there seemed nothing very formidable in the task he undertook. Rose, indeed, turned pale when she heard of it; but her father, who loved the spirited curiosity of his young friend, did not attempt to damp

it by an alarm of danger which really did not exist, and a knapsack, with a few necessaries, being bound on the shoulders of a sort of deputy gamekeeper, our hero set forth with a fowling-piece in his hand, accompanied by his new friend Evan Dhu, and followed by the gamekeeper aforesaid, and by two wild Highlanders, the attendants of Evan, one of whom had upon his shoulder a hatchet at the end of a pole, called a Lochaber axe, and the other a long ducking gun. Evan, upon Edward's enquiry, gave him to understand, that this martial escort was by no means necessary as a guard, but merely, as he said, drawing up and adjusting his plaid with an air of dignity, that he might appear decently at Tully-Veolan, and as Vich Ian Vohr's foster-brother ought to do. "Ah! if you Saxon Duinhé-Wassel (English gentleman) saw but the chief himself with his tail on!"

"With his tail on?" echoed Edward in some surprise.

"Yes—that is, with all his usual followers, when he visits those of the same rank. There is," he continued, stopping and drawing himself proudly up, while he counted upon his fingers the several officers of his chief's retinue; "there is his *hanchman*, or right-hand man; then his *bhaird*, or poet; then his *bladier*, or orator, to make harangues to the great folks whom he visits; then his *gilly-more*, or armour bearer, to carry his sword and target, and his gun; then his *gilly-casflue*, who carries him on his back through the sikes and brooks; then his *gilly-constraine*, to lead his horse by the bridle in steep and difficult paths; then his *gilly-trusharnish*, to carry his knapsack; and the piper and the piper's man, and it may be a dozen young lads beside, that have no business, but are just boys of the belt to follow the laird, and do his honour's bidding."

"And does your chief regularly maintain all these men?"

"All these! ay, and many a fair head beside, that would not ken where to lay itself, but for the mickle barn at Glennaquoich."

With similiar tales of the grandeur of the chief in peace and war, Evan Dhu beguiled the way till they approached more closely those huge mountains which Edward had hitherto only seen at a distance. It was towards evening as they entered one of the tremendous passes which afford communication between the high and low country; the path, which was extremely steep and rugged, winded up a chasm between two tremendous rocks, following the passage which a foaming stream, that brawled far below, appeared to have worn for itself in the course of ages. A few slanting beams of the sun, which was now setting, reached the water in its darksome bed, and shewed it partially, chafed by a hundred rocks, and broken by a hundred falls. The descent from the path to the stream was a mere precipice, with here and there a projecting fragment of granite, or a scathed tree, which had warped its twisted roots into the fissures of the rock. On the right hand the mountain rose above the path with almost equal inaccessi-

bility; but the hill on the opposite side displayed a shroud of copse-wood, with which some pines were intermingled.

"This," said Evan, "is the pass of Bally Brough, which was kept in former times by ten of the clan of Donnochie against a hundred of the low country carles. The graves of the slain are still to be seen in that little corri, or bottom, on the opposite side of the burn—if your eyes are good you may see the green specks among the heather.—See, there is an earn, which you southerners call an eagle—you have no such bird as that in England—he is going to fetch his supper from the Laird of Bradwardine's braes, but I'll send a slug after him."

He fired his piece accordingly, but missed the superb monarch of the feathered tribes, who, without noticing the attempt to annoy him, continued his majestic flight to the southward. A thousand birds of prey, hawks, kites, carrion-crows, and ravens, disturbed from the lodgings which they had just taken up for the evening, rose at the report of the gun, and mingled their hoarse and discordant notes with the echoes which replied to it, and with the roar of the mountain cata-racts. Evan, a little disconcerted at having missed his mark, when he meant to have displayed peculiar dexterity, covered his confusion by whistling part of a pibroch as he reloaded his piece, and proceeded in silence up the pass.

It issued in a narrow glen, between two mountains, both very lofty and covered with heath. The brook continued to be their companion, and they advanced up its mazes, crossing them now and then, on which occasions Evan Dhu uniformly offered the assistance of his attendants to carry over Edward; but our hero, who had been always a tolerable pedestrian, declined the accommodation, and obviously rose in his guide's opinion, by shewing that he did not fear wetting his feet. Indeed he was anxious, so far as he could without affectation, to remove the opinion which Evan seemed to entertain of the effeminacy of the Lowlanders, and particularly of the English.

Through the gorge of this glen they found access to a black bog, of tremendous extent, full of large pit holes, which they traversed with great difficulty and some danger, by tracts which no one but a Highlander could have followed. The path itself, or rather the portion of more solid ground on which the travellers half walked, half waded, was rough, broken, and in many places quaggy and unsound. Sometimes the ground was so completely unsafe, that it was necessary to spring from one hillock to another, the space between being incapable of bearing the human weight. This was an easy matter to the Highlanders, who wore thin soled brogues fit for the purpose, and moved with a peculiar springing step; but Edward began to find the exercise, to which he was unaccustomed, more fatiguing than he expected. The lingering twilight served to shew them through this Serbonian bog, but deserted them almost totally at the bottom of a steep and very

stony hill, which it was the traveller's next toilsome task to ascend. The night, however, was pleasant and not dark; and Waverley, calling up mental energy to support personal fatigue, held on his march gallantly, though envying in his heart his Highland attendants, who continued, without a symptom of abated vigour, the rapid and swinging pace, or rather trot, which, according to his computation, had already brought them fifteen miles upon their journey.

After crossing the mountain, and descending on the other side towards a thick wood, Evan Dhu held some conference with his Highland attendants, in consequence of which Edward's baggage was shifted from the shoulders of the gamekeeper to that of one of the gillies, and the former was sent off with the other mountaineer in a direction different from that of the three remaining travellers. On asking the meaning of this separation, Waverley was told that the Lowlander must go to a hamlet about three miles off for the night; for unless it was some very particular friend, Donald Bean Lean, the worthy person whom they supposed to be possessed of the cattle, did not much approve of strangers approaching his retreat. This seemed reasonable, and silenced a qualm of suspicion which came across Edward's mind, when he saw himself, at such a place and such an hour, deprived of his only Lowland companion. And Evan immediately afterwards added, "that indeed he himself had better get forward, and announce their approach to Donald Bean Lean, as the arrival of a *sidier roy*, (red soldier) might otherwise be a disagreeable surprise." And without waiting for an answer, in jockey phrase, he trotted out, and putting himself to a very round pace, was out of sight in an instant.

Waverley was now left to his own meditations, for his attendant with the battle-axe spoke very little English. They were traversing a thick, and, as it seemed, an endless wood of pines, and consequently the path was altogether undiscernible in the murky darkness which surrounded them. The Highlander, however, seemed to trace it by instinct, without the hesitation of a moment, and Edward followed his footsteps as close as he could.

After journeying a considerable time in silence, he could not help asking, "Was it far to the end of their journey?"

"Ta cove was tree, four mile; but as Duinhè-Wassel was a wee taiglit, Donald could, tat is, might—would—should send ta curragh."

This conveyed no information. The *curragh* which was promised might be a man, a horse, a cart, or chaise; and no more could be got from the man with the battle-axe, but a repetition of "Aich aye! ta curragh."

But in a short time Edward began to conceive his meaning, when, issuing from the wood, he found himself on the banks of a large river or lake, where his conductor gave him to understand they must sit down for a little while. The moon, which now began to rise, shewed

obscurely the expanse of water which spread before them, and the shapeless and indistinct forms of mountains with which it seemed to be surrounded. The cool, and yet mild air of the summer night, refreshed Waverley after his rapid and toilsome walk; and the perfume which it wafted from the birch trees, bathed in the evening dew, was exquisitely fragrant.

He had now time to give himself up to the full romance of his situation. Here he sat on the banks of an unknown lake, under the guidance of a wild native, whose language was unknown to him, on a visit to the den of some renowned outlaw, a second Robin Hood perhaps, or Adam o' Gordon, and that at deep midnight, through scenes of difficulty and toil, separated from his attendant, left by his guide:—What a fund of circumstances for the exercise of a romantic imagination, and all enhanced by the solemn feeling of uncertainty at least, if not of danger! The only circumstance which assorted ill with the rest was the cause of his journey—the Baron's milk-cows! this degrading incident he kept in the back ground.

While wrapt in these dreams of imagination his companion gently touched him, and, pointing in a direction nearly straight across the lake, said, “Yon's ta cove.” A small point of light was seen to twinkle in the direction in which he pointed, and, gradually increasing in size and lustre, seemed to flicker like a meteor upon the verge of the horizon. While Edward watched this phenomenon, the distant dash of oars was heard. The measured sound approached near and more near, and presently a loud whistle was heard in the same direction. His friend with the battle-axe immediately whistled clear and shrill, in reply to the signal, and a boat, manned with four or five Highlanders, pushed for a little inlet, near which Edward was seated. He advanced to meet them with his attendant, was immediately assisted into the boat by the officious attention of two stout mountaineers, and had no sooner seated himself than they resumed their oars, and began to row across the lake with great rapidity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOLD OF A HIGHLAND ROBBER.

THE party preserved silence, interrupted only by the monotonous and murmured chaunt of a Gaelic song, sung in a kind of low recitative by the steersman, and by the dash of the oars, which the notes seemed to regulate, as they dipped to them in cadence. The light, which they now approached more nearly, assumed a broader, redder, and more irregular splendour. It appeared plainly to be a large fire, but whether kindled

upon an island or the main land, Edward could not determine. As he saw it, the red glaring orb seemed to rest on the very surface of the lake itself, and resembled the fiery vehicle in which the Evil Genius of an oriental tale traverses land and sea. They approached nearer, and the light of the fire sufficed to show that it was kindled at the bottom of a huge dark crag or rock, rising abruptly from the very edge of the water; its front, changed by the reflection to dusky red, formed a strange, and even awful contrast to the banks around, which were from time to time faintly and partially enlightened by palid moonlight.

The boat now neared the shore, and Edward could discover that this large fire, amply supplied with branches of pinewood by two figures, who, in the red reflection of its light, appeared like demons, was kindled in the jaws of a lofty cavern, into which an inlet from the lake seemed to advance; and he conjectured, which was indeed true, that the fire had been lighted as a beacon to the boatmen on their return. They rowed right for the mouth of the cave, and then, shipping their oars, permitted the boat to enter with the impulse which it had received. The skiff passed the little point, or platform of rock on which the fire was blazing, and running about two boats' lengths farther, stopped where the cavern, (for it was already arched overhead) ascended from the water by five or six broad ledges of rocks, so easy and regular that they might be termed natural steps. At this moment a quantity of water was suddenly flung upon the fire, which sunk with a hissing noise, and with it disappeared the light it had hitherto afforded. Four or five active arms lifted Waverley out of the boat, placed him on his feet, and almost carried him into the recesses of the cave. He made a few paces in darkness, guided in this manner; and advancing towards a hum of voices, which seemed to sound from the centre of the rock, at an acute turn Donald Bean Lean and his whole establishment were before his eyes.

The interior of the cave, which here rose very high, was illuminated by torches made of pine-tree, which emitted a bright and bickering light, attended by a strong, though not unpleasant odour. Their light was assisted by the red glare of a large charcoal fire, round which were seated five or six armed Highlanders, while others were indistinctly seen crouched on their plaids, in the more remote recesses of the cavern. In one large aperture, which the robber facetiously called his *spence*, (or pantry,) there hung by the heels the carcasses of a sheep, or ewe, and two cows, lately slaughtered. The principal inhabitant of this singular mansion, attended by Ewan Dhu as master of the ceremonies, came forward to meet his guest, totally different in appearance and manner from what his imagination had anticipated. The profession which he followed—the wilderness in which he dwelt—the wild warrior forms that surrounded him, were all calculated to inspire terror. From such accompaniments, Waverley prepared himself to

meet a stern, gigantic, ferocious figure, such as Salvator would have chosen to be the central object of a group of banditti.

Donald Bean Lean was the very reverse of all these. He was thin in person and low in stature, with light sandy-coloured hair and small pale features, from which he derived his agnomen of *Bean*, or white; and although his form was light, well-proportioned, and active, he appeared on the whole, rather a diminutive and insignificant figure. He had served in some inferior capacity in the French army, and in order to receive his English visitor in great form, and probably meaning, in his way, to pay him a compliment, he had laid aside the Highland dress for the time, to put on an old blue and red uniform, and a feathered hat, in which he was far from showing to advantage, and indeed looked so incongruous, compared with all around him, that Waverley would have been tempted to laugh had laughter been either civil or safe. He received Captain Waverley with a profusion of French politeness and Scottish hospitality, seemed perfectly to know his name and connections, and to be particularly acquainted with his uncle's political principles. On these he bestowed great applause, to which Waverley judged it prudent to make a very general reply.

Being placed at a convenient distance from the charcoal fire, the heat of which the season rendered oppressive, a strapping Highland damsel placed before Waverley, Evan, and Donald Bean, three cogues or wooden vessels, composed of staves and hoops, containing *inrigh*, a sort of strong soup made out of a particular part of the inside of the beeves. After this refreshment, which, though coarse, fatigue and hunger rendered palatable, steaks, roasted on the coals, were supplied in liberal abundance, and disappeared before Evan Dhu and their host with a promptitude that seemed like magic, and astonished Waverley, who was much puzzled to reconcile their voracity with what he had heard of the abstemiousness of the Highlanders. He was ignorant that this abstinence was with the lower ranks wholly compulsory, and that, like some animals of prey, those who practise it were usually gifted with the power of indemnifying themselves to good purpose, when chance threw plenty in their way. The whisky came forth in abundance to crown the cheer. The Highlanders drank it copiously and undiluted; but Edward, having mixed a little with water, did not find it so palatable as to invite him to repeat the draught. Their host bewailed himself exceedingly that he could offer him no wine: "Had he but known four-and-twenty hours before, he would have had some, had it been within the circle of forty miles round him. But no gentleman could do more to show his sense of the honour of a visit from another, than to offer him the best cheer his house afforded. Where there are no bushes there can be no nuts, and the way of those you live with is that you must follow."

He went on regretting to Evan Dhu the death of an aged man,

Donnacha an Amrich, or Duncan with the cap, "a gifted seer," who foretold, through the second sight, visitors of every description who haunted their dwelling, whether as friends or foes.

"Is not his son Malcolm *taishatr* (a seer)?" asked Evan.

"Nothing equal to his father," replied Donald Bean. "He told us the other day we were to see a great gentleman riding on a horse, and there came nobody that whole day but Shemus Beg, the blind harper, with his dog. Another time he advertised us of a wedding, and behold it proved a funeral; and on the creagh, when he foretold to us we should bring home a hundred head of horned cattle, we gripped nothing but a fat baillie of Perth."

From this discourse he passed to the political and military state of the country; and Waverley was astonished, and even alarmed, to find a person of this description so accurately acquainted with the strength of the various garrisons and regiments quartered north of the Tay. He even mentioned the exact number of recruits who had joined Waverley's troop from his uncle's estate, and observed they were *pretty men*, meaning not handsome, but stout warlike fellows. He put Waverley in mind of one or two minute circumstances which had happened at a general review of the regiment, which satisfied him that the robber had been an eye-witness of it; and Evan Dhu having by this time retired from the conversation, and wrapped himself up in his plaid to take some repose, Donald asked Edward in a very significant manner, whether he had nothing particular to say to him.

Waverley, surprised and somewhat startled at this question from such a character, answered he had no motive in visiting him but curiosity to see his extraordinary place of residence. Donald Bean Lean looked him steadily in the face for an instant, and then said, with a significant nod, "You might as well have confided in me; I am as much worthy of trust as either the Baron of Bradwardine or Vich Ian Vohr;—but you are equally welcome to my house."

Waverley felt an involuntary shudder creep over him at the mysterious language held by this outlawed and lawless bandit, which, in despite of his attempts to master it, deprived him of the power to ask the meaning of his insinuations. A heath pallet, with the flowers stuck uppermost, had been prepared for him in a recess of the cave, and here, covered with such spare plaids as could be mustered, he lay for some time watching the motions of the other inhabitants of the cavern. Small parties of two or three entered or left the place without any other ceremony than a few words in Gaelic to the principal outlaw, and, when he fell asleep, to a tall Highlander who acted as his lieutenant, and seemed to keep watch during his repose. Those who entered, seemed to have returned from some excursion, of which they reported the success, and went without farther ceremony to the larder, where, cutting with their dirks their rations from the carcases which

were there suspended, they proceeded to broil and eat them at their own pleasure and leisure. The liquor was under stricter regulation, being served out either by Donald himself, his lieutenant, or the strapping Highland girl aforesaid, who was the only female that appeared. The allowance of whisky, however, would have appeared prodigal to any but Highlanders, who, living entirely in the open air, and in a very moist climate, can consume great quantities of ardent spirits without the usual baneful effects either upon the brain or constitution.

At length the fluctuating groupes began to swim before the eyes of our hero as they gradually closed; nor did he re-open them till the morning sun was high on the lake without, though there was but a faint and glimmering twilight in the recesses of Uaimh an Ri, or the King's cavern, as the abode of Donald Bean Lean was proudly denominated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WAVERLEY PROCEEDS ON HIS JOURNEY.

WHEN Edward had collected his scattered recollection, he was surprised to observe the cavern totally deserted. Having arisen and put his dress in some order, he looked more accurately around him, but all was still solitary. If it had not been for the decayed brands of the fire, now sunk into grey ashes, and the remnants of the festival, consisting of bones half burned, and half gnawed, and an empty keg or two, there remained no traces of Donald and his band. When Waverley sallied forth to the entrance of the cave, he perceived that the point of rock, on which remained the mark of last night's beacon, was accessible by a small path, either natural, or roughly hewn in the rock, along the little inlet of water which ran a few yards up into the cavern, where, as in a wet-dock, the skiff which brought him there the night before, was still lying moored. When he reached the small projecting platform on which the beacon had been established, he would have believed his farther progress by land impossible, only that it was scarce probable but what the inhabitants of the cavern had some mode of issuing from it otherwise than by the lake. Accordingly, he soon observed three or four shelving steps, or ledges of rock, at the very extremity of the little platform; and, making use of them as a staircase, he clambered by their means around the projecting shoulder of the crag on which the cavern opened, and, descending with some difficulty on the other side, he gained the wild and precipitous shores of a Highland loch, about four miles in length, and a mile and a half over, surrounded by heathy and savage mountains, on the crests of which the morning mist was still sleeping.

Looking back to the place from which he came, he could not help admiring the address which had adopted a retreat of such seclusion and secrecy. The rock, round the shoulder of which he had turned by a few imperceptible notches, that barely afforded place for the foot, seemed, in looking back upon it, a huge precipice, which barred all farther passage by the shores of the lake in that direction. There could be no possibility, the breadth of the lake considered, of descrying the entrance of the narrow and low-browed cave from the other side; so that unless the retreat had been sought for with boats, or disclosed by treachery, it might be a safe and secret residence to its garrison so long as they were supplied with provisions. Having satisfied his curiosity in these particulars, Waverley looked around for Evan Dhu and his attendant, who, he rightly judged, would be at no great distance, whatever might have become of Donald Bean Lean and his party, whose mode of life was, of course, liable to sudden migrations of abode. Accordingly, at the distance of about half a mile, he beheld a Highlander (Evan apparently) angling in the lake, with another attending him, whom, from the weapon which he shouldered, he recognised for his friend with the battle-axe.

Much nearer to the mouth of the cave he heard the notes of a lively Gaelic song, guided by which, in a sunny recess, shaded by a glittering birch-tree, and carpeted with a bank of firm white sand, he found the damsel of the cavern, whose lay had already reached him, busy, to the best of her power, in arranging to advantage a morning repast of milk, eggs, barley-bread, fresh butter, and honeycomb. The poor girl had made a circuit of four miles that morning in search of the eggs, of the meal which baked her cakes, and of the other materials of the breakfast, being all delicacies which she had to beg or borrow from distant cottagers. The followers of Donald Bean Lean used little food except the flesh of the animals which they drove away from the Lowlands; bread itself was a delicacy seldom thought of, because hard to be obtained, and all the domestic accommodations of milk, poultry, butter, &c., were out the question in this Scythian camp. Yet it must not be omitted, that although Alice had occupied a part of the morning in providing those accommodations for her guest which the cavern did not afford, she had secured time also to arrange her own person in her best trim. Her finery was very simple. A short russet-coloured jacket, and a petticoat, of scanty longitude, was her whole dress; but these were clean and neatly arranged. A piece of scarlet embroidered cloth, called the *snood*, confined her hair, which fell over it in a profusion of rich dark curls. The scarlet plaid, which formed part of her dress, was laid aside, that it might not impede her activity in attending the stranger. I should forget Alice's proudest ornament, were I to omit mentioning a pair of gold ear-rings, and a golden rosary, which her father (for she was the daughter of Donald Bean

Lean) had brought from France, the plunder probably of some battle or storm.

Her form, though rather large for her years, was very well proportioned, and her demeanour had a natural and rustic grace, with nothing of the sheepishness of an ordinary peasant. The smiles, displaying a row of teeth of exquisite whiteness, and the laughing eyes, with which, in dumb show, she gave Waverley that morning greeting which she wanted English words to express, might have been interpreted by a coxcomb, or perhaps by a young soldier, who, without being such, was conscious of a handsome person, as meant to convey more than the courtesy of a hostess. Nor do I take it upon me to say, that the little wild mountaineer would have welcomed any staid old gentleman advanced in life, the Baron of Bradwardine, for example, with the cheerful pains which she bestowed upon Edward's accommodation. She seemed eager to place him by the meal which she had so sedulously arranged, and to which she now added a few bunches of cran-berries, gathered in an adjacent morass. Having had the satisfaction of seeing him seated at his breakfast, she placed herself demurely upon a stone at a few yards distance, and appeared to watch with great complacency for some opportunity of serving him.

Evan and his attendant now returned slowly along the beach, the latter bearing a large salmon-trout, the produce of the morning's sport, together with the angling-rod, while Evan strolled forward with an easy, self-satisfied, and important gait towards the spot where Waverley was so agreeably employed at the breakfast-table. After morning greetings had passed on both sides, and Evan, looking at Waverley, had said something in Gaelic to Alice, which made her laugh, yet colour up to the eyes, through a complexion well embrowned by sun and wind, Evan intimated his commands that the fish should be prepared for breakfast. A spark from the lock of his pistol produced a light, and a few withered fir branches were quickly in flame; and as speedily reduced to hot embers, on which the trout was broiled in large slices. To crown the repast, Evan produced from the pocket of his short jerkin a large scallop shell, and from under the folds of his plaid, a ram's horn full of whisky. Of this he took a copious dram, observing, he had already taken his *morning* with Donald Bean Lean, before his departure; he offered the same cordial to Alice and to Edward, which they both declined. With the bounteous air of a lord, Evan then proffered the scallop to Dugald Mahony, his attendant, who, without waiting to be asked a second time, drank it off with great gusto. Evan then prepared to move towards the boat, inviting Waverley to attend him. Meanwhile Alice had made up in a small basket what she thought worth removing, and flinging her plaid around her, she advanced up to Edward, and with the utmost simplicity, taking hold of his hand, offered her cheek to his salute, dropping,

at the same time, her little courtesy. Evan, who was esteemed a wag among the mountain fair, advanced, as if to secure a similar favour; but Alice, snatching up her basket, escaped up the rocky bank as fleetly as a roe, and turning round and laughing, called something out to him in Gaelic, which he answered in the same tone and language; then waving her hand to Edward, she resumed her road, and was soon lost among the thickets, though they continued for some time to hear her lively carol, as she proceeded gaily on her solitary journey.

They now again entered the gorge of the cavern, and stepping into the boat, the Highlander pushed off, and taking advantage of the morning breeze, hoisted a clumsy sort of sail, while Evan assumed the helm, directing their course, as it appeared to Waverley, rather higher up the lake than towards the place of his embarkation on the preceding night. As they glided along the silver mirror, Evan opened the conversation with a panegyrick upon Alice, who, he said, was both *canny* and *fendy*; and was, to the boot of all that, the best dancer of a strathspey in the whole strath. Edward assented to her praises so far as he understood them, yet could not help regretting that she was condemned to such a perilous and dismal life.

"Oich! for that," said Evan, "there is nothing in Perthshire that she need want, if she ask her father to fetch it, unless it be too hot or too heavy."

"But to be the daughter of a cattle-stealer—a common thief!"

"Common thief!—No such thing; Donald Bean Lean never *lifted* less than a drove in his life."

"Do you call him an uncommon thief, then?"

"No—he that steals a cow from a poor widow, or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman drover. And, besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a Lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon."

"But what can this end in, were he taken in such an appropriation?"

"To be sure he would *die for the law*, as many a pretty man has done before him."

"Die for the law!"

"Ay; that is with the law, or by the law; be strapped up on the *kind* gallows of Crieff, where his father died, and his goodsire died, and where I hope, he'll live to die himsel, if he's not shot, or slashed, in a creagh."

"You *hope* such a death for your friend, Evan?"

"And that do I e'en; would you have me wish him to die on a bundle of wet straw in yon den of his, like a mangy tyke?"

"But what becomes of Alice, then?"

"Troth, if such an accident were to happen, as her father would not need her help ony langer, I ken nought to hinder me to marry her mysel."

"Gallantly resolved," said Edward;—"but, in the meanwhile, Evan, what has your father-in-law (that shall be, if he have the good fortune to be hanged) done with the Baron's cattle?"

"Oich," answered Evan, they were all trudging before your lad and Allan Kennedy, before the sun blinked ower Ben-Lawers this morning; and they'll be in the pass of Bally-Brough by this time, in their way back to the parks of Tully-Veolan, all but two, that were unhappily slaughtered before I got last night to Uaimh an Ri."

"And where are we going, Evan, if I may be so bold as to ask?" said Waverley.

"Where would you be ganging, but to the laird's ain house of Glennaquoich? Ye would not think to be in his country, without ganging to see him? It would be as much as a man's life's worth."

"And are we far from Glennaquoich?"

"But five bits of miles; and Vich Ian Vohr will meet us."

In about half an hour they reached the upper end of the lake, where after landing Waverley, the two Highlanders drew the boat into a little creek among thick flags and reeds, where it lay perfectly concealed. The oars they put in another place of concealment, both for the use of Donald Bean Lean probably, when his occasions should next bring him to that place.

The travellers followed for some time a delightful opening into the hills, down which a little brook found its way to the lake. When they had pursued their walk for a short distance, Waverley renewed his questions about their host of the cavern.

"Does he always reside in that cave?"

"Out, no! it's past the skill of man to tell where he's to be found at a' times; there's not a dern nook, or cove, or corri, in the whole country, that he's not acquainted with."

"And do others beside your master shelter him?"

"My master?—*My* master is in Heaven," answered Evan, haughtily; and then immediately assuming his usual civility of manner, "but you mean my chief;—no, he does not shelter Donald Bean Lean, nor any that are like him; he only allows him (with a smile) wood and water."

"No great boon, I should think, Evan, when both seem to be very plenty."

"Ah! but ye dinna see through it. When I say wood and water, I mean the loch and the land; and I fancy Donald would be put till't if the laird were to look for him wi' threescore men in the wood of Kailychat yonder; and if our boats, with a score or twa mair, were to come down the loch to Uaimh an Ri, headed by mysel, or any other pretty man."

"But suppose a strong party came against him from the low country, would not your chief defend him?"

"Na, he would not ware the spark of a flint for him—if they came with the law."

"And what must Donald do, then?"

"He behoved to rid this country of himsel, and fall back, it may be, over the mount upon Letter Scriven."

"And if he were pursued to that place?"

"I'se warrant he would go to his cousin's at Rannoch."

"Well, but if they followed him to Rannoch?"

"That," quoth Evan, "is beyond all belief; and, indeed, to tell you the truth, there durst not a Lowlander in all Scotland follow the fray a gun-shot beyond Bally-Brough, unless he had the help of the *Sidier Dhu*."

"Whom do you call so?"

"The *Sidier Dhu*? the black soldier; that is what they call the independent companies that were raised to keep peace and law in the Highlands. Vich Ian Vohr commanded one of them for five years and I was a sergeant myself, I shall warrant ye. They call them *Sidier Dhu*, because they wear the tartans, as they call your men,—King George's men—*Sidier Roy*, or red soldiers."

"Well, but when you were in King George's pay, Evan, you were surely King George's soldiers?"

"Troth, and you must ask Vich Ian Vohr about that; for we are for his king, and care not much which o' them it is. At ony rate, nobody can say we are King George's men now, when we have not seen his pay this twelvemonth."

This last argument admitted of no reply, nor did Edward attempt any: he rather chose to bring back the discourse to Donald Bean Lean. Does Donald confine himself to cattle, or does he *lift*, as you call it, any thing else that comes in his way?"

"Troth he's nae nice body, and he'll just tak ony thing, but most readily cattle, horse, or live christians; for sheep are slow of travel, and inside plenishing is cumberous to carry, and not easy to put away for siller in this country."

"But does he carry off men and women?"

"Out aye. Did not ye hear him speak of the Perth baillie? It cost that body five hundred marks ere he got to the south of Bally-Brough.—And ance Donald played a pretty sport. There was to be a blythe bridal between the Lady Cramfeezzer, in the howe o' the Mearns, (she was the auld laird's widow, and no sae young as she had been hersel,) and young Gilliewhackit, who had spent his heirship and moveables, like a gentleman, at cock-matches, bull-baitings, horse-races, and the like. Now, Donald Bean Lean, being aware that the bridegroom was in request, and wanting to cleik the cunzie (that is, to hook the siller,) he cannily carried off Gilliewhackit ae night when he was riding *dovering* hame, (wi' the malt rather abune the meal,) and

with the help of his gillies he gat him into the hills with the speed of light, and the first place he wakened in was the cove of Uaimh an Ri. So there was old to do about ransoming the bridegroom; for Donald would not lower a farthing of a thousand pounds"—

"The Devil!"

"Punds Scottish, ye shall understand. And the lady had not the siller if she had pawned her gown; and they applied to the governor o' Stirling castle, and to the major o' the Black Watch; and the governor said, it was ower far to the northward, and out of his district; and the major said, his men were gane hame to the shearing, and he would not call them out before the victual was got in for all the Cramfeezers in Christendom, let alane the Mearns, for that it would prejudice the country. And in the meanwhile ye'll no hinder Gilliewhackit to take the small-pox. There was not the doctor in Perth or Stirling would look near the poor lad, and I cannot blame them; for Donald had been misguggled by ane of these doctors about Paris, and he swore he would fling the first into the loch that he caught beyond the Pass. However, some cailliachs (that is, old women,) that were about Donald's hand, nursed Gilliewhackit sae weel, that between the free open air in the cove, and the fresh whey, de'il an' he did not recover may be as weel as if he had been closed in a glazed chamber and a bed with curtains, and fed with red wine and white meat. And Donald was sae vexed about it, that when he was stout and weel, he even sent him free hame, and said he would be pleased with ony thing they would like to gie him for the plague and trouble which he had about Gilliewhackit to an unkenn'd degree. And I cannot tell you precisely how they sorted; but they agreed sae right that Donald was invited to dance at the wedding in his Highland trews, and they said there was never sae meikle siller clinked in his purse either before or since. And to the boot of all that, Gilliewhackit said, that, be the evidence what it liked, if he had the luck to be on Donald's inquest, he would bring him in guilty of nothing whatever, unless it were wilful arson, or murder under trust."

With such bald and disjointed chat Evan went on illustrating the existing state of the Highlands, more perhaps to the amusement of Waverley than that of our readers. At length, after having marched over bank and brae, moss and heather, Edward, though not unacquainted with the Scottish liberality in computing distance, began to think that Evan's five miles were nearly doubled. His observation on the large measure which the Scottish allowed of their land, in comparison to the computation of their money, was readily answered by Evan, with the old jest, "The de'il tak them wha have the least pint stoup."

And now the report of a gun was heard, and a sportsman was seen, with his dogs and attendant, at the upper end of the glen. "Shogh," said Dugald Mahony, "tat's ta chief,"

“It is not,” said Evan, imperiously.” “Do you think he would come to meet a Sassenach Duinhé-Wassel (English gentleman) in such a way as that?”

But as they approached a little nearer, he said, with an appearance of mortification, “And it is even he sure enough, and he has not his tail on after all; there is no living creature with him but Callum Beg.”

In fact, Fergus Mac-Ivor, of whom a Frenchman might have said, as truly as of any man in the Highlands, “*Qu’il connoit bien ses gens*,” had no idea of raising himself in the eyes of an English young man of fortune, by appearing with a retinue of idle Highlanders disproportioned to the occasion. He was well aware that such an unnecessary attendance would seem to Edward rather ludicrous than respectable; and while few men were more attached to ideas of chieftainship and feudal power, he was, for that very reason, cautious of exhibiting external marks of dignity, unless at the time and in the manner when they were most likely to produce an imposing effect. Therefore, although, had he been to receive a brother chieftain, he would probably have been attended by all that retinue which Evan had described with so much unction, he judged it more respectable to advance to meet Waverley with a single attendant, a very handsome Highland boy, who carried his masters shooting-pouch and his broad-sword, without which he seldom went abroad.

When Fergus and Waverley met, the latter was struck with the peculiar grace and dignity of the Chieftain’s figure. Above the middle size, and finely proportioned, the Highland dress, which he wore in its simplest mode, set off his person to great advantage. He wore the trows or close trowsers, made of tartan, checqued scarlet and white; in other particulars, his dress strictly resembled Evan’s, excepting that he had no weapon save a dirk, very richly mounted with silver. His page, as we have said, carried his claymore, and the fowling-piece which he held in his hand seemed only designed for sport. He had shot in the course of his walk some young wild-ducks, as, though *close-time* was then unknown, the broods of grouse were yet too young for the sportsman. His countenance was decidedly Scottish, with all the peculiarities of the northern physiognomy, but had yet so little of its harshness and exaggeration, that it would have been pronounced in any country extremely handsome. The martial air of the bonnet, with a single eagle’s feather as a distinction, added much to the manly appearance of his head, which was besides ornamented with a far more natural and graceful cluster of close black curls than ever were exposed to sale in Bond-Street.

An air of openness and affability increased the favourable impression derived from this handsome and dignified exterior. Yet a skilful physiognomist would have been less satisfied with the countenance on the second than on the first view. The eye-brow and upper lip be-

spoke something of the habit of peremptory command and decisive superiority. Even his courtesy, though open, frank, and unconstrained, seemed to indicate a sense of personal importance; and upon any check or accidental excitation, a sudden, though transient lour of the eye, showed a hasty, haughty, and vindictive temper, not less to be dreaded because it seemed much under its owner's command. In short, the countenance of the chieftain resembled a smiling summer's day, in which, notwithstanding, we are made sensible by certain, though slight signs, that it may thunder and lighten before the close of evening.

It was not, however, upon their first meeting that Edward had an opportunity of making these less favourable remarks. The Chief received him as a friend of the Baron of Bradwardine, with the utmost expression of kindness and obligation for the visit; upbraided him gently with chusing so rude an abode as he had done the night before; and entered into a lively conversation with him about Donald Bean's housekeeping, but without the least hint as to his predatory habits, or the immediate occasion of Waverley's visit, a topic which, as the Chief did not introduce it, our hero also avoided. While they walked merrily on towards the house of Glennaquoich, Evan, who now fell respectfully into the rear, followed with Callum Beg and Dugald Mahony.

We will take the opportunity to introduce the reader to some particulars of Fergus Mac-Ivor's character and history, which were not completely known to Waverley till after a connection, which, though arising from a circumstance so casual, had for a length of time the deepest influence upon his character, actions, and prospects. But this being an important subject, must form the commencement of a new chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHIEF AND HIS MANSION.

THE ingenious licentiate Francisco de Ubeda, when he commenced his history of *La Picara Justina Diez*,—which, by the way, is one of the most rare books of Spanish literature,—complained of his pen having caught up a hair, and forthwith begins, with more eloquence than common sense, an affectionate expostulation with that useful implement, upbraiding it with being the quill of a goose,—a bird inconstant by nature, as frequenting the three elements of water, earth, and air indifferently, and being, of course, “to one thing constant never.” Now I protest to thee, gentle reader, that I entirely dissent

from Francisco de Ubeda in this matter, and hold it the most useful quality of my pen, that it can speedily change from grave to gay, and from description and dialogue to narrative and character. So that if my quill display no other properties of its mother-goose than her mutability, truly I shall be well pleased; and I conceive that you, my worthy friend, will have no occasion for discontent. From the jargon, therefore, of the Highland gillies, I pass to the character of their chief. It is an important examination, and therefore, like Dogberry, we must spare no wisdom.

The ancestor of Fergus Mac-Ivor, about three centuries before, had set up a claim to be recognised as chieftain of the numerous and powerful clan to which he belonged, the name of which it is unnecessary to mention. Being defeated by an opponent who had more justice, or at least more force, on his side, he moved southwards, with those who adhered to him, in quest of new settlements, like a second Æneas. The state of the Perthshire Highlands favoured his purpose. A great baron in that country had lately become traitor to the crown; Ian, which was the name of our adventurer, united himself with those who were commissioned by the king to chastise him, and did such good service that he obtained a grant of the property, upon which he and his posterity afterwards resided. He followed the king also in war to the fertile regions of England, where he employed his leisure hours so actively in raising subsidies among the boors of Northumberland and Durham, that upon his return he was enabled to erect a stone tower, or fortalice, so much admired by his dependants and neighbours, that he, who had hitherto been called Ian Mac-Ivor, or John the son of Ivor, was thereafter distinguished, both in song and genealogy, by the high title of *Ian nan Chaistel*, or John of the Tower. The descendants of this worthy were so proud of him, that the reigning chief always bore the patronymic title of Vich Ian Volhr, *i. e.* the son of John the Great; the clan at large, to distinguish them from that from which they had seceded, were denominated *Sliochd nan Ivor*, the race of Ivor.

The father of Fergus, the tenth in direct descent from John of the Tower, engaged heart and hand in the insurrection of 1715, and was forced to fly to France, after the attempt of that year in favour of the Stuarts had proved unsuccessful. More fortunate than other fugitives, he obtained employment in the French service, and married a lady of rank in that kingdom, by whom he had two children, Fergus, and his sister Flora. The Scottish estate had been forfeited and exposed to sale, but was repurchased for a small price in the name of the young proprietor, who in consequence came to reside upon his native domains. It was soon perceived that he possessed a character of uncommon acuteness, fire, and ambition, which, as he became acquainted with the state of the country, gradually assumed a mixed and peculiar tone, that could only have been acquired Sixty Years since.

Had Fergus Mac-Ivor lived Sixty Years sooner than he did, he would, in all probability, have wanted the polished manner and knowledge of the world which he now possessed; and had he lived Sixty Years later, his ambition and love of rule would have lacked the fuel which his situation now afforded. He was indeed, within his little circle, as perfect a politician as Castruccio Castrucani himself. He applied himself with great earnestness to appease all the feuds and discentions which frequently arose among other clans in his neighbourhood, so that he became a frequent umpire in their quarrels. His own patriarchial power he strengthened at every expense which his fortune would permit, and indeed stretched his means to the uttermost to maintain the rude and plentiful hospitality, which was the most valued attribute of a chieftain. For the same reason, he crowded his estate with a tenantry hardy indeed, and fit for the purposes of war, but greatly outnumbering what the soil was calculated to maintain. These consisted chiefly of his own clan, not one of whom he suffered to quit his lands if he could possibly prevent it. But he maintained, besides, many adventurers from the mother sept, who deserted a less warlike, though more wealthy chief, to do homage to Fergus Mac-Ivor. Other individuals, too, who had not even that apology, were nevertheless received into his allegiance, which indeed was refused to none who were, like Pains, proper men of their hands, and were willing to assume the name of Mac-Ivor.

He was enabled to discipline these forces from having obtained command of one of the independent companies, raised by government to preserve the peace of the Highlands. While in this capacity he acted with vigour and spirit, and preserved great order in the country under his charge. He caused his vassals to enter by rotation in his company, and serve for a certain space of time, which gave them all in turn a general notion of military discipline. In his campaigns against the banditti, it was observed that he assumed and exercised to the utmost the discretionary power, which, while the law had not free course in the Highlands, was conceived to belong to the military parties who were called in to support it. He acted for example, with great and suspicious lenity to those freebooters who made restitution on his summons and offered personal submission to himself, while he rigorously pursued, apprehended, and sacrificed to justice, all such interlopers as dared to despise his admonitions or commands. On the other hand, if any officers of justice, military parties, or others, presumed to pursue thieves or marauders through his territories, and without applying for his consent and concurrence, nothing was more certain than that they would meet with some notable foil or defeat; upon which occasions Fergus Mac-Ivor was the first to condole with them, and, after gently blaming their rashness, never failed deeply to lament the lawless state of the country. These lamentations did not

exclude suspicion, and matters were so represented to government, that our chieftain was deprived of his military command.

Whatever he felt upon this occasion, he had the art of entirely suppressing every appearance of discontent; but in a short time the neighbouring country began to feel bad effects from his disgrace. Donald Bean Lean and others of his class, whose depredations had hitherto been confined to other districts, appeared from thenceforward to have made a settlement on this devoted border; and their ravages were carried on with little opposition, as the Lowland gentry were chiefly Jacobites and disarmed. This forced many of the inhabitants into contracts of black-mail with Fergus Mac-Ivor, which not only established him their protector, and gave him great weight in all their consultations, but moreover supplied funds for the waste of his feudal hospitality, which the discontinuance of his pay might have otherwise essentially diminished.

In following this course of conduct, Fergus had a further object than merely being the great man of his neighbourhood, and ruling despotically over a small clan. From his infancy upward, he had devoted himself to the cause of the exiled family, and had persuaded himself, not only that their restoration to the crown of Britain would be speedy, but that those who assisted them would be raised to honour and rank. It was with this view that he laboured to reconcile the Highlanders among themselves, and augmented his own force to the utmost, to be prepared for the first favourable opportunity of rising. With this purpose also he conciliated the favour of such Lowland gentlemen in the vicinity as were friends to the good cause; and for the same reason, having incautiously quarrelled with Mr Bradwardine, who, notwithstanding his peculiarities, was much respected in the country, he took advantage of the foray of Donald Bean Lean to solder up the dispute in the manner we have mentioned. Some indeed surmised that he caused the enterprise to be suggested to Donald, on purpose to pave the way to a reconciliation, which, supposing that to be the case, cost the Laird of Bradwardine two good milch cows. This zeal in their behalf the house of Stuart repaid with a considerable share of their confidence, an occasional supply of louis d'ors, abundance of fair words, and a parchment with a huge waxen seal appended, purporting to be an Earl's patent, granted by no less a person than James the Third King of England, and Eighth King of Scotland, to his right feal, trusty, and well-beloved Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, in the county of Perth, and kingdom of Scotland.

With this future coronet glittering before his eyes, Fergus plunged deeply into the correspondence and plots of that unhappy period; and like all such active agents, easily reconciled his conscience to going certain lengths in the service of his party, from which honour and pride would have deterred him, had his sole object been the direct

advancement of his own personal interest. With this insight into a bold, ambitious, and ardent, yet artful and politic character, we resume the broken thread of our narrative.

The chief and his guest had by this time reached the house of Glen-naquich, which consisted of Ian nan Chaistel's mansion, a high rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house, that is a building of two stories, constructed by Fergus's grandfather when he returned from that memorable expedition, well remembered by the western shires, under the name of the Highland Host. Upon occasion of this crusade against the Ayrshire Whigs and Covenanters, the Vich Ian Vohr of the time had probably been as successful as his predecessor was in harrying Northumberland, and therefore left to his posterity a rival edifice, as a monument of his magnificence.

Around the house, which stood on an eminence in the midst of a narrow Highland valley, there appeared none of that attention to convenience, far less to ornament and decoration, which usually surrounds a gentleman's habitation. An inclosure or two, divided by dry stone walls, were the only part of the domain that was fenced; as to the rest, the narrow slips of level ground which lay by the side of the brook exhibited a scanty crop of barley, liable to constant depredations from the herds of wild ponies and black cattle that grazed upon the adjacent hills. These ever and anon made an incursion upon the arable ground, which was repelled by the loud, uncouth, and dissonant shouts of half a dozen Highland swains, all running as if they had been mad, and every one hallooing a half-starved dog to the rescue of the forage. At a little distance up the glen was a small and stunted wood of birch; the hills were high and heathy, but without any variety of surface; so that the whole view was wild and desolate, rather than grand and solitary. Yet, such as it was, no genuine descendant of Ian nan Chaistel would have exchanged the domain for Stow or Blenheim.

There was a sight, however, before the gate, which perhaps would have afforded the first owner of Blenheim more pleasure than the finest view in the domain assigned to him by the gratitude of his country. This consisted of about a hundred Highlanders in complete dress and arms; at sight of whom the Chieftain apologized to Waverley in a sort of negligent manner. "He had forgot," he said, "that he had ordered a few of his clan out, for the purpose of seeing that they were in a fit condition to protect the country, and prevent such accidents as, he was sorrow to learn, had befallen the Baron of Bradwardine. Before they were dismissed, perhaps Captain Waverley might chuse to see them go through a part of their exercise."

Edward assented, and the men executed with agility and precision some of the ordinary military movements. They then practised individually at a mark, and shewed extraordinary dexterity in the management of the pistol and firelock. They took aim standing, sitting,

leaning, or lying prostrate, as they were commanded, and always with effect upon the target. Next, they paired off for the broad-sword exercise; and having manifested their individual skill and dexterity, united in two bodies, and exhibited a sort of mock encounter, in which the charge, the rally, the flight, the pursuit, and all the current of a heady fight, were exhibited to the sound of the great war bagpipe.

On a signal made by the Chief, the skirmish was ended. Matches were then made for running, wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, and other sports, in which this feudal militia displayed incredible swiftness, strength, and agility; and accomplished the purpose which their Chieftain had at heart, by impressing on Waverley no light sense of their merit as soldiers, and of the power of him who commanded them by his nod.

“And what number of such gallant fellows have the happiness to call you leader?” asked Waverley.

“In a good cause, and under a chieftain whom they loved, the race of Ivor have seldom taken the field under five hundred claymores. But you are aware, Captain Waverley, that the disarming act, passed about twenty years ago, prevents their being in the complete state of preparation, as in former times; and I keep no more of my clan under arms than may defend my own or my friends’ property, when the country is troubled with such men as your last night’s landlord; and government, which has removed other means of defence, must connive at our protecting ourselves.”

“But with your force you might soon destroy, or put down, such gangs as that of Donald Bean Lean.”

“Yes, doubtless; and my reward would be a summons to deliver up to General Blakeney, at Stirling, the few broad-swords they have left us: there were little policy in that, methinks.—But come, Captain, the sound of the pipes informs me that dinner is prepared—Let me have the honour to shew you into my rude mansion.”

CHAPTER XX.

A HIGHLAND FEAST.

ERE Waverley entered the banqueting-hall, he was offered the patriarchal refreshment of a bath for the feet, which the sultry weather, and the morasses he had traversed, rendered highly acceptable. He was not indeed so luxuriously attended upon this occasion as the heroic travellers in the *Odyssey*; the task of ablution and abstersion being performed, not by a beautiful damsel trained

To chafe the limb and pour the fragrant oil,

but by a smoke-dried skinny old Highland woman, who did not seem to think herself much honoured by the duty imposed upon her, but muttered between her teeth, "Our fathers' herds did not feed so near together, that I should do you this service." A small donation, however, amply reconciled this ancient handmaiden to the supposed degradation; and, as Edward proceeded to the hall, she gave him her blessing, in the Gaelic proverb, "May the open hand be filled the fullest."

The hall, in which the feast was prepared, occupied all the first story of Ian nan Chaistel's original erection, and a huge oaken table extended through its whole length. The apparatus for dinner was simple, even to rudeness, and the company numerous, even to crowding. At the head of the table was the Chief himself, with Edward, and two or three Highland visitors of neighbouring clans; the elders of his own tribe, wadsetters and tacksmen, as they were called, who occupied portions of his estate as mortgagers or lessees, sat next in rank; beneath them, their sons and nephews, and foster-brothers; then the officers of the Chief's household, according to their order; and, lowest of all, the tenants who actually cultivated the ground. Even beyond this long perspective, Edward might see upon the green, to which a huge pair of folding doors opened, a multitude of Highlanders of a yet inferior description, who, nevertheless, were considered as guests, and had their share both of the countenance of the entertainer, and of the cheer of the day. In the distance, and fluctuating round this extreme verge of the banquet, was a changeful group of women, ragged boys and girls, beggars, young and old, large greyhounds, and terriers, and pointers, and curs of low degree; all of whom took some interest, more or less immediate, in the main action of the piece.

This hospitality, apparently unbounded, had yet its line of economy. Some pains had been bestowed in dressing the dishes of fish, game, &c., which were at the upper end of the table, and immediately under the eye of the English stranger. Lower down stood immense clumsy joints of mutton and beef, which, but for the absence of pork, abhorred in the Highlands, resembled the rude festivity of the banquet of Penelope's suitors. But the central dish was a yearling lamb, called "a hog in harst," roasted whole. It was set upon its legs, with a bunch of parsley in its mouth, and was probably exhibited in that form to gratify the pride of the cook, who piqued himself more on the plenty than the elegance of his master's table. The sides of this poor animal were fiercely attacked by the clansmen, some with dirks, others with the knives which were usually in the same sheath with the dagger, so that it was soon rendered a mangled and rueful spectacle. Lower down still, the victuals seemed of yet coarser quality, though sufficiently abundant. Broth, onions, cheese, and the fragments of the feast, regaled the sons of Ivor, who feasted in the open air.

The liquor was supplied in the same proportion, and under similar regulations. Excellent claret and champagne were liberally distributed among the Chief's immediate neighbours; whisky, plain, or diluted, and strong-beer, refreshed those who sate near the lower end. Nor did this inequality of distribution appear to give the least offence. Every one present understood that his taste was to be formed according to the rank which he held at table; and consequently the tacks-men and their dependants always professed the wine was too cold for their stomachs, and called, apparently out of choice, for the liquor which was assigned to them from economy. The bagpipers, three in number, screamed during the whole time of dinner, a tremendous war-tune; and the echoing of the vaulted roof, and clang of the Celtic tongue, produced such a Babel of noises, that Waverley dreaded his ears would never recover it. Mac-Ivor, indeed, apologized for the confusion occasioned by so large a party, and pleaded the necessity of his situation, on which unlimited hospitality was imposed as a paramount duty. "These stout idle kinsmen of mine," he said, "account my estate as held in trust for their support; and I must find them beef and ale, while the rogues will do nothing for themselves but practise the broad-sword, or wander about the hills shooting, fishing, hunting, drinking, and making love to the lasses of the strath. But what can I do, Captain Waverley? every thing will keep after its kind, whether it be a hawk or a Highlander." Edward made the expected answer, in a compliment upon his possessing so many bold and attached followers.

"Why, yes," replied the Chief, "were I disposed, like my father, to put myself in the way of getting one blow on the head, or two on the neck, I believe the loons would stand by me. But who thinks of that in the present day, when the maxim is,—'Better an old woman with a purse in her hand, than three men with belted brands?'" Then turning to the company, he proposed the "Health of Captain Waverley, a worthy friend of his kind neighbour and ally, the Baron of Bradwardine."

"He is welcome hither," said one of the elders, "if he come from Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine."

"I say nay to that," said an old man, who apparently did not mean to pledge the toast, "I say nay to that;—while there is a green leaf in the forest, there will be fraud in a Comyne."

"There is nothing but honour in the Baron of Bradwardine," answered another ancient; "and the guest that comes hither from him should be welcome though he came with blood on his hand, unless it were blood of the race of Ivor."

The old man whose cup remained full, replied, "There has been blood enough of the race of Ivor on the hand of Bradwardine."

"Ah! Ballenkeiroch," replied the first, "you think rather of the

flash of the carbine at the Mains of Tully-Veolan, than the glance of the sword that fought for the cause at Proud Preston."

"And well I may," answered Ballenkeiroch; "the flash of the gun cost me a fair-haired son, and the glance of the sword has done but little for King James."

The Chieftain, in two words of French, explained to Waverley, that the Baron had shot this old man's son in a fray near Tully-Veolan about seven years before; and then hastened to remove Ballenkeiroch's prejudice, by informing him that Waverley was an Englishman, unconnected by birth or alliance with the family of Bradwardine; upon which the old gentleman raised the hitherto-untasted cup, and courteously drank to his health. This ceremony being requited in kind, the Chieftain made a signal for the pipes to cease, and said, aloud, "Where is the song hidden, my friends, that Mac-Murrough cannot find it?" Mac-Murrough, the family *bhairdh*, an aged man, immediately took the hint, and began to chaunt, with low and rapid utterance, a profusion of Celtic verses, which were received by the audience with all the applause of enthusiasm. As he advanced in his declamation, his ardour seemed to increase. He had at first spoken with his eyes fixed on the ground; he now cast them around as if beseeching, and anon as if commanding attention, and his tones rose into wild and impassioned notes, accompanied with appropriate gestures. He seemed to Edward, who attended to him with much interest, to recite many proper names, to lament the dead, to apostrophize the absent, to exhort and entreat and animate those who were present. Waverley thought he even discerned his own name, and was convinced his conjecture was right, from the eyes of the company being at that moment turned towards him simultaneously. The ardour of the poet appeared to communicate itself to the audience. Their wild and sun-burnt countenances assumed a fiercer and more animated expression; all bent forward towards the reciter, many sprung up and waved their arms in ecstasy, and some laid their hands on their swords. When the song ceased, there was a deep pause, while the aroused feelings of the poet and of the hearers gradually subsided into their usual channel.

The Chieftain, who, during this scene, had appeared rather to watch the emotions which were excited, than to partake their high tone of enthusiasm, filled with claret a small silver cup which stood by him; "Give this," he said to an attendant, "to Mac-Murrough nan Fohn, (*i. e.* of the songs,) and when he has drank the juice, bid him keep, for the sake of Vich Ian Vohr, the shell of the gourd which contained it." The gift was received by Mac-Murrough with profound gratitude, he drank the wine, and kissing the cup, shrouded it with reverence in the plaid which was folded on his bosom. He then burst forth into what Edward justly supposed to be an extemporaneous effusion of

thanks, and praises of his Chief. It was received with applause, but did not produce the effect of his first poem. It was obvious, however, that the clan regarded the generosity of their Chieftain with high approbation. Many approved Gaelic toasts were then proposed, of some of which the Chieftain gave his guest the following versions.

“To him that will not turn his back on friend or foe.” “To him that never forsook a comrade.” “To him that never bought or sold justice.” “Hospitality to the exile, and broken bones to the tyrant.” “The lads with the kilts.” “Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,”—with many other pithy sentiments of the like nature.

Edward was particularly solicitous to know the meaning of that song which appeared to produce such effect upon the passions of the company, and hinted his curiosity to his host. “As I observe,” said the Chieftain, “that you have passed the bottle during the last three rounds, I was about to propose to you to retire to my sister’s tea-table, who can explain these things to you better than I can. Although I cannot stint my clan in the usual current of their festivity, yet I neither am addicted myself to exceed in its amount, nor do I,” added he, smiling, “keep a Bear to devour the intellects of such as can make good use of them.”

Edward readily assented to this proposal, and the Chieftain saying a few words to those around him, left the table, followed by Waverley. As the door closed behind them, Edward heard Vich Ian Vohr’s health invoked with a wild and animated cheer, that expressed the satisfaction of the guests, and the depth of their devotion to his service.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHIEFTAIN’S SISTER.

THE drawing-room of Flora Mac-Ivor was furnished in the plainest and most simple manner; for at Glennaquoich every other sort of expenditure was retrenched as much as possible, for the purpose of maintaining, in its full dignity, the hospitality of the Chieftain, and retaining and multiplying the number of his dependants and adherents. But there was no appearance of this parsimony in the dress of the lady herself, which was in texture elegant, and even rich, and arranged in a manner which partook partly of the Parisian fashion, and partly of the more simple dress of the Highlands, blended together with great taste. Her hair was not disfigured by the art of the friseur, but fell in jetty ringlets on her neck, confined only by a circlet richly set with diamonds. This peculiarity she adopted in compliance with

the Highland prejudices, which could not endure that a woman's head should be covered before wedlock.

Flora Mac-Ivor bore a most striking resemblance to her brother Fergus; so much so, that they might have played Viola and Sebastian with the same exquisite effect produced by the appearance of Mrs Henry Siddons and her brother in those characters. They had the same antique and regular correctness of profile; the same dark eyes, eye-lashes, and eye-brows; the same clearness of complexion, excepting that Fergus's was embrowned by exercise, and Flora's possessed the utmost feminine delicacy. But the haughty, and somewhat stern regularity of Fergus's features was beautifully softened in those of Flora. Their voices were also similar in tone, though differing in the key. That of Fergus, especially while issuing orders to his followers during their military exercise, reminded Edward of a favourite passage in the description of Emetrius:

—————whose voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.

That of Flora, on the contrary, was soft and sweet, "an excellent thing in woman;" yet in urging any favourite topic, which she often pursued with natural eloquence, it possessed as well the tones which impress awe and conviction, as those of persuasive insinuation. The eager glance of the keen black eye, which, in the Chieftain, seemed impatient even of the material obstacles it encountered, had, in his sister's, acquired a gentle pensiveness. His looks seemed to seek glory, power, all that could exalt him above others in the race of humanity; while those of his sister, as if she were already conscious of mental superiority, seemed to pity, rather than envy, those who were struggling for any farther distinction. Her sentiments corresponded with the expression of her countenance. Early education had impressed upon her mind, as well as on that of the Chieftain, the most devoted attachment to the exiled family of Stuart. She believed it the duty of her brother, of his clan, of every man in Britain, at whatever personal hazard, to contribute to that restoration which the partizans of the Chevalier de St George had not ceased to hope for. For this she was prepared to do all, to suffer all, to sacrifice all. But her loyalty, as it exceeded her brother's in fanaticism, excelled it also in purity. Accustomed to petty intrigue, and necessarily involved in a thousand paltry and selfish discussions, ambitious also by nature, his political faith was tinctured at least, if not tainted, by the views of interest and advancement so easily combined with it; and at the moment he should unsheathe his claymore, it might be difficult to say whether it would be most with the view of making James Stuart a king, or Fergus Mac-Ivor an earl. This, indeed, was a mixture of feelings which he did not avow even to himself, but it existed, nevertheless, in a powerful degree.

In Flora's bosom, on the contrary, the zeal of loyalty burnt pure and unmixed with any selfish feeling; she would have as soon made religion the mask of ambitious and interested views, as have shrouded them under the opinions which she had been taught to think patriotism. Such instances of devotion were not uncommon among the followers of the unhappy race of Stuart, of which many memorable proofs will recur to the mind of most of my readers. But peculiar attention on the part of Chevalier de St George and his princess to the parents of Fergus and his sister, and to themselves when orphans, had rivetted their faith. Fergus, upon the death of his parents, had been for sometime a page of honour in the train of the Chevalier's lady, and, from his beauty and sprightly temper, was uniformly treated by her with the utmost distinction. This was also extended to Flora, who was maintained for some time at a convent of the first order, at the princess's expence and removed from thence into her own family, where she spent nearly two years; and both retained the deepest and most grateful sense of her kindness.

Having thus touched upon the leading principle of Flora's character, I may dismiss the rest more slightly. She was highly accomplished, and had acquired those elegant manners to be expected from one who, in early youth, had been the companion of a princess; yet she had not learned to substitute the gloss of politeness for the reality of feeling. When settled in the lonely regions of Glennaquoich, she found that her resources in French, English, and Italian literature, were likely to be few and interrupted; and, in order to fill up her vacant time, she bestowed a part of it upon the music and poetical traditions of the Highlanders, and began really to feel that pleasure in the pursuit, which her brother, whose perceptions of literary merit were more blunt, rather affected for the sake of popularity than actually experienced. Her resolution was strengthened in these researches, by the extreme delight which her enquiries seemed to afford those to whom she resorted for information.

Her love of her clan, an attachment which was almost hereditary in her bosom, was, like her loyalty, a more pure passion than that of her brother. He was too thorough a politician, regarded his patriarchal influence too much as the means of accomplishing his own aggrandisement, that we should term him the model of a Highland chieftain. Flora felt the same anxiety for cherishing and extending their patriarchal sway, but it was with the generous desire of vindicating from poverty, or at least from want and foreign oppression, those whom her brother was by birth, according to the notions of the time and country, entitled to govern. The savings of her income, for she had a small pension from the Princess Sobieski, were dedicated, not to add to the comforts of the peasantry, for that was a word which they neither knew nor apparently wished to know, but to relieve their ab-

solute necessities, when in sickness or extreme old age. At every other period, they rather toiled to procure something which they might share with the Chief, as a proof of their attachment, than expected other assistance from him save what was afforded by the rude hospitality of his castle, and the general division and subdivision of his estate among them. Flora was so much beloved by them, that when Mac-Murrough composed a song, in which he enumerated all the principal beauties of the district, and intimated her superiority by concluding, that "the fairest apple hung on the highest bough," he received in donatives from the individuals of the clan, more seed-barley than would have sowed his Highland Parnassus, the *Bard's croft*, as it was called, ten times over.

From situation, as well as choice, Miss Mac-Ivor's society was extremely limited. Her most intimate friend had been Rose Bradwardine, to whom she was much attached; and when seen together, they would have afforded an artist two admirable subjects for the gay and the melancholy muse. Indeed Rose was so tenderly watched by her father, and her circle of wishes was so limited, that none arose but what he was willing to gratify, and scarce any which did not come within the compass of his power. With Flora it was otherwise. While almost a girl, she had undergone the most complete change of scene, from gaiety and splendour to absolute solitude and comparative poverty; and the ideas and wishes which she chiefly fostered, respected great national events, and changes not to be brought round without both hazard and bloodshed, and therefore not to be thought of with levity. Her manner consequently was grave, though she readily contributed her talents to the amusement of society, and stood very high in the opinion of the old Baron, who used to sing along with her such French duets of Lindor and Cloris, &c., as were in fashion about the end of the reign of old Louis le Grand.

It was generally believed, though no one durst have hinted it to the Baron of Bradwardine, that Flora's entreaties had no small share in allaying the wrath of Fergus upon occasion of their quarrel. She took her brother on the assailable side, by dwelling first upon the Baron's age, and then representing the injury which the cause might sustain, and the damage which must arise to his own character in point of prudence, so necessary to a political agent, if he persisted in carrying it to extremity. Otherwise it is probable it would have terminated in a duel, both because the Baron had, on a former occasion, shed blood of the clan, though the matter had been timely accommodated, and on account of his high reputation for address at his weapon, which Fergus almost condescended to envy. For the same reason she had urged their reconciliation, which the Chieftain the more readily agreed to, as it favoured some ulterior projects of his own.

To this young lady, now presiding at the female empire of the tea-

table, Fergus introduced Captain Waverley, whom she received with the usual forms of politeness.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIGHLAND MINSTRELSY.

WHEN the first salutations had passed, Fergus said to his sister, "My dear Flora, before I return to the barbarous ritual of our forefathers, I must tell you that Captain Waverley is a worshipper of the Celtic muse, not the less so perhaps that he does not understand a word of her language. I have told him you are eminent as a translator of Highland poetry, and that Mac-Murrough admires your version of his songs upon the same principle that Captain Waverley admires their original,—because he does not comprehend them. Will you have the goodness to read or recite to our guest in English, the extraordinary string of names which Mac-Murrough has tacked together in Gaelic? My life to a moor-fowl's feather, you are provided with a version; for I know you are in all the bard's councils, and acquainted with his songs long before he rehearses them in the hall."

"How can you say so, Fergus? You know how little these verses can possibly interest an English stranger, even if I could translate them as you pretend."

"Not less than they interest me, lady fair. To-day your joint composition, for I insist you had a share in it, has cost me the last silver cup in the castle, and I suppose will cost me something else next time I hold *cour plénière*, if the muse descends on Mac-Murrough; for you know our proverb,—When the hand of the chief ceases to bestow, the breath of the bard is frozen in the utterance.—Well, I would it were even so: there are three things that are useless to a modern Highlander,—a sword which he must not draw,—a bard to sing of deeds which he dare not imitate,—and a large goat-skin purse without a louis-d'or to put into it."

"Well, brother, since you betray my secrets, you cannot expect me to keep yours.—I assure you, Captain Waverley, that Fergus is too proud to exchange his sword for a *marechal's* baton; that he esteems Mac-Murrough a far greater poet than Homer, and would not give up his goat-skin purse for all the louis-d'ors which it could contain."

"Well pronounced, Flora; blow for blow, as Conan said to the devil. Now do you two talk of bards and poetry, if not of purses and claymores, while I return to do the final honours to the senators of the tribe of Ivor." So saying he left the room.

The conversation continued between Flora and Waverley; for two

well-dressed young women, whose character seemed to hover between that of companions and dependants, took no share in it. They were both pretty girls, but served only as foils to the grace and beauty of their patroness. The discourse followed the turn which the Chieftain had given it, and Waverley was equally amused and surprised with the accounts which the lady gave him of Celtic poetry.

"The recitation," she said, "of poems recording the feats of heroes, the complaints of lovers, and the wars of contending tribes, forms the chief amusement of a winter fire-side in the Highlands. Some of these are said to be very ancient, and if they are ever translated into any of the languages of civilized Europe, cannot fail to produce a deep and general sensation. Others are more modern, the composition of those family bards whom the chieftains of more distinguished name and power retain as the poets and historians of their tribes. These of course possess various degrees of merit; but much of it must evaporate in translation, or be lost on those who do not sympathise with the feelings of the poet."

"And your bard, whose effusions seemed to produce such effect upon the company to-day, is he reckoned among the favourite poets of the mountains?"

"That is a trying question. His reputation is high among his countrymen, and you must not expect me to depreciate it."

"But the song, Miss Mac-Ivor, seemed to awaken all those warriors, both young and old."

"The song is little more than a catalogue of names of the Highland clans under their distinctive peculiarities, and an exhortation to them to remember and to emulate the actions of their forefathers."

"And am I wrong in conjecturing, however extraordinary the guess appears, that there was some allusion to me in the verses which he recited?"

"You have a quick observation, Captain Waverley, which in this instance has not deceived you. The Gaelic language, being uncommonly vocalic, is well adapted for sudden and extemporaneous poetry; and a bard seldom fails to augment the effects of a premeditated song, by throwing in any stanzas which may be suggested by the circumstances attending the recitation."

"I would give my best horse to know what the Highland bard could find to say of such an unworthy southern as myself."

"It shall not even cost you a lock of his mane.—Una, *Mavourneen*! (She spoke a few words to one of the young girls in attendance, who instantly curtsied and tripped out of the room.)—I have sent Una to learn from the bard the expressions he used, and you shall command my skill as Dragoman."

Una returned in a few minutes, and repeated to her mistress a few lines in Gaelic. Flora seemed to think for a moment, and then slightly

colouring, she turned to Waverley—"It is impossible to gratify your curiosity, Captain Waverley, without exposing my own presumption. If you will give me a few moments for consideration, I will endeavour to engraft the meaning of these lines upon a rude English translation, which I have attempted of a part of the original. The duties of the tea-table seem to be concluded, and, as the evening is delightful, Una will show you the way to one of my favourite haunts, and Cathleen and I will join you there."

Una, having received instructions in her native language, conducted Waverley out by a passage different from that through which he had entered the apartment. At a distance he heard the hall of the Chief still resounding with a clang of bagpipes and the high applause of the guests. Having gained the open air by a postern door, they walked a little way up the wild, bleak, and narrow valley in which the house was situated, following the course of the stream that winded through it. In a spot, about a quarter of a mile from the castle, two brooks, which formed the little river, had their junction. The larger of the two came down the long bare valley, which extended, apparently without any change or elevation of character, as far as the hills which formed its boundary permitted the eye to reach. But the other stream, which had its source among the mountains on the left hand of the strath, seemed to issue from a very narrow and dark opening betwixt two large rocks. These streams were different also in character. The larger was placid, and even sullen in its course, wheeling in deep eddies, or sleeping in dark blue pools; but the motions of the lesser brook were rapid and furious, issuing from between precipices like a maniac from his confinement, all foam and uproar.

It was up the course of this last stream that Waverley, like a knight of romance, was conducted by the fair Highland damsel, his silent guide. A small path, which had been rendered easy in many places for Flora's accommodation, led him through scenery of a very different description from that which he had just quitted. Around the castle, all was cold, bare and desolate, yet tame even in desolation; but this narrow glen, at so short a distance, seemed to open into the land of romance. The rocks assumed a thousand peculiar and varied forms. In one place, a crag of huge size presented its gigantic bulk, as if to forbid the passenger's farther progress; and it was not until he approached its very base, that Waverley discerned the sudden and acute turn by which the pathway wheeled its course around this formidable obstacle. In another spot, the projecting rocks from the opposite sides of the chasm had approached so near to each other, that two pine-trees laid across, and covered with turf, formed a rustic bridge at the height of at least one hundred and fifty feet. It had no ledges, and was barely three feet in breadth.

While gazing at this pass of peril, which crossed, like a single black

line, the small portion of blue sky not intercepted by the projecting rocks on either side, it was with a sensation of horror that Waverley beheld Flora and her attendant appear, like inhabitants of another region, propped, as it were, in mid air, upon this trembling structure. She stopped upon observing him below, and, with an air of graceful ease which made him shudder, waved her handkerchief to him by way of signal. He was unable, from the sense of dizziness which her situation conveyed, to return the salute; and was never more relieved than when the fair apparition passed on from the precarious eminence which she seemed to occupy with so much indifference, and disappeared on the other side.

Advancing a few yards, and passing under the bridge which he had viewed with so much terror, the path ascended rapidly from the edge of the brook, and the glen widened into a sylvan amphitheatre, waving with birch, young oaks, and hazels, with here and there a scattered yew-tree. The rocks now receded, but still shewed their grey and shaggy crests rising among the copse-wood. Still higher, rose eminences and peaks, some bare, some clothed with wood, some round and purple with heath, and others splintered into rocks and crags. At a short turning, the path, which had for some furlongs lost sight of the brook, suddenly placed Waverley in front of a romantic water-fall. It was not so remarkable either for great height or quantity of water, as for the beautiful accompaniments which made the spot interesting. After a broken cataract of about twenty feet, the stream was received in a large natural basin, filled to the brim with water, which, where the bubbles of the fall subsided, was so exquisitely clear, that although it was of great depth, the eye could discern each pebble at the bottom. Eddying round this reservoir, the brook found its way as if over a broken part of the ledge, and formed a second fall, which seemed to seek the very abyss; then wheeling out beneath, from among the smooth dark rocks, which it had polished for ages, it wandered murmuring down the glen, forming the stream up which Waverley had just ascended. The borders of this romantic reservoir corresponded in beauty; but it was beauty of a stern and commanding cast, as if in the act of expanding into grandeur. Mossy banks of turf were broken and interrupted by huge fragments of rock, and decorated with trees and shrubs, some of which had been planted under the direction of Flora, but so cautiously, that they added to the grace without diminishing the romantic wildness of the scene.

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora, gazing on the water-fall. Two paces farther back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded

Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created, an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful, yet confused address of the young soldier. But as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene, and other accidental circumstances, full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and, unacquainted with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She therefore quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade, that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument, and, sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

"I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation, were I to produce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic Muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate representative. But Waverley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed the wild feeling of romantic delight, with which he heard the few first notes she drew from her instrument, amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decypher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a pre-

lude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant water-fall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpess. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Waverley.

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust;
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust!
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illum'd with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is high!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Corymbick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan Gillean, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Korri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
 The yew crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
 How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencoe
 Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
 Resume the pure faith of the great Callain-More!
 Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the lake,
 For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake!—

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora, and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle, he turned and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. "That is Fergus's faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

Our bootless host of high-born beggars,
 Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"O you cannot guess how much you have lost! The bard, as in duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard—'a giver of bounteous gifts.' Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green—the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty, as well as by their courage.—All this you have lost; but since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation."

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
 Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blasing on mountain and heath;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
 May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WAVERLEY CONTINUES AT GLENNAQUOICH.

As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before them. "I knew I should find you here, even without the assistance of my friend Bran. A simple and unsublimed taste now, like my own, would prefer a jet d'eau at Versailles to this cascade, with all its accompaniments of rock and roar; but this is Flora's Parnassus, Captain Waverley, and that fountain her Helicon. It would be greatly for the benefit of my cellar if she could teach her coadjutor, Mac-Murrough, the value of its influence: he has just drank a pint of usquebaugh to correct, he said, the coldness of the claret—Let me try its virtues." He sipped a little water in the hollow of his hand, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical air,—

"O Lady of the desert, hail!
That lovest the harping of the Gael,
Through fair and fertile regions borne,
Where never yet grew grass or corn.

But English poetry will never succeed under the influence of a Highland Helicon—*Allons, courage—*

O vous, qui buvez, à tasse pleine,
A cette heureuse fontaine,
Ou on ne voit, sur le rivage,
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suivis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabots"—

"A truce, dear Fergus! spare us those most tedious and insipid persons of all Arcadia. Do not, for Heaven's sake, bring down Coridon and Lindor upon us."

"Nay, if you cannot relish *la houlette et le chalumeau*, have with you in heroic strains."

"Dear Fergus, you have certainly partaken of the inspiration of Mac-Murrough's cup, rather than of mine."

"I disclaim it, *ma belle demoiselle*, although I protest it would be the more congenial of the two. Which of your crack-brained Italian romancers is it that says,

Io d'Elicona niente
Mi curo; in fe de Dio, che'l bere d'acque
(Bea chi ber ne vuol) sempre mi spiace! *

but if you prefer the Gaelic, Captain Waverley, here is little Cathleen

* Good sooth, I wreck nought of your Helicon;
Drink water w'oso will, in faith I will drink none.

shall sing you Drimmindhu.—Come, Cathleen, *astore*, (*i. e.* my dear,) begin; no apologies to the *Cean-kinné*."

Cathleen sung with much liveliness a little Gaelic song, the burlesque elegy of a countryman upon the loss of his cow, the comic tones of which, though he did not understand the language, made Waverley laugh more than once.

"Admirable, Cathleen!" cried the Chieftain; "I must find you a handsome husband among the clansmen one of these days."

Cathleen laughed, blushed, and sheltered herself behind her companion.

In the progress of their return to the castle, the Chieftain warmly pressed Waverley to stay for a week or two, in order to see a grand hunting party, in which he and some other Highland gentlemen proposed to join. The charms of melody and beauty were too strongly impressed in Edward's breast to permit his declining an invitation so pleasing. It was agreed, therefore, that he should write a note to the Baron of Bradwardine, expressing his intention to stay a fortnight at Glennaquoich, and requesting him to forward by the bearer (a *gilly* of the Chieftain's) any letters which might have arrived for him.

This turned the discourse upon the Baron, whom Fergus highly extolled as a gentleman and soldier. His character was touched with yet more discrimination by Flora, who observed he was the very model of the old Scottish cavalier, with all his excellencies and peculiarities. "It is a character, Captain, Waverley, which is fast disappearing; for its best point was a self-respect which was never lost sight of till now. But now, in the present time, the gentlemen whose principles do not permit them to pay court to the present government, are neglected and degraded, and many conduct themselves accordingly; and, like some of the persons you have seen at Tully-Veolan, adopt habits and companions inconsistent with their birth and breeding. The ruthless proscription of party seems to degrade the victims whom it brands, however unjustly. But let us hope a brighter day is approaching, when a Scottish country-gentleman may be a scholar without the pedantry of our friend the Baron, a sportsman without the low habits of Mr Falconer, and a judicious improver of his property, without becoming a boorish two legged steer like Killancureit."

Thus did Flora prophesy a revolution, which time indeed has produced, but in a manner very different from what she had in her mind.

The amiable Rose was next mentioned, with the warmest encomium on her person, manners, and mind. "That man," said Flora, "will find an inestimable treasure in the affections of Rose Bradwardine, who shall be so fortunate as to become their object. Her very soul is in home, and in the discharge of all those quiet virtues of which home is the centre. Her husband will be to her what her father now is, the object of all her care, solicitude, and affection. She will see nothing

and connect herself with nothing, but by him and through him. If he is a man of sense and virtue, she will sympathise in his sorrows, divert his fatigue, and share his pleasures. If she becomes the property of a churlish or negligent husband, she will suit his taste also, for she will not long survive his unkindness. And, alas! how great is the chance that some such unworthy lot may be that of my poor friend!—O that I were a queen this moment, and could command the most amiable and worthy youth of my kingdom to accept happiness with the hand of Rose Bradwardine!”

“I wish you would command her to accept mine *en attendant*,” said Fergus, laughing.

I don't know by what caprice it was that this wish, however jocularly expressed, rather jarred on Edward's feelings, notwithstanding his growing inclination to Flora, and his indifference to Miss Bradwardine. This is one of the inexplicabilities of human nature, which we leave without comment.

“Yours, brother?” answered Flora, regarding him steadily. “No; you have another bride—Honour; and the dangers you must run in pursuit of her rival would break poor Rose's heart.”

With this discourse they reached the castle, and Waverley soon prepared his dispatches for Tully-Veolan. As he knew the Baron was punctilious in such matters, he was about to impress his billet with a seal on which his armorial bearings were engraved, but he did not find it at his watch. He thought he must have left it at Tully-Veolan. He mentioned his loss, borrowing at the same time the family seal of the Chieftain.

“Surely,” said Miss Mac-Ivor, “Donald Bean Lean would not”—

“My life for him, in such circumstances,” answered her brother; “besides, he would never have left the watch behind.”

“After all, Fergus,” said Flora, “and with every allowance, I am surprised you can countenance that man.”

“I countenance him?—This kind sister of mine would persuade you, Captain Waverley, that I take what the people of old used to call ‘a steak-raid,’ that is a ‘collop of the foray,’ or, in plainer words, a portion of the robber's booty, paid by him to the laird, or chief, through whose grounds he drove his prey. O, it is certain, that unless I can find some way to charm Flora's tongue, General Blakeney will send a sergeant's party from Stirling (this he said with haughty and emphatic irony) to seize Vich Ian Vohr, as they nickname me, in his own castle.”

“Now, Fergus, must not our guest be sensible that all this is folly and affectation? You have men enough to serve you without enlisting banditti, and your own honour is above taint—Why don't you send this Donald Bean Lean, whom I hate for his smoothness and duplicity, even more than for his rapine, out of your country at once? No cause should induce me to tolerate such a character.”

“No cause, Flora?” said the Chieftain significantly.

“No cause, Fergus! not even that which is nearest to my heart. Spare it the omen of such evil supporters!”

“O but, sister,” rejoined the Chief, gaily, “you don’t consider my respect for *la belle passion*. Evan Dhu Maccombich is in love with Donald’s daughter, Alice, and you cannot expect me to disturb him in his amours. Why, the whole clan would cry shame on me. You know it is one of their wise sayings, that a kinsman is part of a man’s body, but a foster-brother is a piece of his heart.”

“Well, Fergus, there is no disputing with you; but I would all this may end well.”

“Devoutly prayed, my dear and prophetic sister, and the best way in the world to close a dubious argument.—But hear ye not the pipes, Captain Waverley? Perhaps you will like better to dance to them in the hall, than to be deafened with their harmony without taking part in the exercise they invite us to.”

Waverley took Flora’s hand. The dance, song, and merry-making proceeded, and closed the day’s entertainment at the castle of Vich Ian Vohr. Edward at length retired, his mind agitated by a variety of new and conflicting feelings, which detained him from rest for some time, in that not unpleasing state of mind in which fancy takes the helm, and the soul rather drifts passively along with the rapid and confused tide of reflections, than exerts itself to encounter, systematize, or examine them. At a late hour he fell asleep, and dreamed of Flora Mac-Ivor.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STAG-HUNTING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SHALL this be a long or a short chapter?—This is a question in which you, gentle reader, have no vote, however much you may be interested in the consequences; just as, probably, you may (like myself) have nothing to do with the imposing a new tax, excepting the trifling circumstance of being obliged to pay it. More happy surely in the present case, since, though it lies within my arbitrary power to extend my materials as I think proper, I cannot call you into Exchequer if you do not think proper to read my narrative. Let me therefore consider. It is true, that the annals and documents in my hands say but little of this Highland chase; but then I can find copious materials for description elsewhere. There is old Lindsay of Pitscottie ready at my elbow, with his Athole hunting, and his “lofted and joisted palace of green timber; with all kind of drink to be had in burgh and land, as ale, beer, wine, muscadel, malvasie, hippocras, and aquavitæ; with

wheat-bread, main-bread, ginge-bread, beef, mutton, lamb, veal, venison, goose, grice, capon, coney, crane, swan, partridge, plover, duck, drake, brissell-cock, pawnies, black-cock, muir-fowl, capercailzies;" not forgetting the "costly bedding, vasselle, and napry," and least of all the "excelling stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks, and pottingars, with confections and drugs for the desserts." Besides the particulars which may be thence gleaned from this Highland feast, (the splendour of which induced the pope's legate to dissent from an opinion which he had hitherto held, that Scotland namely was the—the—the latter end of the world)—besides these, might I not illuminate my pages with Taylor the Water Poet's hunting in the braes of Mar, where,

"Through heather, mosse, mong frogs, and bogs, and fogs,
Mongst craggy cliffs and thunder-battered hills,
Hares, hinds, bucks, roes, are chased by men and dogs,
Where two hours hunting fourscore fat deer kills.
Lowland, your sports are low as is your seat;
The Highland games and minds are high and great."

But without further tyranny over my readers, or display of the extent of my own reading, I shall content myself with borrowing a single incident from the memorable hunting at Lude, commemorated in the ingenious Mr Gunn's Essay on the Caledonian Harp, and so proceed in my story with all the brevity that my natural style of composition, partaking of what scholars call the periphrastic and ambagitory, and the vulgar the circumbendibus, will permit me.

The solemn hunting was delayed, from various causes, for about three weeks. The interval was spent by Waverley with great satisfaction at Glennaquoich; for the impression which Flora had made on his mind at their first meeting, grew daily stronger. She was precisely the character to fascinate a youth of romantic imagination. Her manners, her language, her talents for poetry and music, gave additional and varied influence to her eminent personal charms. Even in her hours of gaiety, she was in his fancy exalted above the ordinary daughters of Eve, and seemed only to stoop for an instant to those topics of amusement and gallantry which others appear to live for. In the neighbourhood of this enchantress, while sport consumed the morning, and music and the dance led on the hours of evening, Waverley became daily more delighted with his hospitable landlord, and more enamoured of his bewitching sister.

At length, the period fixed for the grand hunting arrived, and Waverley and the Chieftain departed for the place of rendezvous, which was a day's journey to the northward of Glennaquoich. Fergus was attended on this occasion by about three hundred of his clan, well armed and accoutred in their best fashion. Waverley complied so far with the custom of the country as to adopt the trews, (he could not be

reconciled to the kilt,) brogues, and bonnet, as the fittest dress for the exercise in which he was to be engaged, and which least exposed him to be stared at as a stranger when they should reach the place of rendezvous. They found, on the spot appointed, several powerful Chiefs, to all of whom Waverley was formally presented, and by all cordially received. Their vassals and clans-men, a part of whose feudal duty it was to attend upon such parties, appeared in such numbers as amounted to a small army. These active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called the *tinchel*, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen where the Chiefs and principal sportsmen lay in wait for them. In the meanwhile, these distinguished personages *bivouacked* among the flowery heath, wrapped up in their plaids; a mode of passing a summer's night which Waverley found by no means unpleasant.

For many hours after sun-rise, the mountain ridges and passes retained their ordinary appearance of silence and solitude, and the Chiefs, with their followers, amused themselves with various pastimes, in which the joys of the shell, as Ossian has it, were not forgotten. "Others apart sate on a hill retired;" probably as deeply engaged in the discussion of politics and news, as Milton's spirits in metaphysical disquisition. At length signals of the approach of the game were descried and heard. Distant shouts resounded from valley to valley, as the various parties of Highlanders, climbing rocks, struggling through copses, wading brooks, and traversing thickets, approached more and more near to each other, and compelled the astonished deer, with the other wild animals that fled before them, into a narrower circuit. Every now and then the report of muskets was heard, repeated by a thousand echoes. The baying of the dogs was soon added to the chorus, which grew ever louder and more loud. At length the advanced parties of the deer began to show themselves, and as the stragglers came bounding down the pass by two or three at a time, the Chiefs shewed their skill by distinguishing the fattest deer, and their dexterity in bringing them down with their guns. Fergus exhibited remarkable address, and Edward was also so fortunate as to attract the notice and applause of the sportsmen.

But now the main body of the deer appeared at the head of the glen, compelled into a very narrow compass, and presenting such a formidable phalanx, that their antlers appeared at a distance over the ridge of the steep pass like a leafless grove. Their number was very great, and from a desperate stand which they made, with the tallest of the red-deer stags arranged in front, in a sort of battle array, gazing on the group which barred their passage down the glen, the more experienced sportsmen began to augur danger. The work of destruction, however, now commenced on all sides. Dogs and hunters were at work, and muskets and fuses resounded from every quarter. The

deer, driven to desperation, made at length a fearful charge right upon the spot where the more distinguished sportsmen had taken their stand. The word was given in Gaelic to fling themselves upon their faces; but Waverley, upon whose English ears the signal was lost, had almost fallen a sacrifice to his ignorance of the ancient language in which it was communicated. Fergus, observing his danger, sprung up and pulled him with violence to the ground just as the whole herd broke down upon them. The tide being absolutely irresistible, and wounds from a stag's horn highly dangerous, the activity of the Chieftain may be considered, on this occasion, as having saved his guest's life. He detained him with a firm grasp until the whole herd of deer had fairly run over them. Waverley then attempted to rise, but found that he had suffered several severe contusions, and upon a further examination discovered that he had sprained his ankle violently.

This checked the mirth of the meeting, although the Highlanders, accustomed to such incidents, and prepared for them, had suffered no harm themselves. A wigwam was erected almost in an instant, where Edward was deposited on a couch of heather. The surgeon, or he who assumed the office, appeared to unite the characters of a leach and a conjuror. He was an old smoke-dried Highlander, wearing a venerable grey beard, and having for his sole garment a tartan frock, the skirts of which descended to the knee, and, being undivided in front, made the vestment serve at once for doublet and breeches. He observed great ceremony in approaching Edward; and though our hero was writhing with pain, would not proceed to any operation which would assuage it until he had perambulated his couch three times, moving from east to west, according to the course of the sun. This, which was called making the *deasil*, both the leach and the assistants seemed to consider as a matter of the last importance to the accomplishment of a cure; and Edward, whom pain rendered incapable of expostulation, and who indeed saw no chance of its being attended to, submitted in silence.

After this ceremony was duly performed, the old Esculapius let Edward bleed with a cupping-glass with great dexterity, and proceeded, muttering all the while to himself in Gaelic, to boil upon the fire certain herbs, with which he compounded an embrocation. He then fomented the parts which had sustained injury, never failing to murmur prayers or spells, which of the two Waverley could not distinguish, as his ear only caught the words *Gaspar-Melchior-Balthazar-max-prax-fax* and similar gibberish. The fomentation had a speedy effect in alleviating the pain and swelling, which our hero imputed to the virtue of the herbs, or the effect of the chafing, but which was by the by-standers unanimously ascribed to the spell with which the operation had been accompanied. Edward was given to understand, that not one of the ingredients had been gathered except during the full moon,

and that the herbalist had, while collecting them, uniformly recited a charm, which, in English, ran thus:—

Hail to thee, thou holy herb,
That sprung on holy ground!
All in the Mount Olivet
First wert thou found :
Thou art boot for many a bruise,
And healest many a wound ;
In our Lady's blessed name,
I take thee from the ground.

Edward observed, with some surprise, that even Fergus, notwithstanding his knowledge and education, seemed to fall in with the superstitious ideas of his countrymen, either because he deemed it impolitic to affect scepticism on a matter of general belief, or more probably because, like most men who do not think deeply or accurately on such subjects, he had in his mind a reserve of superstition which balanced the freedom of his expressions and practice upon other occasions. Waverley made no commentary, therefore, on the manner of the treatment, but rewarded the professor of medicine with a liberality beyond the utmost conception of his wildest hopes. He uttered, on the occasion, so many incoherent blessings in Gaelic and English, that Mac-Ivor, rather scandalized at the excess of his acknowledgements, cut them short, by exclaiming, *Ceade millia molighart*, i. e. "A hundred curses be with you," and so pushed the helper of men out of the cabin.

After Waverley was left alone, the exhaustion of pain and fatigue, for the whole day's exercise had been severe, threw him into a profound, but yet a feverish sleep, which he chiefly owed to an opiate draught administered by the old Highlander from some decoction of herbs in his pharmacopeia.

Early the next morning, the purpose of their meeting being over, and their sports blanked by the untoward accident, in which Fergus and all his friends expressed the greatest sympathy, it became a question how to dispose of the disabled sportsman. This was settled by Mac-Ivor, who had a litter prepared, of "birch and hazel grey," which was borne by his people with such caution and dexterity as renders it not improbable that they may have been the ancestors of some of those sturdy Gaels who have now the happiness to transport the belles of Edinburgh in their sedan-chairs, to ten routs in one evening. When Edward was elevated upon their shoulders, he could not help being gratified with the romantic effect produced by the breaking up of this sylvan camp.

The various tribes assembled, each at the pibroch of his native clan, and each headed by their patriarchal ruler. Some, who had already begun to retire, were seen winding up the hills, or descending the passes which led to the scene of action, the sound of their bagpipes

dying away upon the ear. Others made still a moving picture upon the narrow plain, forming various changeful groups, their feathers and loose plaids waving in the morning breeze, and their arms glittering in the rising sun. Most of the chiefs came to take farewell of Waverley, and to express their anxious hope they might again, and speedily, meet, but the care of Fergus abridged the ceremonies of taking leave. At length, his own men being completely assembled and mustered, Mac-Ivor commenced his march, but not towards the quarter from which they had come. He gave Waverley to understand, that the greater part of his followers, now on the field, were bound upon a distant expedition, and that when he had deposited Waverley in the house of a gentleman, who he was sure would pay him every attention, he himself would be under the necessity of accompanying them the greater part of the way, but would lose no time in rejoining his friend.

Waverley was rather surprised that Fergus had not mentioned this ulterior destination when they set out upon the hunting-party; but his situation did not admit of many interrogations. The greater part of the clansmen went forward under the guidance of old Ballenkeir-och, and Evan Dhu Maccombich, apparently in high spirits. A few remained for the purpose of escorting the Chieftain, who walked by the side of Edward's litter, and attended him with the most affectionate assiduity. About noon, after a journey which the nature of the conveyance, the pain of his bruises, and the roughness of the way, rendered inexpressibly painful, Waverley was hospitably received in the house of a gentleman related to Fergus, who had prepared for him every accommodation which the simple habits of living then universal in the Highlands, put in his power. In this person, an old man about seventy, Edward admired a relic of primitive simplicity. He wore no dress but what his estate afforded; the cloth was the fleece of his own sheep, woven by his own servants, and stained into tartan by the dyes produced from the herbs and lichens of the hills around him. His linen was spun by his daughters and maid-servants, from his own flax; nor did his table, though plentiful, and varied with game and fish, offer an article but what was of native produce.

Claiming himself no rights of clanship or vassalage, he was fortunate in the alliance and protection of Vich Ian Vohr, and other bold and enterprising chieftains, who protected him in the quiet unambitious life he loved. It is true, the youth born on his grounds were often enticed to leave him for the service of his more active friends; but a few old servants and tenants used to shake their grey locks when they heard their master censured for want of spirit, and observed, "When the wind is still, the shower falls soft." This good old man, whose charity and hospitality were unbounded, would have received Waverley with kindness had he been the meanest Saxon peasant, since his

situation required assistance. But his attention to a friend and guest of Vich Ian Vohr was anxious and unremitted. Other embrocations were applied to the injured limb, and new spells were put in practice. At length, after more solicitude than was perhaps for the advantage of his health, Fergus took farewell of Waverley for a few days, when, he said, he would return to Tomanrait, and hoped by that time Waverley would be able to ride one of the Highland ponies of his host, and in that manner return to Glennaquoich.

The next day, when his good old host appeared, Edward learned that his friend had departed with dawn, leaving none of his attendants except Callum Beg, the sort of foot-page who used to attend his person, and who had now in charge to wait upon Waverley. On asking his host, if he knew where the Chieftain was gone? the old man looked fixedly at him, with something mysterious and sad in the smile which was his only reply. Waverley repeated his question, to which his host answered in a proverb,—

“What sent the messengers to hell,
Was asking that they knew full well.”

He was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said, rather pertly as Edward thought, that “Ta Tighearnach (*i. e.* the Chief) did not like ta Sassenagh Duinhé-wassel to be pingled wi’ mickle speaking, as she was na tat weil.” From this Waverley concluded he should disoblige his friend by enquiring at a stranger the object of a journey which he himself had not communicated.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of our hero’s recovery. The sixth morning had arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned with about a score of his men. He seemed in the highest spirits, congratulated Waverley on his progress towards recovery, and finding he was able to sit upon horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. Waverley joyfully acceded, for the form of its fair mistress had lived in his dreams during all the time of his confinement.

Now he has ridden o’er moor and moss,
O’er hill and many a glen,

Fergus all the while, with his myrmidons, striding stoutly by his side, or diverging to get a shot at a roe or a heath-cock. Waverley’s bosom beat thick when they approached the old tower of Ian nan Chaistel, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them.

Fergus began immediately, with his usual high spirits, to exclaim, “Open your gates, incomparable princess, to the wounded Moor Abindarez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, constable of Antiquera, conveys to your castle; or open them, if you like it better, to the re-

nowned Marquis of Mantua, the sad attendant of his half-slain friend, Baldo vinos of the mountain.—Ah, long rest to thy soul, Cervantes! without quoting thy remnants, how should I frame my language to besit romantic ears!”

Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident, of which she had already heard particulars, and her surprise that her brother should not have taken better care to put a stranger on his guard against the perils of the sport in which he engaged him. Edward readily exculpated the Chieftain, who, indeed, at his own personal risk, had probably saved his life.

This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprung to her eyes, but they seemed to be tears of devotion or joy, for she looked up to heaven, and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from Tully-Veolan during his absence, and, at the same time, delivered some to her brother. To the latter she likewise gave three or four numbers of the Caledonian Mercury, the only newspaper which was then published to the north of the Tweed.

Both gentlemen retired to examine their dispatches, and Edward speedily found that those which he had received contained matters of very deep interest,

CHAPTER XXV.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

THE letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England, were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative. His father usually wrote to him with the pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family. Now and then he mentioned persons of rank in Scotland to whom he could wish his son should pay some attention; but Waverley, hitherto occupied by the amusements which he had found at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich, dispensed with paying any attention to hints so coldly thrown out, especially as distance, shortness of leave of absence, and so forth, furnished a ready apology. But latterly the burthen of Mr Richard Waverley's paternal epistles consisted in certain mysterious hints of greatness and influence which he was speedily to attain, and which would ensure his son's obtaining the most rapid promotion, should he remain in the military service. Sir Everard's letters were of a different tenor. They were short; for the good Baronet was none of your illi-

mitable correspondents, whose manuscript overflows the folds of their large post paper, and leaves no room for the seal; but they were kind and affectionate, and seldom concluded without some allusion to our hero's steed, some question about the state of his purse, and a special enquiry after such of his recruits as had preceded him from Waverley-Honour. Aunt Rachael charged him to remember his principles of religion, to take care of his health, to beware of Scotch mists, which, she had heard, would wet an Englishman to the skin; never to go out at night without his great-coat; and, above all, to wear flannel near his skin.

Mr Pembroke only wrote to our hero one letter, but it was of the bulk of six epistles of these degenerate days, containing, in the moderate compass of ten folio pages, closely written, a precise of a supplementary quarto manuscript of *addenda, delenda, et corrigenda*, in reference to the two tracts with which he had presented Waverley. This he considered as a mere sop in the pan to stay the appetite of Edward's curiosity, until he should find an opportunity of sending down the volume itself, which was much too heavy for the post, and which he proposed to accompany with certain interesting pamphlets, lately published by his friend in Little Britain, with whom he had kept up a sort of literary correspondence, in virtue of which the library shelves of Waverley-Honour were loaded with much trash, and a good round bill, seldom summed in fewer than three figures, was yearly transmitted, in which Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour, Bart., was marked Dr. to Jonathan Grubbet, bookseller and stationer, Little Britain. Such had hitherto been the style of the letters which Edward had received from England; but the packet delivered to him at Glennaquoich was of a different and more interesting complexion. It would be impossible for the reader, even were I to insert the letters at full length, to comprehend the real cause of their being written, without a glance into the interior of the British Cabinet at the period in question.

The ministers of the day happened (no very singular event) to be divided into two parties; the weakest of which, making up by assiduity of intrigue their inferiority in real consequence, had of late acquired some new proselytes, and with them the hope of superseding their rivals in the favour of their sovereign, and overpowering them in the House of Commons. Amongst others, they had thought it worth while to practise upon Richard Waverley. This honest gentleman, by a grave mysterious demeanour, an attention to the etiquette of business, as well as to its essence, a facility in making long dull speeches, consisting of truisms and common-places, hashed up with a technical jargon of office, which prevented the inanity of his orations from being discovered, had acquired a certain name and credit in public life, and even established with many, the character of a pro-

found politician; none of your shining orators, indeed, whose talents evaporate in tropes of rhetoric and flashes of wit, but one possessed of steady parts for business, which would wear well, as the ladies say in chusing their silks, and ought in all reason to be good for common and every-day use, since they were confessedly formed of no holiday texture.

This faith had become so general, that the insurgent party in the cabinet of which we have made mention, after sounding Mr Richard Waverley, were so satisfied with his sentiments and abilities, as to propose, that, in case of a certain revolution in the ministry, he should take an ostensible place in the new order of things, not indeed of the very first rank, but greatly higher, in point both of emolument and influence, than that which he now enjoyed. There was no resisting so tempting a proposal, notwithstanding that the Great Man, under whose patronage he had enlisted, and by whose banner he had hitherto stood firm, was the principal object of the proposed attack by the new allies. Unfortunately, this fair scheme of ambition was blighted in the very bud by a premature movement. All the official gentlemen concerned in it, who hesitated to take the part of a voluntary resignation, were informed that the king had no farther occasion for their services; and, in Richard Waverley's case, which the minister considered as aggravated by ingratitude, dismissal was accompanied by something like personal contempt and contumely. The public, and even the party of whom he shared the fall, sympathised little in the disappointment of this selfish and interested statesman; and he retired to the country under the comfortable reflection, that he had lost, at the same time, character, credit, and,—what he at least equally deplored,—emolument.

Richard Waverley's letter to his son upon this occasion was a masterpiece of its kind. Aristides himself could not have made out a harder case. An unjust monarch, and an ungrateful country, were the burthen of each rounded paragraph. He spoke of long services, and unrequited sacrifices, though the former had been overpaid by his salary, and nobody could guess in what the latter consisted, unless it were in his deserting, not from conviction, but for the lucre of gain, the tory principles of his family. In the conclusion, his resentment was wrought to such an excess by the force of his own oratory, that he could not repress some threats of vengeance, however vague and impotent, and finally acquainted his son with his pleasure that he should testify his sense of the ill-treatment he had sustained, by throwing up his commission as soon as the letter reached him. This, he said, was also his uncle's desire, as he would himself intimate in due course.

Accordingly, the next letter which Edward opened was from Sir Everard. His brother's disgrace seemed to have removed from his

well-natured bosom all recollection of their differences; and, remote as he was from every means of learning that Richard's disgrace was in reality only the just, as well as natural consequence, of his own unsuccessful intrigues, the good, but credulous baronet, at once set it down as a new and enormous instance of the injustice of the existing government. It was true, he said, and he must not disguise it even from Edward, that his father could not have sustained such an insult as was now, for the first time, offered to one of his house, unless he had subjected himself to it by accepting of an employment under the present system. Sir Everard had no doubt that he now both saw and felt the magnitude of this error, and it should be his (Sir Everard's) business, to take care that the cause of his regret should not extend itself to pecuniary consequences. It was enough for a Waverley to have sustained the public disgrace; the patrimonial injury could easily be obviated by the head of their family. But it was both the opinion of Mr Richard Waverley and his own, that Edward, the representative of the family of Waverley-Honour, should not remain in a situation which subjected him also to such treatment as that with which his father had been stigmatized. He requested his nephew therefore to take the fittest, and, at the same time, the most speedy opportunity, of transmitting his resignation to the War Office, and hinted, moreover, that little ceremony was necessary where so little had been used to his father. He sent multitudinous greetings to the baron of Bradwardine.

A letter from aunt Rachel spoke out even more plainly. She considered the disgrace of her brother Richard as the just reward of his forfeiting his allegiance to a lawful, though exiled sovereign, and taking the oath to an alien; a concession which her grandfather, Sir Nigel Waverley, refused to make, either to the round-head parliament or to Cromwell, when his life and fortune stood in the utmost extremity. She hoped her dear Edward would follow the footsteps of his ancestors, and as speedily as possible get rid of the badge of servitude to the usurping family, and regard the wrongs sustained by his father as an admonition from Heaven, that every desertion of the line of loyalty becomes its own punishment. She also concluded with her respects to Mr Bradwardine, and begged Waverley would inform her whether his daughter, Miss Rose, was old enough to wear a pair of very handsome earrings, which she proposed to send as a token of her affection. The good lady also desired to be informed whether Mr Bradwardine took as much Scotch snuff, and danced as unwearyingly, as he did when he was at Waverley-Honour about thirty years ago.

These letters, as might have been expected, highly excited Waverley's indignation. From the desultory style of his studies, he had not any fixed political opinion to place in opposition to the movements of

indignation which he felt at his father's supposed wrongs. Of the real cause of his disgrace, Edward was totally ignorant; nor had his habits at all led him to investigate the politics of the period in which he lived, or remark the intrigues in which his father had been so actively engaged. Indeed, any impressions which he had accidentally adopted concerning the parties of the times, were (owing to the society in which he had lived at Waverley-Honour,) of a nature rather unfavourable to the existing government and dynasty. He entered, therefore, without hesitation, into the resentful feeling of the relations who had the best title to dictate his conduct; and not perhaps the less willingly when he remembered the tedium of his quarters, and the inferior figure which he had made among the officers of his regiment. If he could have had any doubt upon the subject, it would have been decided by the following letter from his commanding officer, which, as it is very short, shall be inserted verbatim :

"SIR,

"Having carried somewhat beyond the line of my duty, an indulgence which even the lights of nature, and much more those of Christianity, direct towards errors which may arise from youth and inexperience, and that altogether without effect, I am reluctantly compelled, at the present crisis, to use the only remaining remedy which is in my power. You are, therefore, hereby commanded to repair to ———, the head-quarters of the regiment, within three days after the date of this letter. If you shall fail to do so, I must report you to the War-Office as absent without leave, and also take other steps, which will be disagreeable to you, as well as to,

"Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"J. G——, Lieut.-Col.

"Commanding the ——— Regt. Dragoons."

Edward's blood boiled within him as he read this letter. He had been accustomed from his very infancy to possess, in a great measure, the disposal of his own time, and had thus acquired habits which rendered the rules of military discipline as unpleasing to him in this as they were in some other respects. An idea that in his own case they would not be enforced in a very rigid manner, had also obtained full possession of his mind, and had hitherto been sanctioned by the indulgent conduct of his lieutenant-colonel. Neither had anything occurred, to his knowledge, that should have induced his commanding officer, without any other warning than the hints we noticed at the end of the fourteenth chapter of the last volume, so suddenly to assume a harsh, and, as Edward deemed it, so insolent a tone of dictatorial authority.

Connecting it with the letters he had just received from his family, he could not but suppose, that it was designed to make him feel, in his present situation, the same pressure of authority which had been exercised in his father's case, and that the whole was a concerted scheme to depress and degrade every member of the Waverley family.

Without a pause, therefore, Edward wrote a few cold lines, thanking his lieutenant-colonel for past civilities, and expressing regret that he should have chosen to efface the remembrance of them, by assuming a different tone towards him. This strain of his letter, as well as what he (Edward) conceived to be his duty, in the present crisis, called upon him to lay down his commission; and he therefore inclosed the formal resignation of a situation which subjected him to so unpleasant a correspondence, and requested Colonel G—— would have the goodness to forward it to the proper authorities.

Having finished this magnanimous epistle, he felt somewhat uncertain concerning the terms in which his resignation ought to be expressed, upon which subject he resolved to consult Fergus Mac-Ivor. It may be observed in passing, that the bold and prompt habits of thinking, acting, and speaking, which distinguished this young Chieftain, had given him a considerable ascendancy over the mind of Waverley. Endowed with at least equal powers of understanding, and with much finer genius, Edward yet stooped to the bold and decisive activity of an intellect which was sharpened by the habit of acting on a pre-conceived and regular system, as well as by extensive knowledge of the world.

When Edward found his friend, the latter had still in his hand the newspaper which he had perused, and advanced to meet him with the embarrassment of one who has unpleasing news to communicate. "Do your letters, Captain Waverley, confirm the unpleasing information which I find in this paper?"

He put the paper into his hand, where his father's disgrace was registered in the most bitter terms, transferred probably from some London Journal. At the end of the paragraph was this remarkable inuendo:

"We understand that 'this same *Richard* who hath done all this, is not the only example of the *Wavering Honour* of W-v-r-l-y H-n-r. See the Gazette of this day."

With hurried and feverish apprehension our hero turned to the place referred to, and found therein recorded, "Edward Waverley captain in —— regiment dragoons, superseded for absence without leave;" and in the list of military promotions, referring to the same regiment, he discovered this farther article, "Lieut. Julius Butler to be captain, *vice* Edward Waverley superseded."

Our hero's bosom glowed with the resentment which undeserved and apparently premeditated insult was calculated to excite in the bosom

of one who had aspired after honour, and was thus wantonly held up to public scorn and disgrace. Upon comparing the date of his colonel's letter with that of the article in the Gazette, he perceived that his threat of making a report upon his absence had been literally complied with, and without enquiry, as it seemed, whether Edward had either received his summons, or was disposed to comply with it. The whole, therefore, appeared a formed plan to degrade him in the eyes of the public; and the idea of its having succeeded filled him with such bitter emotions, that, after various attempts to conceal them, he at length threw himself into Mac-Ivor's arms, and gave vent to tears of shame and indignation.

It was none of this Chieftain's faults to be indifferent to the wrongs of his friends; and for Edward, independent of certain plans with which he was connected, he felt a deep and sincere interest. The proceeding appeared as extraordinary to him as it had done to Edward. He indeed knew of more motives than Waverley was privy to for the peremptory order that he should join his regiment. But that, without farther enquiry into the circumstances of a necessary delay, the commanding officer, in contradiction to his known and established character, should have proceeded in so harsh and unusual a manner, was a mystery which he could not penetrate. He soothed our hero, however, to the best of his power, and began to turn his thoughts on revenge for his insulted honour.

Edward eagerly grasped at the idea. "Will you carry a message for me to Colonel G——, my dear Fergus, and oblige me for ever?"

Fergus paused; "It is an act of friendship which you should command, could it be useful, or lead to the righting your honour; but in the present case, I doubt if your commanding officer would give you the meeting on account of his having taken measures, which, however harsh and exasperating, were still within the strict bounds of his duty. Besides, G—— is a precise Huguenot, and has adopted certain ideas about the sinfulness of such rencontres, from which it would be impossible to make him depart, especially as his courage is beyond all suspicion. And besides, I—I, to say the truth—I dare not at this moment, for some very weighty reasons, go near any of the military quarters or garrisons belonging to this government."

"And am I to sit down quiet and contented under the injury I have received?"

"That will I never advise my friend. But I would have vengeance to fall on the head, not on the hand; on the tyrannical and oppressive government which designed and directed these premeditated and reiterated insults, not on the tools of office which they employed in the execution of the injuries they aimed at you."

"Upon the government!"

'Yes, upon the usurping house of Hanover, whom your grandfather

would no more have served than he would have taken wages of red-hot gold from the great fiend of hell!"

"But since the time of my grandfather two generations of this dynasty have possessed the throne."

"True;—and because we have passively given them so long an opportunity of shewing their native character,—because both you and I myself have lived in quiet submission, have even truckled to the times so far as to accept commissions under them, and thus have given them an opportunity of disgracing us publicly by resuming them, are we not on that account to resent injuries which our fathers only apprehended, but which we have actually sustained? Or is the cause of the unfortunate Stuart family become less just, because their title has devolved upon an heir who is innocent of the charges of misgovernment brought against his father?—Do you remember the lines of your favourite poet,—

Had Richard unconstrain'd resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own;
The title stood entail'd had Richard had a son.

You see, my dear Waverley, I can quote poetry as well as Flora and you. But come, clear your moody brow, and trust to me to shew you an honourable road to a speedy and glorious revenge. Let us seek Flora, who, perhaps, has more news to tell us of what has occurred during our absence. She will rejoice to hear that you are relieved of your servitude. But first add a postscript to your letter, marking the time when you received this Calvinistical colonel's first summons, and express your regret that the hastiness of his proceedings prevented your anticipating them by sending your resignation. Then let him blush for his injustice."

The letter was sealed accordingly, covering a formal resignation of the commission, and Mac-Ivor dispatched it with some letters of his own by a special messenger, with charge to put them into the nearest post-office in the Lowlands.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN ECLAIRCISSEMENT.

THE hint which the Chieftain had thrown out respecting Flora was not unpremeditated. He had observed with great satisfaction the growing attachment of Waverley to his sister, nor did he see any bar to their union, excepting the situation which Waverley's father held in the ministry, and Edward's own commission in the army of George

II. These obstacles were now removed, and in a manner which apparently paved the way at least for the son's becoming reconciled to another allegiance. In every other respect the match would be most eligible. The safety, happiness, and honourable provision of his sister, whom he dearly loved, appeared to be insured by the proposed union. And his heart swelled when he considered how his own interest would be exalted in the eyes of the ex-monarch to whom he had dedicated his service, by an alliance with one of those ancient, powerful, and wealthy English families of the ancient cavalier faith, to awaken whose decayed attachment to the Stuart family was now a matter of such vital importance to their cause. Nor could Fergus perceive any obstacle to such a scheme. Waverley's attachment was evident; and as his person was handsome, and his taste apparently coincided with her own, he anticipated no opposition on the part of Flora. Indeed, between his ideas of patriarchal power, and those which he had acquired in France respecting the disposal of females in marriage, any opposition from his sister, dear as she was to him, would have been the last obstacle on which he would have calculated, even had the union been less eligible.

Influenced by these feelings, the Chief now led Waverley in quest of Miss Mac-Ivor, not without the hope that the present agitation of his guest's spirits might give him courage to cut short what Fergus termed the romance of the courtship. They found Flora with her faithful attendants, Una and Cathleen, busied in preparing what appeared to Waverley to be white bridal favours. Disguising as well as he could the agitation of his mind, Waverley asked for what joyful occasion Miss Mac-Ivor made such ample preparation.

"It is for Fergus's bridal," said she, smiling.

"Indeed?—he has kept his secret well. I hope he will allow me to be his bride's-man."

"That is a man's office, but not yours, as Beatrice says."

"And who is the fair lady?"

"Did not I tell you long since, that Fergus wooed no bride but Honour?"

"And am I then incapable of being his assistant and counsellor in the pursuit of honour, Miss Mac-Ivor?" said our hero, colouring deeply. "Do I rank so low in your opinion?"

"Far from it, Captain Waverley. I would to God you were of our determination! and made use of the expression which displeased you, solely

Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us as an enemy."

"That time is past, sister; and you may wish Edward Waverley (no longer captain) joy of being freed from the slavery to an usurper, implied in that sable and ill-omened emblem."

"Yes," said Waverley, undoing the cockade from his hat, "it has pleased the king who bestowed this badge upon me, to resume it in a manner which leaves me little reason to regret his service."

"Thank God for that!" cried the enthusiast; "and O that they may be blind enough to treat every man of honour who serves them with the same indignity, that I may have less to sigh for when the struggle approaches?"

"And now, sister, replace his cockade with one of a more lively colour. I think it was the fashion of the ladies of yore to arm and send forth their knights to high achievement."

"Not till the knight adventurer had well weighed the justice and the danger of the cause, Fergus. Mr Waverley is just now too much agitated by feelings of recent emotion for me to press upon him a resolution of consequence."

Waverley felt half-alarmed at the thought of adopting the badge of what was esteemed rebellion by the majority of the kingdom, yet he could not disguise his chagrin at the coldness with which Flora parried her brother's hint. "Miss Mac-Ivor, I perceive, thinks the knight unworthy of her encouragement and favour," said he somewhat bitterly.

"Not so, Mr Waverley," she replied, with great sweetness. "Why should I refuse my brother's valued friend a boon which I am distributing to his whole clan. Most willingly would I enlist every man of honour in the cause to which my brother has devoted himself. But he has taken his measures with his eyes open. His life has been devoted to this cause from his cradle; with him its call is sacred, were it even a summons to the tomb. But how can I wish you, Mr Waverley, so new to the world, so far from every friend who might advise and ought to influence you,—in a moment too of sudden pique and indignation,—how can I wish you to plunge yourself at once into so desperate an enterprise?"

Fergus who did not understand these delicacies, strode through the apartment biting his lip, and then, with a constrained smile, said, "Well, sister, I leave you to act your new character of mediator between the Elector of Hanover and the subjects of your lawful sovereign and benefactor," and left the room.

There was a painful pause, which was at length broken by Miss Mac-Ivor. "My brother is unjust," she said, "because he can bear no interruption that seems to thwart his loyal zeal."

"And do you not share his ardour?"

"Do I not?—God knows mine exceeds his, if that be possible. But I am not, like him, rapt by the bustle of military preparation, and the infinite detail necessary to the present undertaking, beyond consideration of the grand principles of justice and truth, on which our enterprise is grounded; and these, I am certain, can only be furthered by measures in themselves true and just. To operate upon your pre-

sent feelings, my dear Mr Waverley, to induce you to an irretrievable step, of which you have not considered either the justice or the danger, is in my poor judgment, neither the one nor the other."

"Incomparable Flora!" said Edward, taking her hand; "how much do I need such a monitor!"

"A better one by far," said Flora, gently withdrawing her hand, "Mr Waverley will always find in his own bosom, when he will give its small still voice leisure to be heard."

"No, Miss Mac-Ivor, I dare not hope it; a thousand circumstances of fatal self-indulgence have made me the creature rather of imagination than reason. Durst I but hope—could I but think—that you would deign to be to me that affectionate, that condescending friend, who would strengthen me to redeem my errors, my future life"——

"Hush, my dear sir! you now carry your joy at escaping the hands of a jacobite recruiting officer to an unparalleled excess of gratitude."

"Nay, dear Flora, trifle with me no longer; you cannot mistake the meaning of those feelings which I have almost involuntarily expressed; and, since I have broke the barrier of silence, let me profit by my audacity—Or may I, with your permission, mention to your brother"——

"Not for the world, Mr Waverley!"

"What am I to understand? Is there any fatal bar—has any prepossession"——

"None, sir. I owe it to myself to say, that I never yet saw the person on whom I thought, with reference to the present subject."

"The shortness of our acquaintance, perhaps—If Miss Mac-Ivor will deign to give me time"——

"I have not even that excuse. Captain Waverley's character is so open—is, in short, of that nature that it cannot be misconstrued, either in its strength or its weakness."

"And for that weakness you despise me?"

"Forgive me, Mr Waverley—and remember it is but within this half-hour that there existed between us a barrier of a nature to me unsurmountable, since I never could think of an officer in the service of the Elector of Hanover in any other light than as a casual acquaintance. Permit me then to arrange my ideas upon so unexpected a topic, and in less than an hour I will be ready to give you such reasons for the resolution I shall express, as may be satisfactory at least, if not pleasing to you." So saying, Flora withdrew, leaving Waverley to meditate upon the manner in which she had received his addresses.

Ere he could make up his mind whether to believe his suit had been acceptable or no, Fergus re-entered the apartment. "What, *à la morte*, Waverley?" he cried. "Come down with me to the court, and you shall see a sight worth all the tirades of your romances. An hundred

firelocks, my friend, and as many broad-swords, just arrived from good friends; and two or three hundred stout fellows almost fighting which shall first possess them.—But let me look at you closer—Why, a true Highlander would say you had been blighted by an evil eye—Or can it be this silly girl that has thus blanked your spirit?—Never mind her, dear Edward; the wisest of her sex are fools in what regards the business of life.”

“Indeed, my good friend,” answered Waverley, “all that I can charge against your sister is, that she is too sensible, too reasonable.”

“If that be all, I insure you for a louis-d’or against the mood lasting four-and-twenty hours. No woman was ever steadily sensible for that period; and I will engage, if that will please you, Flora shall be as unreasonable to-morrow as any of her sex. You must learn, my dear Edward, to consider women *en mousquetaire*.” So saying he seized Waverley’s arm, and dragged him off to review his military preparations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

FERGUS MAC-IVOR had too much tact and delicacy to renew the subject which he had interrupted. His head was, or appeared to be, so full of guns, broad-swords, bonnets, cantines, and tartan hose, that Waverley could not for some time draw his attention to any other topic.

“Are you to take the field so soon, Fergus, that you are making all these martial preparations?”

“When we have settled that you go with me, you shall know all; but otherwise the knowledge might be prejudicial to you.”

“But are you serious in your purpose, with such inferior forces, to rise against an established government? It is mere frenzy.”

“*Laissez faire à Don Antoine*—I shall take good care of myself. We shall at least use the compliment of Conan, who never got a stroke but he gave one. I would not, however, have you think me mad enough to stir till a favourable opportunity: I will not slip my dog before the game’s a-foot. But, once more, will you join with us, and you shall know all?”

“How can I? I, who have so lately held that commission which is now posting back to those that gave it? My accepting it implied a promise of fidelity, and an acknowledgment of the legality of the government.”

“A rash promise is not a steel hand-cuff; it may be shaken off,

especially when it was given under deception, and has been repaid by insult. But if you cannot immediately make up your mind to a glorious revenge, go to England, and ere you cross the Tweed you will hear tidings that will make the world ring; and if Sir Everard be the gallant old cavalier I have heard him described by some of our *honest* gentlemen of the year one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, he will find you a better horse-troop and a better cause than you have lost."

"But your sister, Fergus?"

"Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man?—Speakest thou of nothing but of ladies?"

"Nay, be serious, my dear friend; I feel that the happiness of my future life must depend upon the answer which Miss Mac-Ivor shall make to what I ventured to tell her this morning."

"And is this your very sober earnest, or are we in the land of romance and fiction?"

"My earnest, undoubtedly. How could you suppose me jesting on such a subject?"

"Then, in very sober earnest, I am very glad to hear it; and so highly do I think of Flora, that you are the only man in England for whom I would say so much.—But before you shake my hand so warmly there is more to be considered—Your own family, will they approve your connecting yourself with the sister of a high-born Highland beggar?"

"My uncle's situation, his general opinions, and his uniform indulgence, entitle me to say, that birth and personal qualities are all he would look to in such a connection. And where can I find both united in such excellence as in your sister?"

"O nowhere!—*cela va sans dire*. But your father will expect a father's prerogative in being consulted."

"Surely; but his late breach with the ruling powers removes all apprehension of objection on his part, especially as I am convinced that my uncle will be warm in my cause."

"Religion perhaps—though we are not bigotted Catholics."

"My grandmother was of the church of Rome, and her religion was never objected to by my family.—Do not think of my friends, dear Fergus; let me rather have your influence where it may be more necessary to remove obstacles—I mean with your lovely sister."

"My lovely sister, like her loving brother, is very apt to have a pretty decisive will of her own, by which, in this case, you must be ruled; but you shall not want my interest, nor my counsel. And, in the first place, I will give you one hint—Loyalty is her ruling passion; and since she could spell an English book, she has been in love with the memory of the gallant Captain Wogan, who renounced the service of the usurper Cromwell to join the standard of Charles II., marched a handful of cavalry from London to the Highlands to join Middleton,

then in arms for the king, and at length died gloriously in the royal cause. Ask her to shew you some verses she made on his history and fate; they have been much admired, I assure you. The next point is—I think I saw Flora go up towards the water-fall a short time since—follow, man, follow! don't allow the garrison time to strengthen its purpose of resistance—*Alerte à la muraille!* Seek Flora out, and learn her decision as soon as you can, and Cupid go with you, while I go to look over belts and cartouch boxes.”

Waverley ascended the glen with an anxious and throbbing heart. Love, with all its romantic train of hopes, fears, and wishes, was mingled with other feelings of a nature less easily defined. He could not but remember how much this morning had changed his fate, and into what a complication of perplexity it was likely to plunge him. Sun-rise had seen him possessed of an esteemed rank in the honourable profession of arms, his father to all appearance rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign;—all this had passed away like a dream—he himself was dishonoured, his father disgraced, and he had become involuntarily the confidant at least, if not the accomplice, of plans dark, deep, and dangerous, which must infer either the subversion of the government he had so lately served, or the destruction of all who had participated in them. Should Flora even listen to his suit favourably, what prospect was there of its being brought to a happy termination, amid the tumult of an impending insurrection? Or how could he make the selfish request that she should leave Fergus, to whom she was so much attached, and, retiring with him to England, wait, as a distant spectator, the success of her brother's undertaking, or the ruin of all his hopes and fortunes?—Or, on the other hand, to engage himself, with no other aid than his single arm, in the dangerous and precipitate counsels of the Chieftain,—to be whirled along by him, the partaker of all his desperate and impetuous motions, renouncing almost the power of judging, or deciding upon the rectitude or prudence of his actions,—this was no pleasing prospect for the secret pride of Waverley to stoop to. And yet what other conclusion remained, saving the rejection of his addresses by Flora, an alternative not to be thought of, in the present high-wrought state of his feelings, with anything short of mental agony. Pondering the doubtful and dangerous prospect before him, he at length arrived near the cascade, where, as Fergus had augured, he found Flora seated.

She was quite alone, and as soon as she observed his approach, she rose and came to meet him. Edward attempted to say something within the verge of ordinary compliment and conversation, but found himself unequal to the task. Flora seemed at first equally embarrassed, but recovered herself more speedily, and (an unfavourable augury for Waverley's suit) was the first to enter upon the subject of their last interview. “It is too important, in every point of view, Mr

Waverley, to permit me to leave you in doubt upon my sentiments."

"Do not speak them speedily, unless they are such as I fear, from your manner, I must not dare to anticipate. Let time—let my future conduct—let your brother's influence"—

"Forgive me, Mr Waverley. I should incur my own heavy censure, did I delay expressing my sincere conviction that I can never regard you otherwise than as a valued friend. I should do you the highest injustice did I conceal my sentiments for a moment—I see I distress you, and I grieve for it, but better now than later; and O better a thousand times, Mr Waverley, that you should feel a present momentary disappointment, than the long and heart-sickening griefs which attend a rash and ill-assorted marriage!"

"Good God! But why should you anticipate such consequences from a union, where birth is equal, where fortune is favourable, where, if I may venture to say so, the tastes are similar, where you allege no preference, where you even express a favourable opinion of him whom you reject?"

"Mr Waverley, I *have* that favourable opinion, and so strongly, that though I would rather have been silent upon the grounds of my resolution, you shall command them, if you exact such a mark of my esteem and confidence."

She sat down upon the fragment of a rock, and Waverley, placing himself near her, anxiously pressed for the explanation she offered.

"I dare hardly," she said, "tell you the situation of my feelings, they are so different from those usually ascribed to young women at my period of life; and I dare hardly touch upon what I think the nature of yours, lest I should give offence where I would willingly administer consolation. For myself, from my infancy till this day, I have had but one wish—the restoration of my royal benefactors to their rightful throne. It is impossible to express to you the devotion of my feelings to this single subject; and I will frankly confess, that it has so occupied my mind as to exclude every thought respecting what is called my own settlement in life. Let me but live to see the day of that happy restoration, and a Highland cottage, a French convent, or an English palace, will be alike indifferent to me."

"But, dearest Flora, how is your enthusiastic zeal for the exiled family inconsistent with my happiness?"

"Because you seek, or ought to seek, in the object of your attachment, a heart whose principal delight should be in augmenting your domestic felicity, and returning your affection, even to the height of romance. To a man of less keen sensibility, and less enthusiastic tenderness of disposition, Flora Mac-Ivor might give content, if not happiness; for, were the irrevocable words spoken, never would she be deficient in the duties which she vowed."

"And why,—why, Miss Mac-Ivor, should you think yourself a

more valuable treasure to one who is less capable of loving, of admiring you, than to me?"

"Simply because the tone of our affections would be more in unison, and because his more blunted sensibility would not require the return of enthusiasm which I have not to bestow. But you, Mr Waverley, would for ever refer to the idea of domestic happiness which your imagination is capable of painting, and whatever fell short of that ideal representation would be construed into coolness and indifference, while you might consider the enthusiasm with which I regarded the success of the royal family, as defrauding your affection of its due return."

"In other words, Miss Mac-Ivor, you cannot love me?"

"I could esteem you, Mr Waverley, as much, perhaps more, than any man I have ever seen; but I cannot love you as you ought to be loved. O! do not, for your own sake, desire so hazardous an experiment. The woman whom you marry ought to have affections and opinions moulded upon yours. Her studies ought to be your studies;—her wishes, her feelings, her hopes, her fears, should all mingle with yours. She should enhance your pleasures, share your sorrows, and cheer your melancholy."

"And why will not you, Miss Mac-Ivor, who can so well describe a happy union, why will not you be yourself the person you describe?"

"Is it possible you do not yet comprehend me? Have I not told you, that every keener sensation of my mind is bent exclusively towards an event, upon which indeed I have no power but those of my earnest prayers?"

"And might not the granting the suit I solicit, even advance the interests to which you have devoted yourself? My family is wealthy and powerful, inclined in principles to the Stuart race, and should a favourable opportunity"——

"A favourable opportunity!—Inclined in principles!—Can such lukewarm adherence be honourable to yourselves, or gratifying to your lawful sovereign?—Think, from my present feelings, what I should suffer when I held the place of member in a family, where the rights which I hold most sacred are subjected to cold discussion, and only deemed worthy of support when they shall appear on the point of triumphing without it!"

"Your doubts," quickly replied Waverley, "are unjust so far as concerns myself. The cause that I shall assert, I dare support through every danger, as undauntedly as the boldest who draws sword in it."

"Of that," answered Flora, "I cannot doubt for a moment. But consult your own good sense and reason rather than a prepossession hastily adopted, probably only because you have met a young woman possessed of the usual accomplishments, in a sequestered and romantic situation. Let your part in this great and perilous drama rest upon

conviction, and not upon a hurried, and probably a temporary feeling."

Waverley attempted to reply, but his words failed him. Every sentiment that Flora had uttered vindicated the strength of his attachment; for even her loyalty, although wildly enthusiastic, was generous and noble, and disdained to avail itself of any indirect means of supporting the cause to which she was devoted.

After walking a little way in silence down the path, Flora thus resumed the conversation.—“One word more, Mr Waverley, ere we bid farewell to this topic for ever; and forgive my boldness if that word have the air of advice. My brother Fergus is anxious that you should join him in his present enterprise. But do not consent to this;—you could not, by your single exertions, further his success, and you would inevitably share his fall, if it be God’s pleasure that fall he must. Your character would also suffer irretrievably. Let me beg you will return to your own country; and, having publicly freed yourself, from every tie to the usurping government, I trust you will see cause, and find opportunity, to serve your injured sovereign with effect, and stand forth, as your loyal ancestors, at the head of your natural followers and adherents, a worthy representative of the house of Waverley.”

“And should I be so happy as thus to distinguish myself, might I not hope?”——

“Forgive my interruption. The present time only is ours, and I can but explain to you with candour the feelings which I now entertain; how they might be altered by a train of events too favourable perhaps to be hoped for, it were in vain even to conjecture: Only be assured Mr Waverley, that, after my brother’s honour and happiness, there is none which I shall more sincerely pray for than for yours.”

With these words she parted from him, for they were now arrived where two paths separated. Waverley reached the castle amidst a medley of conflicting passions. He avoided any private interview with Fergus, as he did not find himself able either to encounter his raillery, or reply to his solicitations. The wild revelry of the feast, for Mac-Ivor kept open table for his clan, served in some degree to stun reflection. When their festivity was ended, he began to consider how he should again meet Miss Mac-Ivor after the painful and interesting explanation of the morning. But Flora did not appear. Fergus, whose eyes flashed when he was told by Cathleen that her mistress designed to keep her apartment that evening, went himself in quest of her; but apparently his remonstrances were in vain, for he returned with a heightened complexion, and manifest symptoms of displeasure. The rest of the evening passed on without any allusion, on the part either of Fergus or Waverley, to the subject which engrossed the reflections of the latter, and perhaps of both.

When retired to his own apartment, Edward endeavoured to sum the business of the day. That the repulse he had received from Flora would be persisted in for the present, there was no doubt. But could he hope for ultimate success in case circumstances permitted the renewal of his suit? Would the enthusiastic loyalty, which at this animating moment left no room for a softer passion, survive, at least in its engrossing force, the success or the failure of the present political machinations? And if so, could he hope that the interest which she had acknowledged him to possess in her favour, might be improved into a warmer attachment? He taxed his memory to recall every word she had used, with the appropriate looks and gestures which had enforced them, and ended by finding himself in the same state of uncertainty. It was very late before sleep brought relief to the tumult of his mind, after the most painful and agitating day which he had ever passed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LETTER FROM TULLY-VEOLAN.

IN the morning, when Waverley's troubled reflections had for some time given way to repose, there came music to his dreams but not the voice of Selma. He imagined himself transported back to Tully-Veolan, and that he heard Davie Gellatley singing in the court those matins which used generally to be the first sounds that disturbed his repose while a guest of the Baron of Bradwardine. The notes which suggested this vision continued and waxed louder, until Edward awaked in earnest. The illusion, however, did not seem entirely dispelled. The apartment was in the fortress of Ian nan Chaistel, but it was still the voice of Davie Gellatley that made the following lines resound under the window:—

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Curious to know what could have determined Mr Gellatley on an excursion of such unwonted extent, Edward began to dress himself in all haste, during which operation the minstrelsy of Davie changed its tune more than once,—

There's nought in the Highlands but syboes and leeks,
And lang-leggit callants gaun wanting the breeks;
Wanting the breeks, and without hose and shoon,
But we'll a' win the breeks when King Jamie comes hame.

By the time Waverley was dressed and had issued forth, David had associated himself with two or three of the numerous Highland loungers who always graced the gates of the castle with their presence, and was capering and dancing full merrily in the doubles and full career of a Scotch foursome reel, to the music of his own whistling. In this double capacity of dancer and musician, he continued until an idle piper, who observed his zeal, obeyed the unanimous call of *Seid suas*, (*i. e.* blow up) and relieved him from the latter part of his trouble. Young and old then mingled in the dance as they could find partners. The appearance of Waverley did not interrupt David's exercise, though he contrived, by grinning, nodding, and throwing one or two inclinations of the body into the graces with which he performed the Highland fling, to convey to our hero symptoms of recognition. Then, while busily employed in setting, whooping all the while and snapping his fingers over his head, he of a sudden prolonged his side-step until it brought him to the place where Edward was standing, and, still keeping time to the music like Harlequin in a pantomime, he thrust a letter into our hero's hand, and continued his saltation without pause or intermission. Edward, who perceived that the address was in Rose's hand-writing, retired to peruse it, leaving the faithful bearer to continue his exercise until the piper or he should be tired out.

The contents of the letter greatly surprised him. It had originally commenced with, *Dear Sir*; but these words had been carefully erased, and the monosyllable, *Sir*, substituted in their place. The rest of the contents shall be given in Rose's own language.

"I fear I am using an improper freedom by intruding upon you, yet I cannot trust to any one else to let you know some things which have happened here, with which it seems necessary you should be acquainted. Forgive me, if I am wrong in what I am doing; for, alas! Mr Waverley, I have no better advice than that of my own feelings;—my dear father is gone from this place, and when he can return to my assistance and protection, God alone knows. You have probably heard, that in consequence of some troublesome news from the Highlands, warrants were sent out for apprehending several gentlemen in these parts, and, among others, my dear father. In spite of all my tears and entreaties that he would surrender himself to the government, he joined with Mr Falconer and some other gentlemen, and they have all gone northwards, with a body of about forty horsemen. So I am not so much anxious concerning his immediate safety, as about what may follow afterwards, for these troubles are only beginning. But all this is nothing to you, Mr Waverley, only I thought you would be glad to learn that my father had escaped, in case you happen to have heard that he was in danger.

"But the day after my father went off, there came a party of

soldiers to Tully-Veolan, and behaved very rudely to Baillie Macwheeble; but the officer was very civil to me, only said his duty obliged him to search for arms and papers. My father had provided against this by taking away all the arms except the old useless things which hung in the hall, and he had put all his papers out of the way. But O! Mr Waverley, how shall I tell you that they made strict enquiry after you, and asked when you had been at Tully-Veolan, and where you now were. The officer is gone back with his party, but a non-commissioned officer and four men remain as a sort of garrison in the house. They have hitherto behaved very well, as we are forced to keep them in good humour. But these soldiers have hinted as if upon your falling into their hands you would be in great danger; I cannot prevail on myself to write what wicked falsehoods they said, for I am sure they are falsehoods; but you will best judge what you ought to do. The party that returned carried off your servant prisoner, with your two horses, and every thing that you left at Tully-Veolan. I hope God will protect you, and that you will get safe home to England, where you used to tell me there was no military violence nor fighting among clans permitted, but every thing was done according to an equal law that protected all who were harmless and innocent. I hope you will exert your indulgence as to my boldness in writing to you, where it seems to me, though perhaps erroneously, that your safety and honour are concerned. I am sure—at least I think, my father would approve of my writing; for Mr Rubric is fled to his cousin's at the Duchran, to be out of danger from the soldiers and the whigs, and Baillie Macwheeble does not like to meddle (he says) in other men's concerns, though I hope what may serve my father's friend at such a time as this, cannot be termed improper interference. Farewell, Captain Waverley! I shall probably never see you more; for it would be very improper to wish you to call at Tully-Veolan just now, even if these men were gone; but I will always remember with gratitude your kindness in assisting so poor a scholar as myself, and your attentions to my dear, dear father. I remain your obliged servant, Rose Comyne Bradwardine.

“P.S.—I hope you will send me a line by David Gellatley, just to say you have received this, and will take care of yourself; and forgive me if I entreat you, for your own sake, to join none of these unhappy cabals, but escape, as fast as possible, to your own fortunate country. My compliments to my dear Flora and to Glennaquoich. Is she not as handsome and accomplished as I described her?”

Thus concluded the letter of Rose Bradwardine, the contents of which both surprised and affected Waverley. That the Baron should fall under the suspicion of government in consequence of the present stir among the partizans of the house of Stuart, seemed only the natural consequence of his political predilections; but how *he* should have

been involved in such suspicions, conscious that until yesterday he had been free from harbouring a thought against the prosperity of the reigning family, seemed inexplicable. Both at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich his hosts had respected his engagements with the immediate government, and though enough passed by accidental inuendo that might induce him to reckon the Baron and the Chief among those disaffected gentlemen who were still numerous in Scotland, yet until his own connection with the army had been broken off by the resumption of his commission, he had no reason to suppose that they nourished any immediate or hostile attempts against the present establishment. Still he was aware that unless he meant at once to embrace the proposal of Fergus Mac-Ivor, it would deeply concern him to leave this suspicious neighbourhood without delay, and repair where his conduct might undergo a satisfactory examination. Upon this he was rather determined, as Flora's advice favoured his doing so, and because he felt inexpressible repugnance at the idea of being accessory to the plague of civil war. Whatever were the original rights of the Stuarts, calm reflection told him, that, omitting the question how far James the Second could forfeit those of his posterity, he had, according to the united voice of the whole nation, justly forfeited his own. Since that period, four monarchs had reigned in peace and glory over Britain, sustaining and exalting the character of the nation abroad, and its liberties at home. Reason asked, was it worth while to disturb a government so long settled and established, and to plunge a kingdom into all the miseries of civil war, to replace upon the throne the descendants of a monarch by whom it had been wilfully forfeited? If, on the other hand, his own final conviction of the goodness of their cause, or the commands of his father or uncle, should recommend to him allegiance to the Stuarts, still it was necessary to clear his own character by shewing that he had taken no step to this purpose as seemed to be falsely insinuated, during his holding the commission of the reigning monarch.

The affectionate simplicity of Rose, and her anxiety for his safety, —his sense too of her unprotected state, and of the terror and actual dangers to which she might be exposed, made an impression upon his mind, and he instantly wrote to thank her in the kindest terms for her anxiety on his account, to express his earnest good wishes for her welfare and that of her father, and to assure her of his own safety. The feelings which this task excited were speedily lost in the necessity which he now saw of bidding farewell to Flora Mac-Ivor, perhaps for ever. The pang attending this reflection was inexpressible; for her high-minded elevation of character, her self-devotion to the cause which she had embraced, united to her scrupulous rectitude as to the means of serving it, had vindicated to his judgment the choice adopted by his passions. But time pressed, calumny was busy with his fame,

and every hour's delay increased the power to injure it. His departure must be instant.

With this determination he sought out Fergus, and communicated to him the contents of Rose's letter, with his own resolution instantly to go to Edinburgh, and, seeking out some one or other of those persons of influence to whom he had letters from his father, to put into their hands his exculpation from any charge which might be preferred against him.

"You run your head into the lion's mouth," answered Mac-Ivor. "You do not know the severity of a government harassed by just apprehensions, and a consciousness of their own illegality and insecurity. I shall have to deliver you from some dungeon in Stirling or Edinburgh Castle."

"My innocence, my rank, my father's intimacy with Lord M——, General G——, &c., will be a sufficient protection."

"You will find the contrary; these gentlemen will have enough to do about their own matters. Once more, will you take the plaid, and stay a little while with me among the mists and the crows, in the bravest cause ever sword was drawn in?"

"For many reasons, my dear Fergus, you must hold me excused."

"Well then, I shall certainly find you exerting your poetical talents in elegies upon a prison, or your antiquarian researches in detecting the Oggam character, or some Punic hieroglyphic upon the key-stones of a vault, curiously arched. Or what say you to *un petit pendement bien joli*, against which awkward ceremony I don't warrant you, should you meet a body of the armed west-country whigs?"

"And why should they use me so?"

"For a hundred good reasons: First, you are an Englishman; secondly, a gentleman; thirdly, a prelatist abjured; and, fourthly, they have not had an opportunity to exercise their talents on such a subject this long while. But don't be cast down, beloved: all will be done in the fear of the Lord."

"Well, I must run my hazard."

"You are determined then?"

"I am."

"Wilful will do't;—but you cannot go on foot, and I shall want no horse, as I must march on foot at the head of the children of Ivor: you shall have brown Dermid."

"If you will sell him, I shall certainly be much obliged."

"If your proud English heart cannot be obliged by a gift or loan, I will not refuse money at the entrance of a campaign: his price is twenty guineas [Remember, reader, it was Sixty Years since.] And when do you propose to depart?"

"The sooner the better."

"You are right, since go you must, or rather, since go you will: I

will take Flora's poney, and ride with you as far as Bally-Brough. —Callum Beg, see that our horses are ready, with a poney for yourself, to attend and carry Mr Waverley's baggage as far as —— (naming a small town,) where he can have a horse and guide to Edinburgh. Put on a Lowland dress, Callum, and see you keep your tongue close, if you would not have me cut it out: Mr Waverley rides Dermid." Then turning to Edward, "You will take leave of my sister?"

"Surely—that is, if Miss Mac-Ivor will honour me so far."

"Cathleen, let my sister know Mr Waverley wishes to bid her farewell before he leaves us.—But Rose Bradwardine, her situation must be thought of—I wish she were here—And why should she not?—There are but four red coats at Tully-Veolan, and their muskets would be very useful to us."

"To these broken remarks Edward made no answer; his ear indeed received them, but his soul was intent upon the expected entrance of Flora. The door opened—It was but Cathleen, with her lady's excuse and wishes for Captain Waverley's health and happiness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WAVERLEY'S RECEPTION IN THE LOWLANDS AFTER HIS HIGHLAND TOUR.

It was noon when the two friends stood at the top of the pass of Bally-Brough. "I must go no farther," said Fergus Mac-Ivor, who during this journey had in vain endeavoured to raise his friend's spirits. If my cross-grained sister has any share in your dejection, trust me she thinks highly of you, though her present anxiety about the public cause prevents her listening to any other subject. Confide your interest to me; I will not betray it, providing you do not again assume that vile cockade."

"No fear of that, considering the manner in which it has been recalled. Adieu, Fergus; do not permit your sister to forget me."

"And adieu, Waverley; you may soon hear of her with a prouder title. Get home, write letters, and make friends as many and as fast as you can; there will speedily be unexpected guests on the coast of Suffolk, or my news from France has deceived me."

Thus parted the friends; Fergus returning back to his castle, while Edward, followed by Callum Beg, the latter transformed from point to point into a Low-country groom, proceeded to the little town of——.

Edward paced on under the painful and yet not altogether embittered feelings which separation and uncertainty produce in the mind of a youthful lover. I am not sure if the ladies understand the full value

of the influence of absence, nor do I think it wise to teach it them, lest, like the Clelias and Mandanes of yore, they should resume the humour of sending their lovers to banishment. Distance, in truth, produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are softened, and rounded, and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are melted down, and those by which it is remembered are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists too in the mental, as well as the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects, and there are happy lights, to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

Waverley forgot Flora Mac-Ivor's prejudices in her magnanimity, and almost pardoned her indifference towards his affection, when he recollected the grand and decisive object which seemed to fill her whole soul. She, whose sense of duty so wholly engrossed her in the cause of a benefactor, what would be her feelings in favour of the happy individual who should be so fortunate as to awaken them? They came the doubtful question, whether he might not be that happy man, — a question which fancy endeavoured to answer in the affirmative, by conjuring up all she had said in his praise, with the addition of a comment much more flattering than the text warranted. All that was common-place, all that belonged to the every-day world, was melted away and obliterated in those dreams of imagination, which only remembered with advantage the points of grace and dignity that distinguished Flora from the generality of her sex, not the particulars which she held in common with them. Edward was, in short, in the fair way of creating a goddess out of a high-spirited, accomplished, and beautiful young woman; and the time was wasted in castle-building, until, at the descent of a steep hill, he saw beneath him the market-town of —.

The Highland politeness of Callum Beg—there are few nations, by the way, that can boast of so much natural politeness as the Highlanders—the Highland civility of his attendant had not permitted him to disturb the reveries of our hero. But, observing him rouse himself at the sight of the village, Callum pressed closer to his side, and hoped “when they cam to the public, his honour wad not say nothing about Vich Ian Vohr, for ta people were bitter whigs, de’il burst tem.”

Waverley assured the prudent page that he would be cautious; and as he now distinguished, not indeed the ringing of bells, but the tinkling of something like a hammer against the side of an old mossy, green, inverted porridge-pot, that hung in an open booth, of the size and shape of a parrot's cage, erected to grace the east end of a building resembling an old barn, he asked Callum Beg if it were Sunday.

“Could na say just preceesely—Sunday seldom cam aboon the pass of Bally-Brough.”

On entering the town, however, and advancing toward the most apparent public-house which presented itself, the numbers of old women, in tartan screens and red cloaks, who streamed from the barn-resembling building, debating as they went, the comparative merits of the blessed youth Jabesh Rentowel, and that chosen vessel Maister Goukthrapple, induced Callum to assure his temporary master, "that it was either ta muckle Sunday hersel, or ta little government Sunday that they ca'd ta fast."

Upon alighting at the sign of the Seven-branched Golden Candlestick, which, for the further delectation of the guests, was graced with a short Hebrew motto, they were received by mine host, a tall thin puritanical figure, who seemed to debate with himself whether he ought to give shelter to those who travelled on such a day. Reflecting, however, in all probability, that he possessed the power of mulcting them for this irregularity, a penalty which they might escape by passing into Gregor Duncanson's, at the sign of the Highlander and the Hawick Gill, Mr. Ebenezer Cruickshanks condescended to admit them into his dwelling.

To this sanctified person Waverley addressed his request, that he would procure him a guide, with a saddle-horse, to carry his portman-teau to Edinburgh.

"And whar may ye be coming from?" demanded mine host of the Candlestick.

"I have told you where I wish to go: I do not conceive any further information necessary either for the guide or his saddle-horse."

"Hem! Ahem!" returned he of the Candlestick, somewhat disconcerted at this rebuff. "It's the general fast, sir, and I cannot enter into any carnal transactions on sic a day, when the people should be humbled, and the backsliders should return, as worthy Mr Goukthrapple said; and moreover when, as the precious Mr Jabesh Rentowel did weel observe, the land was mourning for Covenants burnt, broken and buried."

"My good friend, if you cannot let me have a horse and a guide, my servant shall seek them elsewhere."

"Aweel! Your servant?—and what for gangs he not forward wi' you himsel?"

Waverley had but very little of a captain of horse's spirit within him—I mean of that sort of spirit which I have been obliged to when I happened, in a mail-coach, or dilligence, to meet some military man who has kindly taken upon him the disciplining of the waiters, and the taxing of reckonings. Some of this useful talent our hero had, however, acquired during his military service, and on this gross provocation it began seriously to arise. "Look ye, sir; I came here for my own accommodation, and not to answer impertinent questions. Either say you can, or cannot, get me what I want; I shall pursue my course in either case."

Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks left the room with some indistinct muttering; but whether negative or acquiescent, Edward could not well distinguish. The hostess, a civil, quiet, laborious drudge, came to take his orders for dinner, but declined to make answer upon the subject of the horse and guide; for the Salique law, it seems, extended to the stables of the Golden Candlestick.

From a window which overlooked the dark and narrow court in which Callum Beg dressed the horses after their journey, Waverley heard the following dialogue betwixt the subtle foot-page of Vich Ian Vohr and his landlord.

"Ye'll be frae the north, young man?" began the latter.

"And ye may say that," answered Callum.

"And ye'll hae ridden a lang way the day, it may we'el be?"

"Sae lang, that I could weel tak a dram."

"Gudewife, bring the gill stoup."

Here some compliments passed fitting the occasion, when my host of the Golden Candlestick, having, as he thought, opened his guest's heart by this hospitable propitiation, resumed his scrutiny.

"Ye'll no hae mickle better whisky than that aboon the Pass?"

"I am nae frae aboon the Pass."

"Ye're a Highlandman by your tongue!"

"Na; I am but just Aberdeen-a-way."

"And did your master come frae Aberdeen wi' you?"

"Ay—that's when I left it mysel," answered the cool and impenetrable Callum Beg.

"And what kind of a gentleman is he?"

"I believe he is ane o' King George's state officers, at least he's aye for ganging on to the south, and he has a hantle siller, and never grudges ony thing till a poor body, or in the way of a lawing."

"He wants a guide and a horse frae hence to Edinburgh?"

"Ay, and ye maun find it him forthwith."

"Ahem! it will be chargeable."

"He cares na for that a boddle."

"Aweel, Duncan—did ye say your name was Duncan, or Donald?"

"Na, man—Jamie—Jamie Steenson—I telt ye before."

This last undaunted parry altogether foiled Mr Cruickshanks, who, though not quite satisfied either with the reserve of the master, or the extreme readiness of the man, was contented to lay a tax upon the reckoning and horsehire, that might compound for his ungratified curiosity. The circumstance of its being the fast-day was not forgotten in the charge, which, upon the whole, did not, however, amount to much more than double what in fairness it should have been.

Callum Beg soon after announced in person the ratification of this treaty, adding, "Ta auld deevil was ganging to ride wi' the Duinhè-wassel hersel."

"That will not be very pleasant, Callum, nor altogether safe, for our host seems a person of great curiosity; but a traveller must submit to these inconveniences. Meanwhile, my good lad, here is a trifle for you to drink Vich Ian Vohr's health."

The hawk's eye of Callum flashed delight upon a golden guinea, with which these last words were accompanied. He hastened, not without a curse upon the intricacies of a Saxon breeches pocket, or *spleuchan*, as he called it, to deposit the treasure in his fob; and then, as if he conceived the benevolence called for some requital on his part, he gathered close up to Edward, with an expression of countenance peculiarly knowing, and spoke in an under tone, "If his honour thought ta auld deevil whig carle was a bit dangerous, she could easily provide for him, and teil ane ta wiser."

"How and in what manner?"

"Her ain sell," replied Callum, "could wait for him a wee bit frae the toun, and kittle his quarters wi' her *skene-occle*."

"Skene-occle! what's that?"

Callum unbuttoned his coat, raised his left arm, and, with an emphatic nod, pointed to the hilt of a small dirk, snugly deposited under it, in the lining of his jacket. Waverley thought he had misunderstood his meaning; he gazed in his face, and discovered in Callum's very handsome, though embrowned features, just the degree of roguish malice with which a lad of the same age in England would have brought forward a plan for robbing an orchard.

"Good God, Callum, would you take the man's life?"

"Indeed," answered the young desperado, "and I think he has had just a lang enough lease o't, when he's for betraying honest folk, that come to spend siller at his public."

Edward saw nothing was to be gained by argument, and therefore contented himself with enjoining Callum to lay aside all practices against the person of Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks; in which injunction the page seemed to acquiesce with an air of great indifference.

Ta Duinhé-wassel might please himsel; ta auld rudas loon had never done Callum nae ill. But here's a bit line frae ta Tighearnach, tat he bade me gie your honour ere I came back."

The letter from the Chief contained Flora's lines on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I.; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and

spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career.

There were obvious reasons why the politic Chieftain was desirous to place the example of this young hero under the eye of Waverley, with whose romantic disposition it coincided so peculiarly. But his letter turned chiefly upon some trifling commissions which Waverley had promised to execute for him in England, and it was only toward the conclusion that Edward found these words;—"I owe Flora a grudge for refusing us her company yesterday; and as I am giving you the trouble of reading these lines, in order to keep in your memory your promise to procure me the fishing-tackle and cross-bow from London, I will enclose her verses on the Grave of Wogan. This I know will tease her; for, to tell you the truth, I think her more in love with the memory of that dead hero, than she is likely to be with any living one, unless he shall tread a similar path. But English squires of our day keep their oak trees to shelter their deer parks, or repair the losses of an evening at White's, and neither invoke them to wreath their brows, or shelter their graves. Let me hope for one brilliant exception in a dear friend, to whom I would gladly give a dearer title."

The verses were inscribed,

TO AN OAK TREE,

*In the Church-Yard of —, in the Highlands of Scotland, said to be
the Grave of Captain Wogan, killed in 1649.*

Emblem of England's ancient faith,
Full proudly may thy branches wave,
Where loyalty lies low in death,
And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb!
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honoured sod to bloom,
The flowerets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Ere the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine?

No! for, 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
 (When England's sons the strife resign'd)
 A rugged race resisting still,
 And unsubdued though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
 No holy knell thy requiem rung :
 Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
 Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in fortunes's summer-shine
 To waste life's longest term away,
 Would change that glorious dawn of thine,
 Though darken'd ere its noontide day ?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
 Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom !
 Rome bound with oak her patriots' brows
 As Albyn shadows Wogan's Tomb.

Whatever might be the real merit of Flora Mac-Ivor's poetry, the enthusiasm which it imitated was well calculated to make a corresponding impression upon her lover. The lines were read—read again—then deposited in Waverley's bosom—then again drawn out, and read line by line, in a low and smothered voice, and with frequent pauses which prolonged the mental treat, as an epicure protracts, by sipping slowly, the enjoyment of a delicious beverage. The entrance of Mrs Cruickshanks, with the sublunary articles of dinner and wine, hardly interrupted this pantomime of affectionate enthusiasm.

At length the tall ungainly figure and ungracious visage of Ebenezer presented themselves. The upper part of his form, notwithstanding the season required no such defence, was shrouded in a large great-coat, belted over his under habiliments, and crested with a huge cowl of the same stuff, which, when drawn over the head and hat, completely overshadowed both, and being buttoned beneath the chin, was called a *trot-cozy*. His hand grasped a huge jockey-whip, garnished with brass mounting. His thin legs tenanted a pair of gambadoes, fastened at the sides with rusty clasps. Thus accoutred, he stalked into the midst of the apartment, and announced his errand in brief phrase :—"Ye're horses are ready."

"You go with me yourself then, landlord !"

"I do, as far as Perth ; where ye may be supplied with a guide to Embro', as your occasions shall require."

Thus saying, he placed under Waverley's eye the bill which he held in his hand ; and at the same time, self-invited, filled a glass of wine, and drank devoutly to a blessing on their journey. Waverley stared at the man's impudence, but, as their connection was to be short, and promised to be convenient, he made no observation upon it ; and, having paid his reckoning, expressed his intention to depart immediately. He mounted Dermid accordingly, and sallied forth from

the Golden Candlestick, followed by the puritanical figure we have described, after he had, at the expense of some time and difficulty, and by the assistance of a "loupin-on-stane," or structure of masonry erected for the traveller's convenience in front of the house, elevated his person to the back of a long-backed, raw-boned, thin-gutted phantom of a broken-down blood-horse, on which Waverley's portmanteau was deposited. Our hero, though not in a very gay humour, could hardly help laughing at the appearance of his new squire, and at imagining the astonishment which his person and equipage would have excited at Waverley-Honour.

Edward's tendency to mirth did not escape mine host of the Candlestick, who, conscious of the cause, infused a double portion of souring into the pharasaical leaven of his countenance, and resolved internally that, in one way or other, the young *Englischer* should pay dearly for the contempt with which he seemed to regard him. Callum also stood at the gate, and enjoyed, with undissembled glee, the ridiculous figure of Mr Cruickshanks. As Waverley passed him, he pulled off his hat respectfully, and, approaching his stirrup, bade him "Tak heed the auld whig deevil played him nae cantrip."

Waverley once more thanked, and bade him farewell, and then rode briskly onward, not sorry to be out of hearing of the shouts of the children, as they beheld old Ebenezer rise and sink in his stirrups, to avoid the concussions occasioned by a hard trot upon a half-paved street. The village of ——— was soon several miles behind him.

CHAPTER XXX.

SHOWS THAT THE LOSS OF A HORSE'S SHOE MAY BE A SERIOUS
INCONVENIENCE.

THE manner and air of Waverley, but, above all, the glittering contents of his purse, and the indifference with which he seemed to regard them, somewhat overawed his companion, and deterred him from making any attempts to enter upon conversation. His own reflections were moreover agitated by various surmises, and by plans of self-interest, with which these were intimately connected. The travellers journeyed, therefore, in silence, until it was interrupted by the annunciation, on the part of the guide, that his "naig had lost a fore-foot shoe, which, doubtless, his honour would consider it was his part to replace."

This was what lawyers call a *fishing question*, calculated to ascertain how far Waverley was disposed to submit to petty imposition. "My

part to replace your horse's shoe, you rascal!" said Waverley, mistaking the purport of the intimation.

"Indubitably," answered Mr Cruickshanks; "though there was no precise clause to that effect, it canna be expected that I am to pay for the casualties whilk may befall the puir naig while in your honour's service.—Nathless, if your honour"—

"O, you mean I am to pay the ferrier; but where shall we find one?"

Rejoiced at discerning there would be no objection made on the part of his temporary master, Mr Cruickshanks assured him that Cairnvreckan, a village which they were about to enter, was happy in an excellent blacksmith; "but as he was a professor, he would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath, or kirk-fast, unless it were in a case of absolute necessity, for which he always charged sixpence each shoe." The most important part of this communication, in the opinion of the speaker, made a very slight impression on the hearer, who only internally wondered what college this veterinary professor belonged to; not aware that the word was used to denote any person who pretended to uncommon sanctity of faith and manner.

As they entered the village of Cairnvreckan, they speedily distinguished the smith's house. Being also a *public*, it was two stories high, and proudly reared its crest, covered with grey slate, above the thatched hovels by which it was surrounded. The adjoining smithy betokened none of the Sabbatical silence and repose which Ebenezer had augured from the sanctity of his friend. On the contrary, hammer clashed and anvil rang, the bellows groaned, and the whole apparatus of Vulcan appeared to be in full activity. Nor was the labour of a rural and pacific nature. The master smith, benempt, as his sign intimated, John Mucklewrath, with two assistants, toiled busily in arranging, repairing, and furbishing old muskets, pistols, and swords, which lay scattered around his workshop in military confusion. The open shed, containing the forge, was crowded with persons who came and went as if receiving and communicating important news; and a single glance at the aspect of the people who traversed the street in haste, or stood assembled in groups, with eyes elevated, and hands uplifted, announced that some extraordinary intelligence was agitating the public mind of the municipality of Cairnvreckan. "There is some news," said mine host of the Candlestick, pushing his lanthorn-jawed visage and bare-boned nag rudely forward into the crowd—"there is some news, and if it please my Creator, I will forthwith obtain speerings thereof."

Waverley, with better regulated curiosity than his attendant, dismounted and gave his horse to a boy who stood idling near. It arose, perhaps, from the shyness of his character in early youth, that he felt dislike at applying to a stranger even for casual information, without

previously glancing at his physiognomy and appearance. While he looked about in order to select the person with whom he would most willingly hold communication, the buzz around saved him in some degree the trouble of interrogatories. The names of Lochiel, Clanronald, Glengary, and other distinguished Highland Chiefs, among whom Vich Ian Vohr was repeatedly mentioned, were as familiar in men's mouths as household words; and from the alarm generally expressed, he easily conceived that their descent into the Lowlands, at the head of their armed tribes, had either already taken place, or was instantly apprehended.

Ere Waverley could ask particulars, a strong large-boned, hard-featured woman, about forty, dressed as if her clothes had been flung on with a pitchfork, her cheeks flushed with a scarlet red where they were not smutted with soot and lamp-black, jostled through the crowd, and, brandishing high a child of two years old, which she danced in her arms, without regard to its screams of terror, sang forth, with all her might,—

"Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling,
The young Chevalier."

"D'ye hear what's come owre ye now, ye whingeing whig carles?
D'ye hear wha's coming to cow yere cracks?"

"Little wot ye wha's coming,
Little wot ye wha's coming,
A' the wild Macraus are coming."

The Vulcan of Cairnyreckan, who acknowledged his Venus in this exulting Bacchanal, regarded her with a grim and ire-foreboding countenance, while some of the senators of the village hastened to interpose. "Whisht, gudewife; is this a time, or is this a day, to be singing your rantin fule sangs in?—a time when the wine of wrath is poured out without mixture in the cup of indignation, and a day when the land should give testimony against popery and prelacy, and quakerism, and independency, and supremacy, and erastianism, and antinomianism, and a' the errors of the church."

"And that's a' your whiggery," re-echoed the virago; "that's a' your whiggery, and your presbytery, ye cut-lugged graning carles! What! d'ye think the lads wi' the kilts will care for yere synods and yere presbyteries, and yere buttock-mail, and yere stool o' repentance? Vengeance on the black face o't! mony an honest woman's been set upon it than streaks doon beside ony whig in the country. I mysel"—

Here John Mucklewrath, who dreaded her entering upon a detail of personal experiences, interposed his matrimonial authority. "Gae

hame, and be d——, (that I should say sae) and put on the sowens for supper.”

“And you, ye doil’d dotard,” replied his gentle helpmate, her wrath, which had hitherto wandered abroad over the whole assembly, being at once and violently impelled into its natural channel, “ye stand there hammering dog-heads for fules that will never snap them at a Highlandman, instead of earning bread for your family, and shoeing this winsome young gentleman’s horse that’s just come frae the north! I’se warrant him nane of your whingeing King George folk, but a gallant Gordon, at the least o’ him.”

The eyes of the assembly were now turned upon Waverley, who took the opportunity to beg the smith to shoe his guide’s horse with all speed, as he wished to proceed on his journey;—for he had heard enough to make him sensible that there would be danger in delaying long in this place. The smith’s eyes rested on him with a look of displeasure and suspicion, not lessened by the eagerness with which his wife enforced Waverley’s mandate, “D’ye hear what the weel-favoured young gentleman says, ye drunken ne’er-do-good?”

“And what may your name be, sir?” quoth Mucklewrath.

“It is of no consequence to you, my friend, provided I pay your labour.”

“But it may be of consequence to the state, sir,” replied an old farmer, smelling strongly of whisky and peat-smoke; “and I doubt we maun delay your journey till you have seen the laird.”

“You certainly,” said Waverley, haughtily, “will find it both difficult and dangerous to detain me, unless you can produce some proper authority.”

There was a pause and a whisper among the crowd—“Secretary Murray,” “Lord Lewis Gordon;” “May be the Chevalier himsel.” Such were the surmises that passed hurriedly among them, and there was obviously an increasing disposition to resist Waverley’s departure. He attempted to argue mildly with them, but his voluntary ally, Mrs Mucklewrath, broke in upon and drowned his expostulations, taking his part with an abusive violence, which was all set down to Edward’s account by those on whom it was bestowed. “Ye’ll stop ony gentleman that’s the Prince’s freend?” for she too, though with other feelings, had adopted the general opinion respecting Waverley. “I daur ye to touch him,” spreading abroad her long and muscular fingers, garnished with claws which a vulture might have envied. “I’ll set my ten commandments in the face o’ the first loon that lays a finger on him.”

“Gae hame, gudewife,” quoth the farmer aforesaid; “it wad better set you to be nursing the gudeman’s bairns than to be deaving us here.”

“His bairns?” retorted the Amazon, regarding her husband with a grin of ineffable contempt—“His bairns!”

‘ O gin ye were dead, gudeman,
And a green turf on your head, gudeman,
Then I wad ware my widowhood
Upon a ranting Highlandman.’ ”

This canticle, which excited a suppressed titter among the younger part of the audience totally overcame the patience of the taunted man of the anvil. “ De’il be in me but I put this het gad down her throat,” cried he in an ecstasy of wrath, snatching a bar from the forge; and he might have executed his threat, had he not been withheld by a part of the mob, while the rest endeavoured to force the termagant out of his presence.

Waverley meditated a retreat in the confusion, but his horse was nowhere to be seen. At length he observed, at some distance, his faithful attendant, Ebenezer, who, as soon as he had perceived the turn matters were likely to take, had withdrawn both horses from the press, and, mounted on the one, and holding the other, answered the loud and repeated calls of Waverley for his horse, “ Na, na! if ye are nae friend to kirk and the king, and are detained as siccan a person, ye maun answer to honest men of the country for breach of contract; and I maun keep the naig and the walise for damage and expence, in respect my horse and mysel will lose to-morrow’s day’s-wark, besides the afternoon preaching.”

Edward, out of patience, hemmed in and hustled by the rabble on every side, and every moment expecting personal violence, resolved to try measures of intimidation, and at length drew a pocket-pistol, threatening, on the one hand, to shoot whomsoever dared to stop him, and on the other menacing Ebenezer with a similar doom, if he stirred a foot with the horses. The sapient Partridge says, that one man with a pistol is equal to a hundred unarmed, because, though he can shoot but one of the multitude, yet no one knows but that he himself may be that luckless individual. The *levy en masse* of Cairnyreckan would therefore probably have given way, nor would Ebenezer, whose natural paleness had waxed three shades more cadaverous, have ventured to dispute a mandate so enforced, had not the Vulcan of the village, eager to discharge upon some more worthy object the fury which his helpmate had provoked, and not ill satisfied to find such an object in Waverley, rushed at him with the red-hot bar of iron, with such determination, as made the discharge of his pistol an act of self-defence. The unfortunate man fell; and while Edward, thrilled with a natural horror at the incident, neither had presence of mind to unsheathe his sword, nor to draw his remaining pistol, the populace threw themselves upon him, disarmed him, and were about to use him with great violence, when the appearance of a venerable clergyman, the pastor of the parish, put a curb upon their fury.

This worthy man (none of the Goukthripples or Rentowels) main-

tained his character with the common people, although he preached the practical fruits of Christian faith, as well as its abstract tenets, and was respected by the higher orders, notwithstanding he declined soothing their speculative errors by converting the pulpit of the gospel into a school of heathen morality. Perhaps it is owing to this mixture of faith and practice in his doctrine, that, although his memory has formed a sort of era in the annals of Cairnyreckan, so that the parishioners, to denote what befell Sixty Years since, still say it happened "in good Mr Morton's time," I have never been able to discover which he belonged to, the evangelic or the moderate party in the kirk. Nor do I hold the circumstance of much moment, since, in my own remembrance, the one was headed by an Erskine, the other by a Robertson.

Mr Morton had been alarmed by the discharge of the pistol, and the increasing hubbub around the smithy. His first attention, after he had directed the bystanders to detain Waverley, but to abstain from injuring him, was turned to the body of Mucklewrath, over which his wife, in a revulsion of feeling, was weeping, howling, and tearing her elf locks, in a state little short of distraction. Upon raising up the smith, the first discovery was, that he was alive; and the next, that he was likely to live as long as if he had never heard the report of a pistol in his life. He had made a narrow escape, however; the bullet had grazed his head, and stunned him for a moment or two, which trance terror and confusion of spirit had prolonged somewhat longer. He now arose to demand vengeance on the person of Waverley, and with difficulty acquiesced in the proposal of Mr Morton, that he should be carried before the laird, as a justice of the peace, and placed at his disposal. The rest of the assistants unanimously agreed to the measure recommended; even Mrs Mucklewrath, who had begun to recover from her hysterics, whimpered forth, "She wadna say naething against what the minister proposed; he was e'en owre gude for his trade, and she hoped to see him wi' a dainty decent bishop's gown on his back; a comlier sight than your Geneva cloaks and bands, I wis."

All controversy being thus laid aside, Waverley, escorted by the whole inhabitants of the village who were not bed-ridden, was conducted to the house of Cairnyreckan, which was about half a mile distant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN EXAMINATION.

MAJOR MELVILLE of Cairnyreckan, an elderly gentleman, who had spent his youth in the military service, received Mr Morton with great

kindness, and our hero with civility, which the equivocal circumstances wherein Edward was placed rendered constrained and distant.

The nature of the smith's hurt was enquired into, and as the actual injury was likely to prove trifling, and the circumstances in which it was received rendered the infliction, on Edward's part, a natural act of self-defence, the Major conceived he might dismiss that matter, on Waverley's depositing in his hands a small sum for the benefit of the wounded person.

"I could wish, sir," continued the Major, "that my duty terminated here; but it is necessary that we should have some further enquiry into the cause of your journey through the country at this unfortunate and distracted time."

Mr Ebenezer Cruickshanks now stood forth, and communicated to the magistrate all he knew or suspected, from the reserve of Waverley, and the evasions of Callum Beg. The horse upon which Edward rode, he said, he knew to belong to Vich Ian Vohr, though he dared not tax Edward's former attendant with the fact, lest he should have his house and stables burnt over his head some night by that godless gang, the Mac-Ivors. He concluded by exaggerating his own services to kirk and state, as having been the means, under God, (as he modestly qualified the assertion) of attaching this suspicious and formidable delinquent. He intimated hopes of future reward, and of instant reimbursement for loss of time, and even of character, by travelling in the state business upon the fast-day.

To this Major Melville answered, with great composure, that so far from claiming any merit in this affair, Mr Cruickshanks ought to deprecate the imposition of a very heavy fine for neglecting to lodge, in terms of the recent proclamation, an account with the nearest magistrate of any stranger who came to his inn; that as Mr Cruickshanks boasted so much of religion and loyalty, he should not impute this conduct to disaffection, but only suppose that his zeal for kirk and state had been lulled asleep by the opportunity of charging a stranger with double horse-hire; that, however, feeling himself incompetent to decide singly upon the conduct of a person of such importance, he should reserve it for consideration of the next quarter sessions. Now our history for the present saith no more of him of the Candlestick, who wended dolorous and mal-content back to his own dwelling.

Major Melville then commanded the villagers to return to their homes, excepting two, who officiated as constables, and whom he directed to wait below. The apartment was thus cleared of every person but Mr Morton, whom the Major invited to remain; a sort of factor, who acted as clerk; and Waverley himself. There ensued a painful and embarrassed pause, till Major Melville, looking upon Waverley with much compassion, and often consulting a paper or memorandum which he held in his hand, requested to know his name,

“Edward Waverley.”

“I thought so; late of the ——— dragoons, and nephew of Sir Everard Waverley of Waverley-Honour?”

“The same.”

“Young gentleman, I am extremely sorry that this painful duty has fallen to my lot.”

“Duty, Major Melville, renders apologies superfluous.”

“True, sir; permit me, therefore, to ask you, how your time has been disposed of since you obtained leave of absence from your regiment, several weeks ago, until the present moment?”

“My reply to so general a question must be guided by the nature of the charge which renders it necessary. I request to know what that charge is, and upon what authority I am forcibly detained to reply to it?”

“The charge, Mr Waverley, I grieve to say, is of a very high nature, and affects your character both as a soldier and a subject. In the former capacity, you are charged with spreading mutiny and rebellion among the men you commanded, and setting them the example of desertion, by prolonging your own absence from the regiment, contrary to the express orders of your commanding officer. The civil crime of which you stand accused is that of high-treason, and levying war against the king, the highest delinquency of which a subject can be guilty.”

“And by what authority am I detained to reply to such heinous calumnies?”

“By one which you must not dispute, or I disobey.”

He handed to Waverley a warrant from the supreme criminal court of Scotland, in full form, for apprehending and securing the person of Edward Waverley, Esq., suspected of treasonable practices, and other high crimes and misdemeanors.

The astonishment which Waverley expressed at this communication was imputed by Major Melville to conscious guilt, while Mr Morton was rather disposed to construe it into the surprise of innocence unjustly suspected. There was something true in both conjectures; for although Edward's mind acquitted him of the crimes with which he was charged, yet a hasty review of his own conduct convinced him he might have great difficulty in establishing his innocence to the satisfaction of others.

“It is a very painful part of this painful business,” said Major Melville, after a pause, “that, under so grave a charge, I must necessarily request to see such papers as you have on your person.”

“You shall, sir, without reserve,” said Edward, throwing his pocket-book and memorandums upon the table; “there is but one with which I could wish you would dispense.”

“I am afraid I can indulge you with no reservation.”

"You shall see it then, sir; and as it can be of no service, I beg it may be returned."

He took from his bosom the lines he had that morning received, and presented them with the envelope. The Major perused them in silence, and directed his clerk to make a copy of them. He then wrapped the copy in the envelope, and placing it on the table before him, returned the original to Waverley, with an air of melancholy gravity.

After indulging the prisoner, for such our hero must now be considered, with what he thought a reasonable time for reflection, Major Melville resumed his examination, premising, that, as Mr Waverley seemed to object to general questions, his interrogatories should be as specific as his information permitted. He then proceeded in his investigation, dictating, as he went on, the import of the questions and answers to the amanuensis, by whom it was written down.

"Did Mr Waverley know one Humphry Houghton, a non-commissioned officer in G——'s dragoon's?"

"Certainly; he was serjeant of my troop, and son of a tenant of my uncle."

"Exactly—and had a considerable share of your confidence, and an influence among his comrades?"

"I had never occasion to repose confidence in a person of his description. I favoured Serjeant Houghton as a clever, active young fellow, and I believe his fellow-soldiers respected him accordingly."

"But you used through this man to communicate with such of your troop as were recruited upon Waverley-Honour?"

"Certainly; the poor fellows, finding themselves in a regiment chiefly composed of Scotch or Irish, looked up to me in any of their little distresses, and naturally made their countryman, and serjeant, their spokesman on such occasions."

"His influence, then, extended particularly over those soldiers who followed you to the regiment from your uncle's estate?"

"Surely;—but what is that to the present purpose?"

"To that I am just coming, and I beseech your candid reply. Have you, since leaving the regiment, held any correspondence, direct or indirect, with this Serjeant Houghton?"

"I!—I hold correspondence with a man of his rank and situation!—How, or for what purpose?"

"That you are to explain;—but did you not, for example, send to him for some books?"

"You remind me of a trifling commission which I gave him, because my servant could not read. I do recollect I bade him, by letter, select some books, of which I sent him a list, and send them to me at Tully-Veolan."

"And of what description were those books?"

“They related almost entirely to elegant literature: they were designed for a lady’s perusal.”

“Were there not, Mr Waverley, treasonable tracts and pamphlets among them?”

“There were some political treatises, into which I hardly looked. They had been sent to me by the officiousness of a kind friend, whose heart is more to be esteemed than his prudence or political sagacity: they seemed to be dull compositions.”

“That friend was a Mr Pembroke, a non-juring clergyman, the author of two treasonable works, of which the manuscripts were found among your baggage?”

“But of which, I give you my honour as a gentleman, I never read six pages.”

“I am not your judge, Mr Waverley; your examination will be transmitted elsewhere. And now to proceed—Do you know a person that passes by the name of Wily Will, or Will Ruthven?”

“I never heard of such a name till this moment.”

“Did you never, through such a person, or any other person, communicate with Serjeant Humphry Houghton, instigating him to desert, with as many of his comrades as he could seduce to join him, and unite with the Highlanders and other rebels now in arms, under the command of the young Pretender?”

“I assure you I am not only entirely guiltless of the plot you have laid to my charge, but I detest it from the very bottom of my soul, nor would I be guilty of such a treachery to gain a throne, either for myself or any other man alive.”

“Yet when I consider this envelope, in the hand of one of those misguided gentlemen who are now in arms against this country, and the verses which it inclosed, I cannot but find some analogy between the enterprise I have mentioned and the exploit of Wogan, which the writer seems to expect you should imitate.”

Waverley was struck with the coincidence, but denied that the wishes or expectations of the letter-writer were to be regarded as proofs of a charge otherwise chimerical.

“But, if I am rightly informed, your time was spent, during your absence from the regiment, between the house of this Highland Chieftain, and that of Mr Bradwardine, of Bradwardine, also in arms for this unfortunate cause?”

“I do not mean to disguise it; but I do deny, most resolutely, being privy to any of their designs against the government.”

“You do not, however, I presume, intend to deny, that you attended your host Glennaquoich to a rendezvous, where, under pretence of a general hunting match, most of the accomplices of his treason were assembled to concert measures for taking arms?”

“I acknowledge having been at such a meeting; but I neither heard

nor saw anything which could give it the character you affix to it."

"From thence you proceeded, with Glennaquoich and a part of his clan, to join the army of the young Pretender, and returned, after having paid your homage to him, to discipline and arm the remainder, and unite them to his bands on their way southward?"

"I never went with Glennaquoich on such an errand. I never so much as heard that the person whom you mention was in the country."

He then detailed the history of his misfortune at the hunting match, and added, that on his return he found himself suddenly deprived of his commission, and did not deny that he then, for the first time, observed symptoms which indicated a disposition in the Highlanders to take arms; but added, that having no inclination to join their cause, and no longer any reason for remaining in Scotland, he was now on his return to his native country, to which he had been summoned by those who had a right to direct his motions, as Major Melville would perceive from the letters on the table.

Major Melville accordingly perused the letters of Richard Waverley, of Sir Everard, and of Aunt Rachael, but the inferences he drew from them were different from what Waverley expected. They held the language of discontent with government, threw out no obscure hints of revenge, and that of poor Aunt Rachael, which plainly asserted the justice of the Stuart cause, was held to contain the open avowal of what the others only ventured to intimate.

"Permit me another question, Mr Waverley. Did you not receive repeated letters from your commanding-officer, warning you and commanding you to return to your post, and acquainting you with the use made of your name to spread discontent through your soldiers?"

"I never did, Major Melville. One letter, indeed, I received from him, containing a civil intimation of his wish that I would employ my leave of absence otherwise than in constant residence at Bradwardine, as to which, I own, I thought he was not called upon to interfere; and, finally, I had, on the same day in which I observed myself superseded in the Gazette, a second letter from Colonel G——, commanding me to join the regiment, an order which, owing to my absence, already mentioned and accounted for, I received too late to be obeyed. If there were any intermediate letters, and certainly from Colonel G——'s high character I think it probable that there were, they have never reached me."

"I have omitted, Mr Waverley, to inquire after a matter of less consequence, but which has nevertheless been publicly talked of to your disadvantage. It is said that a treasonable toast having been proposed in your hearing and presence, you, holding his majesty's commission, suffered the task of resenting it to devolve upon another gentleman of the company. This, sir, cannot be charged against you in a court of justice; but if, as I am informed, the officers of your

regiment requested an explanation of such a rumour, as a gentleman and soldier, I cannot but be surprised that you did not afford it to them."

This was too much. Beset and pressed on every hand by accusations, in which gross falsehoods were blended with such circumstances of truth as could not fail to procure them credit,—alone, unfriended, and in a strange land, Waverley almost gave up his life and honour for lost, and, leaning his head upon his hand, resolutely refused to answer any further questions, since the fair and candid statement he had already made had only served to furnish arms against him.

Without expressing either surprise or displeasure at the change in Waverley's manner, Major Melville proceeded composedly to put several other queries to him. "What does it avail me to answer you?" said Edward, sullenly. "You appear convinced of my guilt, and wrest every reply I have made to support your own preconceived opinion. Enjoy it then, and torment me no further. If I am capable of the cowardice and treachery your charge burdens me with, I am not worthy to be believed in any reply I can make you. If I am not deserving of your suspicion—and God and my own conscience bear evidence with me that it is so—then I do not see why I should, by my candour, lend my accusers arms against my innocence. There is no reason I should answer a word more." And again he resumed his posture of sullen and determined silence.

"Allow me," said the magistrate, "to remind you of one reason that may suggest the propriety of a candid and open confession. The inexperience of youth, Mr Waverley, lays it open to the plans of the more designing and artful; and one of your friends at least—I mean Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich—ranks high in the latter class, as, from your apparent ingenuousness, youth, and unacquaintance with the manners of the Highlands, I should be disposed to place you among the former. In such a case, a false step, or error like yours, which I shall be happy to consider as involuntary, may be atoned for, and I would willingly act as intercessor. But as you must necessarily be acquainted with the strength of the individuals in this country who have assumed arms, with their means, and with their plans, I must expect you will merit this mediation on my part by a frank and candid avowal of all that has come to your knowledge upon these heads. In which case, I think I can promise that a very short personal restraint will be the only ill consequence that can arise from your accession to these unhappy intrigues."

Waverley listened with great composure until the end of this exhortation, when, springing from his seat, with an energy he had not yet displayed, he replied, "Major Melville, since that is your name, I have hitherto answered your questions with candour, or declined them with temper, because their import concerned myself alone; but as you pre-

sume to esteem me mean enough to commence informer against others, who received me, whatever may be their public misconduct, as a guest and friend,—I declare to you that I consider your questions as an insult infinitely more offensive than your calumnious suspicions; and that, since my hard fortune permits me no other mode of resenting them than by verbal defiance, you should sooner have my heart out of my bosom, than a single syllable of information upon subjects which I could only become acquainted with in the full confidence of unsuspecting hospitality.”

Mr Morton and the Major looked at each other; and the former, who, in the course of the examination, had been repeatedly troubled with a sorry rheum, had recourse to his snuff-box and his handkerchief.

“Mr Waverley,” said the Major, “my present situation prohibits me alike from giving or receiving offence, and I will not protract a discussion which approaches to either. I am afraid I must sign a warrant for detaining you in custody, but this house shall for the present be your prison. I fear I cannot persuade you to accept a share of our supper?—(Edward shook his head)—but I will order refreshments in your apartment.”

Our hero bowed and withdrew, under guard of the officers of justice, to a handsome but small room, where, declining all offer of food or wine, he flung himself on the bed, and, stupified by the harassing events and mental fatigue of this miserable day, he sunk into a deep and heavy slumber. This was more than he himself could have expected; but it is mentioned of the North American Indians, when at the stake of torture, that on the least intermission of agony, they will sleep until the fire is applied to awaken them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CONFERENCE, AND THE CONSEQUENCE.

MAJOR MELVILLE had detained Mr Morton during his examination of Waverley, both because he thought he might derive assistance from his practical good sense and approved loyalty, and also because it was agreeable to have a witness of unimpeached candour and veracity to proceedings which touched the honour and safety of a young Englishman of high rank and family, and the expectant heir of a large fortune. Every step he knew would be rigorously canvassed, and it was his business to place the justice and integrity of his own conduct beyond the limits of question.

When Waverley retired, the Laird and Clergyman of Cairnyreckan sat down in silence to their evening meal. While the servants were in attendance, neither chose to say anything on the circumstances which occupied their minds, and neither felt it easy to speak upon any other. The youth and apparent frankness of Waverley, stood in strong contrast to the shades of suspicion which darkened around him, and he had a sort of naiveté and openness of demeanour, that seemed to belong to one unhackneyed in the ways of intrigue, and which pleaded highly in his favour.

Each mused over the particulars of the examination, and each viewed it through the medium of his own feelings. Both were men of ready and acute talent, and both were equally competent to combine various points of evidence, and to deduce from them the necessary conclusions. But the wide difference of their habits and education often occasioned a great discrepancy in their respective deductions from admitted premises.

Major Melville had been versed in camps and cities; he was vigilant by profession, and cautious from experience, had met with much evil in the world, and therefore, though himself an upright magistrate and an honourable man, his opinions of others were always strict, and sometimes unjustly severe. Mr Morton, on the contrary, had passed from the literary pursuits of a college, where he was beloved by his companions, and respected by his teachers, to the ease and simplicity of his present charge, where his opportunities of witnessing evil were few, and never dwelt upon, but in order to encourage repentance and amendment; and where the love and respect of his parishioners repaid his affectionate zeal in their behalf, by endeavouring to disguise from him what they knew would give him the most acute pain,—their own occasional transgressions, namely, of the duties which it was the business of his life to recommend. Thus it was a common saying in the neighbourhood, (though both were popular characters,) that the laird knew only the ill in the parish, and the minister only the good.

A love of letters, though kept in subordination to his clerical studies and duties, also distinguished the Pastor of Cairnyreckan, and had tinged his mind in earlier days with a slight feeling of romance, which no after incidents of real life had entirely dissipated. The early loss of an amiable young woman, whom he had married for love, and who was quickly followed to the grave by an only child, had also served, even after the lapse of many years, to soften and enhance a disposition naturally mild and contemplative. His feelings on the present occasion were therefore likely to differ from those of the severe disciplinarian, strict magistrate, and distrustful man of the world.

When the servants had withdrawn, the silence of both parties continued, until Major Melville, filling his glass, and pushing the bottle to Mr Morton, commenced.

"A distressing affair this, Mr Morton. I fear this youngster has brought himself within the compass of a halter."

"God forbid!" answered the clergyman.

"Marry and amen," said the temporal magistrate; "but I think even your merciful logic will hardly deny the conclusion."

"Surely, Major, I should hope it might be averted, for aught we have heard to-night."

"Indeed!—But, my good parson, you are one of those who would communicate to every criminal the benefit of clergy."

"Unquestionably I would: Mercy and long-suffering are the grounds of the doctrine I am called to teach."

"True, religiously speaking; but mercy to a criminal may be gross injustice to the community. I don't speak of this young fellow in particular, who I heartily wish may be able to clear himself, for I like both his modesty and his spirit. But I fear he has rushed upon his fate."

"And why? Hundreds of misguided gentlemen are now in arms against the government, many, doubtless, upon principles which education and early prejudice have gilded with the names of patriotism and heroism;—Justice, when she selects her victims from such a multitude, (for surely all will not be destroyed,) must regard the moral motive. He whom ambition, or hope of personal advantage, has led to disturb the peace of a well-ordered government, let him fall a victim to the laws; but surely youth, misled by the wild visions of chivalry and imaginary loyalty, may plead for pardon."

"If visionary chivalry and imaginary loyalty come within the predicament of high treason, I know no court in Christendom, my dear Mr Morton, where they can sue out their Habeas Corpus."

"But I cannot see that this youth's guilt is at all established to my satisfaction."

"Because your good nature blinds your good sense. Observe now, This young man, descended of a family of hereditary Jacobites, his uncle the leader of the tory interest in the county of ——, his father a disobliged and discontented courtier, his tutor a non-juror, and the author of two treasonable volumes—this youth, I say, enters into G——'s dragoons, bringing with him a body of young fellows from his uncle's estate, who have not stickled at avowing, in their way, the high-church principles they learned at Waverley-Honour, in their disputes with their comrades. To these young men Waverley is unusually attentive; they are supplied with money beyond a soldier's wants, and inconsistent with his discipline; and are under the management of a favourite serjeant, through whom they hold an unusually close communication with their captain, and affect to consider themselves as independent of the other officers, and superior to their comrades.

"All this, my dear Major, is the natural consequence of their attachment to their young landlord, and of their finding themselves in a regiment levied chiefly in the north of Ireland and west of Scotland, and of course among comrades disposed to quarrel with them, both as Englishmen, and as of the church of England."

"Well said, parson!—I would some of your synod heard you—But let me go on. This young man obtains leave of absence, goes to Tully-Veolan—the principles of the Baron of Bradwardine are pretty well known, not to mention that this lad's uncle brought him off in the year fifteen; he engages there in a brawl, in which he is said to have disgraced the commission he bore; Colonel G—— writes to him, first mildly, then more sharply—I think you will not doubt his having done so, since he says so; the mess invite him to explain the quarrel, in which he is said to have been involved; he neither replies to his commander nor his comrades. In the meanwhile his soldiers became mutinous and disorderly, and at length, when the rumour of this unhappy rebellion becomes general, his favourite Serjeant Houghton, and another fellow, are detected in correspondence with a French emissary, accredited, as he says, by Captain Waverley, who urges him, according to the men's confession, to desert with the troop and join their captain, who was with Prince Charles. In the meanwhile this trusty captain is, by his own admission, residing at Glennaquoich with the most active, subtle, and desperate Jacobite in Scotland; he goes with him at least as far as their famous hunting rendezvous, and I fear a little farther. Meanwhile two other summonses are sent him; one warning him of the disturbances in his troop, another peremptorily ordering him to repair to the regiment, which indeed common sense might have dictated, when he observed rebellion thickening all round him. He returns an absolute refusal, and throws up his commission."

"He had been already deprived of it."

"But he regrets that the measure had anticipated his resignation. His baggage is seized at his quarters, and at Tully-Veolan, and is found to contain a stock of pestilent jacobitical pamphlets, enough to poison a whole country, besides the unprinted lucubrations of his worthy friend and tutor Mr Pembroke."

"He says he never read them."

"In an ordinary case I should believe him, for they are as stupid and pedantic in composition as mischievous in their tenets. But can you suppose anything but value for the principles they maintain, would induce a young man of his age to lug such trash about with him? Then, when news arrive of the approach of the rebels, he sets out in a sort of disguise, refusing to tell his name; and, if that old fanatic tell truth, attended by a very suspicious character, and mounted on a horse known to have belonged to Glennaquoich, and bearing on

his person letters from his family expressing high rancour against the house of Brunswick, and a copy of verses in praise of one Wogan, who abjured the service of the parliament to join the Highland insurgents, when in arms to restore the house of Stuart, with a body of English cavalry—the very counterpart of his own plot—and summed up with a Go thou and do likewise, from that loyal subject, and most safe and peaceable character, Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, Vich Ian Vohr, and so forth. And, lastly,” continued Major Melville, warming in the detail of his arguments, “where do we find this second edition of Cavalier Wogan? Why, truly, in the very track most proper for execution of his design, and pistolling the first of the king’s subjects who ventures to question his intentions.”

Mr Morton prudently abstained from argument, which he perceived would only harden the magistrate in his opinion, and barely asked how he intended to dispose of the prisoner?

“It is a question of some difficulty, considering the state of the country.”

“Could you not detain him (being such a gentleman-like young man) here in your own house, out of harm’s way, till this storm blow over?”

“My good friend, neither your house nor mine will be long out of harm’s way, even were it legal to confine him here. I have just learned that the commander-in-chief, who marched into the Highlands to seek out and disperse the insurgents, has declined giving them battle at Corryerick, and marched on northwards with all the disposable force of government to Inverness, John-o’-Groat’s House, or the devil, for what I know, leaving the road to the low country open and undefended to the Highland army.”

“Good God! Is the man a coward, a traitor, or an idiot?”

“None of the three, I believe. He has the common-place courage of a common soldier, is honest enough, does what he is commanded, and understands what is told him, but is as fit to act for himself, in circumstances of importance, as I, my dear parson, to occupy your pulpit.”

This important public intelligence naturally diverted the discourse from Waverley for some time; at length, however, the subject was resumed.

“I believe,” said Major Melville, “that I must give this young man in charge to some of the detached parties of armed volunteers, who were lately sent out to overawe the disaffected districts. They are now recalled towards Stirling, and a small body comes this way to-morrow or next day, commanded by the westland man—what’s his name?—You saw him, and said he was the very model of one of Cromwell’s military saints.”

“Gilfillan, the Cameronian. I wish the young gentleman may be

safe with him. Strange things are done in the heat and hurry of minds in so agitating a crisis, and I fear Gilfillan is of a sect which has suffered persecution without learning mercy."

"He has only to lodge Mr Waverley in Stirling Castle: I will give strict injunctions to treat him well. I really cannot devise any better mode for securing him, and I fancy you would hardly advise me to encounter the responsibility of setting him at liberty."

"But you will have no objection to my seeing him to-morrow in private?"

"None, certainly; your loyalty and character are my warrant. But with what view do you make the request?"

"Simply to make the experiment whether he may not be brought to communicate to me some circumstances which may hereafter be useful to alleviate, if not to exculpate, his conduct."

The friends now parted and retired to rest, each filled with the most anxious reflections on the state of the country.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A CONFIDANT.

WAVERLEY awoke in the morning, from troubled dreams and unrefreshing slumbers, to a full consciousness of the horrors of his situation. How it might terminate he knew not. He might be delivered up to military law, which, in the midst of civil war, was not likely to be scrupulous in the choice of its victims, or the quality of the evidence. Nor did he feel much more comfortable at the thoughts of a trial before a Scottish court of justice, where he knew the laws and forms differed in many respects from those of England, and had been taught to believe, however erroneously, that the liberty and rights of the subjects were less carefully protected. A sentiment of bitterness rose in his mind against the government, which he considered as the cause of his embarrassment and peril, and he cursed internally his scrupulous rejection of Mac-Ivor's invitation to accompany him to the field.

"Why did not I," he said to himself, "like other men of honour, take the earliest opportunity to welcome to Britain the descendant of her ancient kings, and lineal heir of her throne? Why did not I

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith,
Seek out Prince Charles, and fall before his feet?

All that has been recorded of excellence and worth in the house of Waverley has been founded upon their loyal faith to the house of

Stuart. From the interpretation which this Scotch magistrate has put upon the letters of my uncle and father, it is plain that I ought to have understood them as marshalling me to the course of my ancestors; and it has been my gross dulness, joined to the obscurity of expression which they adopted for the sake of security, that has confounded my judgment. Had I yielded to the first generous impulse of indignation, when I learned that my honour was practised upon, how different had been my present situation! I had then been free and in arms, fighting, like my forefathers, for love, for loyalty, and for fame. And now I am here, netted and in the toils, at the disposal of a suspicious, stern, and cold-hearted man, perhaps to be turned over to the solitude of a dungeon, or the infamy of a public execution. O Fergus! how true has your prophecy proved; and how speedy, how very speedy, has been its accomplishment!"

While Edward was ruminating on these painful subjects of contemplation, and very naturally, though not quite so justly, bestowing upon the reigning dynasty that blame which was due to chance, or, in part at least, to his own unreflecting conduct, Mr Morton availed himself of Major Melville's permission to pay him an early visit.

Waverley's first impulse was to intimate a desire that he might not be disturbed with questions or conversation; but he suppressed it upon observing the benevolent and reverend appearance of the clergyman who had rescued him from the immediate violence of the villagers.

"I believe, sir," said the unfortunate young man, "that in any other circumstances I should have had as much gratitude to express to you as the safety of my life may be worth; but such is the present tumult of my mind, and such is my anticipation of what I am yet likely to endure, that I can hardly offer you thanks for your interposition."

Mr Morton replied, "that, far from making any claim upon his good opinion, his only wish and the sole purpose of his visit was to find out the means of deserving it. My excellent friend, Major Melville," he continued, "has feelings and duties as a soldier and public functionary, by which I am not fettered; nor can I always coincide in opinions which he forms, perhaps with too little allowance for the imperfections of human nature." He paused, and then proceeded; "I do not intrude myself on your confidence, Mr Waverley, for the purpose of learning any circumstances, the knowledge of which can be prejudicial either to yourself or to others; but I own my earnest wish is, that you would intrust me with any particulars which could lead to your exculpation. I can solemnly assure you they will be deposited with a faithful, and, to the extent of his limited powers, a zealous agent."

"You are, sir, I presume, a presbyterian clergyman?"—Mr Morton bowed—"Were I to be guided by the prepossessions of education, I

might distrust your friendly professions in my case; but I have observed that similar prejudices are nourished in this country against your professional brethren of the episcopal persuasion, and I am willing to believe them equally unfounded in both cases."

"Evil to him that thinks otherwise," said Mr Morton; "or who holds church government and ceremonies as the gage of Christian faith or moral virtue."

"But," continued Waverley, "I cannot perceive why I should trouble you with a detail of particulars, out of which, after revolving them as carefully as possible in my recollection, I find myself unable to explain much of what is charged against me. I know, indeed, that I am innocent, but I hardly see how I can hope to prove myself so."

"It is for that very reason, Mr Waverley, that I venture to solicit your confidence. My knowledge of individuals in this country is pretty general, and can upon occasion be extended. Your situation will, I fear, preclude your taking those active steps for recovering intelligence, or tracing imposture, which I would willingly undertake in your behalf; and if you are not benefited by my exertions, at least they cannot be prejudicial to you."

Waverley, after a few minutes reflection, was convinced that his reposing confidence in Mr Morton, so far as he himself was concerned, could hurt neither Mr Bradwardine nor Fergus Mac-Ivor, both of whom had openly assumed arms against the government, and that it might possibly, if the professions of his new friend corresponded in sincerity with the earnestness of his expression, be of some service to himself. He therefore ran briefly over most of the events with which the reader is already acquainted, suppressing his attachment to Flora, and indeed neither mentioning her nor Rose Bradwardine in the course of his narrative.

Mr Morton seemed particularly struck with the account of Waverley's visit to Donald Bean Lean. "I am glad," he said, "you did not mention this circumstance to the major. It is capable of great misconstruction on the part of those who do not consider the power of curiosity and the influence of romance as motives of youthful conduct. When I was a young man like you, Mr Waverley, any such hare-brained expedition (I beg your pardon for the expression) would have had inexpressible charms for me. But there are men in the world who will not believe that danger and fatigue are often incurred without any very adequate cause, and therefore who are sometimes led to assign motives of action entirely foreign to the truth. This man Bean Lean is renowned through the country as a sort of Robin Hood, and the stories which are told of his address and enterprise are the common tales of the winter fireside. He certainly possesses talents beyond the rude sphere in which he moves; and, being neither destitute of ambition nor encumbered with scruples, he will probably at-

tempt, by every means, to distinguish himself during the period of these unhappy commotions.”—Mr Morton then made a careful memorandum of the various particulars of Waverley’s interview with Donald Bean, and the other circumstances which he had communicated.

The interest which this good man seemed to take in his misfortunes, above all, the full confidence he appeared to repose in his innocence, had the natural effect of softening Edward’s heart, whom the coldness of Major Melville had taught to believe that the world was leagued to oppress him. He shook Mr Morton warmly by the hand, and, assuring him that his kindness and sympathy had relieved his mind of a heavy load, told him, that whatever might be his own fate, he belonged to a family who had both gratitude and the power of displaying it. The earnestness of his thanks called drops to the eyes of the worthy clergyman, who was doubly interested in the cause for which he had volunteered his services, by observing the genuine and undissembled feelings of his young friend.

Edward now enquired if Mr Morton knew what was likely to be his destination.

“Stirling Castle,” replied his friend; “and so far I am well pleased for your sake, for the governor is a man of honour and humanity. But I am more doubtful of your treatment upon the road; Major Melville is involuntarily obliged to intrust the custody of your person to another.”

“I am glad of it. I detest that cold-blooded calculating Scotch magistrate. I hope he and I shall never meet more: he had neither sympathy with my innocence nor with my wretchedness; and the petrifying accuracy which he attended to every form of civility, while he tortured me by his questions, his suspicions, and his inferences, was as tormenting as the racks of the Inquisition. Do not vindicate him, my dear sir, for that I cannot bear with patience; tell me rather who is to have the charge of so important a state prisoner as I am.”

“I believe a person called Gilfillan, one of the sects who are termed Cameronians.”

“I never heard of them before.”

“They claim to represent the more strict and severe presbyterians, who, in Charles Second’s and James Second’s days, refused to profit by the Toleration, or Indulgence, as it was called, which was extended to others of that religion. They held conventicles in the open fields, and being treated with great violence and cruelty by the Scottish government, more than once took arms during these reigns. They take their name from their leader, Richard Cameron.”

“I recollect;—but did not the triumph of presbytery at the Revolution extinguish that sect?”

“By no means; that great event fell yet far short of what they proposed, which was nothing less than the complete establishment of

the church upon the grounds of the old Solemn League and Covenant. Indeed, I believe they scarce knew what they wanted; but being then a numerous body of men, and not unacquainted with the use of arms, they kept themselves together as a separate party in the state, and at the time of the Union had nearly formed a most unnatural league with their old enemies, the Jacobites, to oppose that important national measure. Since that time their numbers have gradually diminished; but a good many are still to be found in the western counties, and several, with a better temper than in 1707, have now taken arms for government. This person, whom they call Gifted Gilfillan, has been long a leader among them, and now heads a small party, which will pass here to-day or to-morrow on their march toward Stirling, under whose escort Major Melville proposes you shall travel. I would willingly speak to Gilfillan in your behalf; but, having deeply imbibed all the prejudices of the sect, and being of the same fierce disposition, he would pay little regard to the remonstrance of an Erastian divine, as he would politely term me.—And now, farewell, my young friend; for the present I must not weary out the Major's indulgence, that I may obtain his permission to visit you again in the course of the day."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THINGS MEND A LITTLE.

ABOUT noon, Mr Morton returned, and brought an invitation from Major Melville that Mr Waverley would honour him with his company to dinner, notwithstanding the unpleasant affair which detained him at Cairnvreckan, from which he should heartily rejoice to see Mr Waverley completely extricated. The truth was, that Mr Morton's favourable report and opinion had somewhat staggered the preconceptions of the old soldier concerning Edward's supposed accession to the mutiny in the regiment; and in the unfortunate state of the country, the mere suspicion of disaffection, or an inclination to join the insurgent Jacobites, might infer criminality indeed, but certainly not dishonour. Besides, a person whom the Major trusted had reported to him a contradiction of the agitating news of the preceding evening. According to this second edition of the intelligence, the Highlanders had withdrawn from the Lowland frontier with the purpose of following the army, in their march to Inverness. The Major was at a loss, indeed, to reconcile this information with the well-known abilities of some of the gentlemen in the Highland army, yet it was the course which was likely to be most agreeable to others. He remembered the same policy had detained them in the north in the year 1715,

and he anticipated a similar termination to the insurrection, as upon that occasion. This news put him in such good humour, that he readily acquiesced in Mr Morton's proposal to pay some hospitable attention to his unfortunate guest, and voluntarily added, he hoped the whole affair would prove a youthful *escapade* which might be easily atoned by a short confinement.

The kind mediator had some trouble to prevail on his young friend to accept the invitation. He dared not urge to him the real motive, which was a good-natured wish to secure a favourable report of Waverley's case from Major Melville to Governor Blakeney. He remarked, from the flashes of our hero's spirit, that touching upon this topic would be sure to defeat his purpose. He therefore pleaded, that the invitation argued the Major's disbelief of any part of the accusation which was inconsistent with Waverley's conduct as a soldier and man of honour, and that to decline his courtesy might be interpreted into a consciousness that it was unmerited. In short, he so far satisfied Edward that the manly and proper course was to meet the Major on easy terms, that, suppressing his strong dislike again to encounter his cold and punctilious civility, Waverley agreed to be guided by his new friend.

The meeting was stiff and formal enough. But Edward, having accepted the invitation, and his mind being really soothed and relieved by the kindness of Morton, held himself bound to behave with ease, though he could not affect cordiality. The Major was somewhat of a *bon vivant*, and his wine was excellent. He told his old campaign stories, and displayed much knowledge of men and manners. Mr Morton had an internal fund of placid and quiet gaiety, which seldom failed to enliven any small party in which he found himself pleasantly seated. Waverley, whose life was a dream, gave ready way to the predominating impulse, and became the most lively of the party. He had at all times remarkable powers of natural conversation, though easily silenced by discouragement. On the present occasion, he piqued himself upon leaving on the minds of his companions a favourable impression of one who, under such disastrous circumstances, could sustain his misfortunes with ease and gaiety. His spirits, though not unyielding, were abundantly elastic, and soon seconded his efforts. The trio were engaged in very lively discourse, apparently delighted with each other, and the kind host was pressing a third bottle of Burgundy, when the sound of a drum was heard at some distance. The Major, who, in the glee of an old soldier, had forgot the duties of a magistrate, cursed, with a muttered military oath, the circumstances which recalled him to his official functions. He rose and went toward the window, which commanded a very near view of the high road, and he was followed by his guests.

The drum advanced, beating no measured martial tune, but a kind

of rub-a-dub-dub, like that with which the fire-drum startles the slumbering artizans of a Scotch burgh. It is the object of this history to do justice to all men; I must therefore record, in justice to the drummer, that he protested he could beat any known march or point of war known in the British army, and had accordingly commenced with "Dumbarton's Drums," when he was silenced by Gifted Gilfillan, the commander of the party, who refused to permit his followers to move to this profane, and even, as he said, persecutive tune, and commanded the drummer to beat the 119th Psalm. As this was beyond the capacity of the drubber of sheep-skin, he was fain to have recourse to the inoffensive row-dow-dow, as a harmless substitute for the sacred music which his instrument or skill were unable to perform! This may be held a trifling anecdote, but the drummer in question was no less than town drummer of Anderton. I remember his successor in office a member of that enlightened body, the British Convention: Be his memory, therefore, treated with due respect,

CHAPTER XXXV.

A VOLUNTEER SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

UPON hearing the unwelcome sound of the drum, Major Melville hastily opened a sashed door, and stepped out upon a sort of terrace which divided his house from the high-road from which the martial music proceeded. Waverley and his new friend followed him, though probably he would have dispensed with their attendance. They soon recognised in solemn march, first, the performer upon the drum; secondly, a large flag of four compartments, in which were inscribed words, COVENANT, KIRK, KING, KINGDOMS. The person who was honoured with this charge was followed by the commander of the party, a thin, dark, rigid-looking man, about sixty years old. The spiritual pride, which, in mine Host of the Candlestick, mantled in a sort of supercilious hypocrisy, was in this man's face, elevated and yet darkened by genuine and undoubting fanaticism. It was impossible to behold him without the imagination placing him in some strange crisis, where religious zeal was the ruling principle. A martyr at the stake, a soldier in the field, a lonely and banished wanderer consoled by the intensity and supposed purity of his faith under every earthly privation; perhaps a persecuting inquisitor, as terrific in power as unyielding in adversity; any of these seemed congenial characters to this personage. With these high traits of energy, there was something in the affected precision and solemnity of his deportment and discourse, that bordered upon the ludicrous; so that, according to the mood of

the spectator's mind, and the light under which Mr Gilfillan presented himself, one might have feared, admired, or laughed at him. His dress was that of a west-country peasant, of better materials indeed than that of the lower rank, but in no respect affecting either the mode of the age, or of the Scottish gentry at any period. His arms were a broad-sword and pistols, which, from the antiquity of their appearance, might have seen the rout of Pentland, or Bothwell Brigg.

As he came up a few steps to meet Major Melville, and touched solemnly, but slightly, his huge and overbrimmed blue bonnet, in answer to the Major, who had courteously raised a small triangular gold-laced hat, Waverley was irresistibly impressed with the idea that he beheld a leader of the Roundheads of yore, in conference with one of Marlborough's captains. The group of about thirty armed men who followed this gifted commander, was of a motley description. They were in ordinary Lowland dresses, of different colours, which, contrasted with the arms they bore, gave them an irregular and mob-bish appearance, so much is the eye accustomed to uniformity of dress with the military character. In front were a few who apparently partook of their leaders enthusiasm; men obviously to be feared in a combat where their natural courage was exalted by religious zeal. Others puffed and strutted, filled with the importance of carrying arms, and all the novelty of their situation, while the rest, apparently fatigued with their march, dragged their limbs listlessly along, or straggled from their companions to procure such refreshments as the neighbouring cottages and ale-houses afforded. "Six Grenadiers of Ligonier's," thought the Major to himself, as his mind reverted to his own military experience, "would have sent all these fellows to the right about."

Greeting, however, Mr Gilfillan civilly, he requested to know if he had received the letter he sent to him upon his march, and could undertake the charge of the state prisoner whom he there mentioned, as far as Stirling Castle. "Yea," was the concise reply of the Cameronian leader, in a voice which seemed to issue from the very *pene-tralia* of his person.

"But your escort, Mr Gilfillan, is not so strong as I expected."

"Some of the people," replied Gilfillan, "hungered and were athirst by the way, and tarried until their poor souls were refreshed with the word."

"I am sorry, sir, you did not trust to your refreshing your men at Cairnvreckan; whatever my house contains is at the command of persons employed in the service."

"It was not of creature-comforts I spake," answered the Covenantant, regarding Major Melville with something like a smile of contempt; "howbeit, I thank you; but the people remained waiting upon the precious Mr Jabesh Rentowel for the out-pouring of the afternoon exhortation."

“And have you, sir, when the rebels are about to spread themselves through this country, actually left a great part of your command at a field preaching?”

Gilfillan again smiled scornfully as he made this indirect answer,—
“Even thus are the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light!”

“However, sir,” said the Major, “as you are to take charge of this gentleman to Stirling, and deliver him, with these papers, into the hands of Governor Blakeney, I beseech you to observe some rules of military discipline upon your march. For example, I would advise you to keep your men more closely together, and that each, in his march, should cover his file-leader, instead of straggling like geese upon a common; and, for fear of surprise, I further recommend to you to form a small advance party of your best men, with a single vidette in front of the whole march, so that when you approach a village or a wood,”—(Here the Major interrupted himself)—But as I don’t observe you listen to me, Mr Gilfillan, I suppose I need not give myself the trouble to say more upon the subject. You are a better judge unquestionably, than I am, of the measures to be pursued; but one thing I would have you well aware of, that you are to treat this gentleman, your prisoner, with no rigour or incivility, and are to subject him to no other restraint than is necessary for his security.”

“I have looked into my commission,” said Mr Gilfillan, “subscribed by a worthy and professing nobleman, William Earl of Glencairn; nor do I find it therein set down that I am to receive any charges or commands anent my doings from Major William Melville of Cairnvreckan.”

Major Melville reddened even to the well-powdered ears which appeared beneath his neat military side-curls, the more so as he observed Mr Morton smile at the same moment. “Mr Gilfillan,” he answered, with some asperity, “I beg ten thousand pardons for interfering with a person of your importance. I thought, however, that as you have been bred a grazier, if I mistake not, there might be occasion to remind you of the difference between Highlanders and Highland cattle; and if you should happen to meet with any gentleman who has seen service, and is disposed to speak upon the subject, I should still imagine that listening to him would do you no sort of harm. But I have done, and have only once more to recommend this gentleman to your civility, as well as to your custody.—Mr Waverley, I am truly sorry we should part in this way; but I trust, when you are again in this country, I may have an opportunity to render Cairnvreckan more agreeable than circumstances have permitted on this occasion.”

So saying, he shook our hero by the hand. Morton also took an affectionate farewell; and Waverley having mounted his horse, with a musqueteer leading it by the bridle, and a file upon each side to prevent his escape, set forward upon the march with Gilfillan and his

party. Through the little village they were accompanied with the shouts of the children, who cried out, "Eh! see to the Southland gentleman, that's gaun to be hanged for shooting lang John Muckle-wrath the smith!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN INCIDENT.

THE dinner-hour of Scotland Sixty Years since was two o'clock. It was therefore about four o'clock of a delightful autumn afternoon that Mr Gilfillan commenced his march, in hopes, although Stirling was eighteen miles distant, he might be able, by becoming a borrower on the night for an hour or two, to reach it that evening. He therefore put forth his strength, and marched stoutly along at the head of his followers, eyeing our hero from time to time, as if he longed to enter into controversy with him. At length, unable to resist the temptation, he slackened his pace till he was alongside of his prisoner's horse, and after marching a few steps in silence abreast of him, he suddenly asked,—“Can ye say wha the carle was wi' the black coat and the mousted head, that was wi' the Laird of Cairnvreckan?”

“A presbyterian clergyman,” answered Waverley.

“Presbyterian! a wretched Erastian, or rather an obscured prelatist,—a favourer of the black Indulgence;—ane of thae dumb dogs that canna bark; they tell ower a clash o' terror and a clatter o' comfort in their sermons, without ony sense or savour or life—Ye've been fed in siccan a fauld, belike?”

“No; I am of the Church of England.”

“And they're just neighbourlike, and nae wonder they gree sae weel. Wha wad hae thought the goodly structure of the Kirk of Scotland, built up by our fathers in 1642, wad hae been defaced by carnal ends and the corruptions of the time;—ay, wha wad hae thought the carved work of the sanctuary would hae been sae soon cut down!”

To this lamentation, which one or two of the assistants chorussed with a deep groan, our hero thought it unnecessary to make any reply. Whereupon Mr Gilfillan, resolving that he should be a hearer at least, if not a disputant, proceeded in his Jeremiade.

“And now is it wonderful, when, for lack of exercise anent the call to the ministry and the duty of the day, ministers fall into sinful compliances with patronage, and indemnities, and oaths, and bonds, and other corruptions,—is it wonderful, I say, that you, sir, and other sic-like unhappy persons, should labour to build up your auld Babel of iniquity, as in the bluidy persecuting saint-killing times? I trow, gin

ye werena blinded wi' the graces and favours, and services and enjoyments, and employments and inheritances of this wicked world, I could prove to you, by the Scripture, in what a filthy rag ye put your trust; and that your surplices, and your copes and vestments, are but cast off garments of the muckle harlot, that sitteth upon seven hills, and drinketh of the cup of abomination. But, I trow, ye are deaf as adders upon that side of the head; ay, ye are deceived with her enchantments, and ye traffic with her merchandize, and ye are drunk with the cup of her fornication?"

How much longer this military theologist might have continued his invective, in which he spared nobody but the scattered remnant of *hill-folk*, as he called them, is absolutely uncertain. His matter was copious, his voice powerful, and his memory strong; so that there was little chance of his ending the exhortation till the party reached Stirling, had not his attention been attracted by a pedlar who had joined the march from a cross-road, and who sighed or groaned with great regularity at all fitting pauses of his homily.

"And what may ye be, friend?" said Gilfillan.

"A puir pedlar, that's bound for Stirling, and craves the protection of your honour's party in these kittle times. Ah! your honour has a notable faculty in searching and explaining the secret,—ay, the secret and obscure and incomprehensible causes of the backslidings of the land; ay, your honour touches the root o' the matter."

"Friend," said Gilfillan, with a more complacent voice than he had hitherto used, "honour not me; I do not go out to park-dikes, and to steadings, and to market-towns, to have herds and cotters and burghers pull off their bonnets to me as they do to Major Melville o' Cairnvreckan, and ca' me laird, or captain, or honour;—no, my sma' means, whilk are not aboon twenty thousand mark, have had the blessing of increase, but the pride of my heart has not increased with them; nor do I delight to be called Captain, though I have the subscribed commission of that gospel-searching nobleman, the Earl of Glencairn, in whilk I am so designated. While I live, I am, and will be called, Habakkuk Gilfillan, who will stand up for the standards of doctrine agreed on by the ance-famous Kirk of Scotland, before she trafficked with the accursed Achan, while he has a plack in his purse, or a drap o' bluid in his body,"

"Ah," said the pedlar, "I have seen your land about Mauchlin—a fertile spot! your lines have fallen in pleasant places!—and siccan a breed o' cattle is not in ony laird's land in Scotland."

"Ye say right,—ye say right, friend," retorted Gilfillan eagerly, for he was not inaccessible to flattery upon this subject,—“Ye say right; they are the real Lancashire, and there's no the like o' them even at the Mains of Kilmaurs;” and he then entered into a discussion of their excellencies, to which our readers would probably be as

indifferent as our hero. After this excursion, the leader returned to his theological discussions, while the pedlar, less profound upon those mystic points, contented himself with groaning, and expressing his edification at suitable intervals.

“What a blessing it would be to the puir blinded popish nations among whom I hae sojourned, to have siccan a light to their paths! I hae been as far as Muscovia in my sma’ trading way, as a travelling merchant; and I hae been through France, and the Low Countries, and a’ Poland, and maist feck o’ Germany, and O! it would grieve your honour’s soul to see the murmuring, and the singing, and massing that’s in the kirk, and the piping that’s in the quire, and the heathenish dancing and dicing upon the Sabbath!”

This set Gilfillan off upon the Book of Sports and the Covenant, and the Engagers, and the Protesters, and the Whiggamore’s Raid, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, and the Longer and Shorter Catechism, and the Excommunication at Torwood, and the slaughter of Archbishop Sharp. This last topic again led him into the lawfulness of defensive arms, on which subject he uttered much more sense than could have been expected from some other parts of his harangue, and attracted even Waverley’s attention, who had hitherto been lost in his own sad reflections. Mr Gilfillan then considered the lawfulness of a private man standing forth as the avenger of public oppression, and as he was labouring with great earnestness the cause of Mas James Mitchell, an incident occurred which interrupted his harangue.

The rays of the sun were lingering on the very verge of the horizon as the party ascended a hollow and somewhat steep path, which led to the summit of a rising ground. The country was uninclosed, being part of a very extensive heath or common; but it was far from level, exhibiting in many places hollows filled with furze and broom; in others, little dingles of stunted brushwood. A thicket of the latter description crowned the hill up which the party ascended. The foremost of the band, being the stoutest and most active, had pushed on, and, having surmounted the ascent, were out of ken for the present. Gilfillan, with the pedlar, and the small party who were Waverley’s more immediate guard, were near the top of the ascent, and the remainder straggled after them at a considerable interval.

Such was the situation of matters, when the pedlar, missing as he said, a little doggie which belonged to him, began to halt and whistle for the animal. This signal, repeated more than once, gave offence to the rigour of his companion, the rather because it appeared to indicate inattention to the treasures of theological and controversial knowledge which was pouring out for his edification. He therefore signified gruffly, that he could not waste his time in waiting for an useless cur.

“But if your honour wad consider the case of Tobit”——

"Tobit!" exclaimed Gilfillan, with great heat; "Tobit and his dog baith are altogether heathenish and apocryphal, and none but a prelatist or a papist would draw them into question. I doubt I hae been mista'en in you, friend."

"Very likely," answered the pedlar, with great composure; "but ne'ertheless I shall take leave to whistle again on puir bawty."

This last signal was answered in an unexpected manner; for six or eight stout Highlanders, who lurked among the copse and brushwood, sprung into the hollow way, and began to lay about them with their claymores. Gilfillan, unappalled at this undesirable apparition, cried outmanfully, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and, drawing his broad-sword, would probably have done as much credit to the good old cause as any of its doughty champions at Drumclog, when behold! the pedlar, snatching a musket from the person who was next him, bestowed the butt of it with such emphasis on the head of his late instructor in the Cameronian creed, that he was forthwith levelled to the ground. In the confusion which ensued, the horse which bore our hero was shot by one of Gilfillan's party, as he discharged his fire-lock at random. Waverley fell with, and indeed under, the animal, and sustained some severe contusions. But he was almost instantly extricated from the fallen steed by two Highlanders, who, each seizing him by the arm, hurried him away from the scuffle and from the high-road. They ran with great speed, half supporting and half-dragging our hero, who could however distinguish a few dropping shots fired about the spot which he had left. This as he afterwards learned, proceeded from Gilfillan's party, who had now assembled, the stragglers in front and rear having joined the other. At their approach the Highlanders drew off, but not before they had rifled Gilfillan and two of his people, who remained on the spot grievously wounded. A few shots were exchanged betwixt them and the Westlanders; but the latter, now without a commander, and apprehensive of a second ambush, did not make any serious effort to recover their prisoner, judging it more wise to proceed on their journey to Stirling, carrying with them their wounded captain and comrades.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WAVERLEY IS STILL IN DISTRESS.

THE velocity, and indeed violence, with which Waverley was hurried along, nearly deprived him of sensation; for the injury he had received from his fall prevented him from aiding himself so effectually as he might otherwise have done. When this was observed by his conduc-

tors, they called to their aid two or three others of the party, and swathing our hero's body in one of their plaids, divided his weight by that means among them, and transported him at the same rapid rate as before, without any exertion of his own. They spoke little, and that in Gaelic; and did not slacken their pace till they had run nearly two miles, when they abated their extreme rapidity, but continued still to walk very fast, relieving each other occasionally.

Our hero now endeavoured to address them, but was only answered with "N'iel Sassenagh," that is, "no English," being, as Waverley well knew, the constant reply of a Highlander, when he either does not understand, or does not choose to reply to an Englishman or Lowlander. He then mentioned the name of Vich Ian Vohr, concluding that he was indebted to his friendship for his rescue from the clutches of Gifted Gilfillan; but neither did this produce any mark of recognition from his escort.

The twilight had given place to moonshine when the party halted upon the brink of a precipitous glen, which, as partially enlightened by the moon-beams, seemed full of trees and tangled brushwood. Two of the Highlanders dived into it by a small foot-path, as if to explore its recesses, and one of them returning in a few minutes, said something to his companions, who instantly raised their burthen, and bore him, with great attention and care, down the narrow and abrupt descent. Notwithstanding their precautions, however, Waverley's person came more than once into contact, rudely enough, with the projecting stumps and branches which overhung the pathway.

At the bottom of the descent, and, as it seemed, by the side of a brook, (for Waverley heard the rushing of a considerable body of water, although its stream was invisible in the darkness,) the party again stopped before a small and rudely-constructed hovel. The door was open, and the inside of the premises appeared as uncomfortable and rude as its situation and exterior foreboded. There was no appearance of a floor of any kind; the roof seemed rent in several places; the walls were composed of loose stones and turf, and the thatch of branches of trees. The fire was in the centre, and filled the whole wigwam with smoke, which escaped as much through the door as by means of a circular aperture in the roof. An old Highland sybil, the only inhabitant of this forlorn mansion, appeared busy in the preparation of some food. By the light which the fire afforded, Waverley could discover that his attendants were not of the clan of Ivor, for Fergus was particularly strict in requiring from his followers that they should wear the tartan striped in the mode peculiar to their race; a mark of distinction anciently general through the Highlands, and still maintained by those Chiefs who were proud of their lineage, or jealous of their separate and exclusive authority.

Edward had lived at Giennaquoich long enough to be aware of a

distinction which he had repeatedly heard noticed, and now satisfied that he had no interest with his attendants, he glanced a disconsolate eye around the interior of the cabin. The only furniture, excepting a washing-tub, and a wooden press, called in Scotland an *ambry*, sorely decayed, was a large wooden bed, planked, as is usual, all round, and opening by a sliding pannel. In this recess the Highlanders deposited Waverley, after he had by signs declined any refreshment. His slumbers were broken and unrefreshing; strange visions passed before his eyes, and it required constant and reiterated efforts of mind to dispel them. Shivering, violent headache, and shooting pains in his limbs, succeeded these symptoms; and in the morning it was evident to his Highland attendants or guard, for he knew not in which light to consider them, that Waverley was quite unfit to travel.

After a long consultation among themselves, six of the party left the hut with their arms, leaving behind an old and a young man. The former addressed Waverley, and bathed the contusions, which swelling and livid colour now made conspicuous. His own portmantau, which the Highlanders had not failed to bring off, supplied him with linen, and, to his great surprise, was, with all its contents, freely resigned to his use. The bedding of his couch seemed clean and comfortable, and his aged attendant closed the door of the bed, for it had no curtain, after a few words of Gaelic, from which Waverley gathered that he exhorted him to repose. So behold our hero for a second time the patient of a Highland Esculapius, but in a situation much more uncomfortable than when he was the guest of the worthy Tomanrait.

The symptomatic fever which accompanied the injuries he had sustained, did not abate till the third day, when it gave way to the care of his attendants and the strength of his constitution, and he could now raise himself in his bed, though not without pain. He observed, however, that there was a great disinclination, on the part of the old woman who acted as his nurse, as well as on that of the elderly Highlander, to permit the door of the bed to be left open, so that he might amuse himself with observing their motions; and at length, after Waverley had repeatedly drawn open, and they had as frequently shut, the hatchway of his cage, the old gentleman put an end to the contest, by securing it on the outside with a nail so effectually that the door could not be drawn till this exterior impediment was removed.

While musing upon the cause of this contradictory spirit in persons whose conduct intimated no purpose of plunder, and who, in all other points, appeared to consult his welfare and his wishes, it occurred to our hero, that, during the worst crisis of his illness, a feminine figure, younger than his old Highland nurse, had appeared to flit around his couch. Of this indeed he had but a very indistinct recollection, but his suspicions were confirmed when, attentively listening, he often

heard, in the course of the day, the voice of another female conversing in whispers with his attendant. Who could it be? And why should she apparently desire concealment? Fancy immediately roused herself, and turned to Flora Mac-Ivor. But after a short conflict between his eager desire to believe she was in his neighbourhood, guarding, like an angel of mercy, the couch of his sickness, Waverley was compelled to conclude that his conjecture was altogether improbable; since, to suppose she had left her comparatively safe situation at Glen-naquoich to descend into the low country, now the seat of civil war, and to inhabit such a lurking-place as this, was a thing hardly to be imagined. Yet his heart bounded as he sometimes could distinctly hear the trip of a light female step glide to or from the door of the hut, or the suppressed sounds of a female voice, of softness and delicacy, hold dialogue with the hoarse inward croak of old Janet, for so he understood his antiquated attendant was denominated.

Having nothing else to amuse his solitude, he employed himself in contriving some plan to gratify his curiosity, in despite of the sedulous caution of Janet and the old Highland janizary, for he had never seen the young fellow since the first morning. At length, upon accurate examination, the infirm state of his wooden prison-house appeared to supply the means of gratifying his curiosity, for out of a spot which was somewhat decayed he was able to extract a nail. Through this minute aperture he could perceive a female form, wrapped in a plaid, in the act of conversing with Janet. But, since the days of our grandmother Eve, the gratification of inordinate curiosity has generally borne its penalty in disappointment. The form was not that of Flora, nor was the face visible; and, to crown his disappointment, while he laboured with the nail to enlarge the hole, that he might obtain a more complete view, a slight noise betrayed his purpose, and the object of his curiosity instantly disappeared, nor, so far as he could observe, did she again revisit the cottage.

All precautions to blockade his view were from that time abandoned, and he was not only permitted, but assisted, to rise, and quit what had been, in a literal sense, his couch of confinement. But he was not allowed to leave the hut; for the young Highlander had now rejoined his senior, and one or other was constantly on the watch. Whenever Waverley approached the cottage door, the sentinel upon duty civilly, but resolutely, placed himself against it and opposed his exit, accompanying his action with signs which seemed to imply there was danger in the attempt, and an enemy in the neighbourhood. Old Janet appeared anxious and upon the watch; and Waverley, who had not yet recovered strength enough to attempt to take his departure in spite of the opposition of his hosts, was under the necessity of remaining patient. His fare was, in every point of view, better than he could have conceived; for poultry, and even wine, were no strangers to his

table. The Highlanders never presumed to eat with him, and, unless in the circumstance of watching him, treated him with great respect. His sole amusement was gazing from the window, or rather the shapeless aperture which was meant to answer the purpose of a window, upon a large and rough brook, which raged and foamed through a rocky channel, closely canopied with trees and bushes, about ten feet beneath the site of his house of captivity.

Upon the sixth day of his confinement, Waverley found himself so well that he began to meditate his escape from this dull and miserable prison-house, thinking any risk which he might incur in the attempt preferable to the stupifying and intolerable uniformity of Janet's retirement. The question indeed occurred, where he was to direct his course when again at his own disposal. Two schemes seemed practicable, yet both attended with danger and difficulty. One was to go back to Glennaquoich, and join Fergus Mac-Ivor, by whom he was sure to be kindly received; and in the present state of his mind, the rigour with which he had been treated fully absolved him in his own eyes from his allegiance to the existing government. The other project was to endeavour to attain a Scottish sea-port, and thence to take shipping for England. His mind wavered between these plans, and probably, if he had effected his escape in the manner he proposed, he would have been finally determined by the comparative facility by which either might have been executed. But his fortune had settled that he was not to be left to his option.

Upon the evening of the seventh day the door of the hut suddenly opened, and two Highlanders entered, whom Waverley recognized as having been a part of his original escort to this cottage. They conversed for a short time with the old man and his companion, and then made Waverley understand, by very significant signs, that he was to prepare to accompany them. This was a joyful communication. What had already passed during his confinement made it evident that no personal injury was designed to him; and his romantic spirit, having recovered during his repose much of that elasticity which anxiety, resentment, disappointment, and the mixture of unpleasant feelings excited by his late adventures had for a time subjugated, was now wearied with inaction. His passion for the wonderful, although it is the nature of such dispositions to be excited by that degree of danger which merely gives dignity to the feeling of the individual exposed to it, had sunk under the extraordinary and apparently insurmountable evils by which he appeared environed at Cairnvreckan. In fact, this compound of intense curiosity and exalted imagination forms a peculiar species of courage, which somewhat resembles the light usually carried by a miner, sufficiently competent indeed to afford him guidance and comfort during the ordinary perils of his labour, but certain to be extinguished should he encounter the more formidable hazard of

earth-damps or pestiferous vapours. It was now, however, once more rekindled, and with a throbbing mixture of hope, awe, and anxiety, Waverley watched the group before him, as those who were just arrived snatched a hasty meal, and the others assumed their arms, and made brief preparations for their departure.

As he sat in the smoky hut, at some distance from the fire, around which the others were crowded, he felt a gentle pressure upon his arm. He looked round—It was Alice, the daughter of Donald Bean Lean. She shewed him a packet of papers in such a manner that the motion was remarked by no one else, put her finger for a second to her lips, and passed on, as if to assist old Janet in packing Waverley's clothes in his portmanteau. It was obviously her wish that he should not seem to recognize her; yet she repeatedly looked back at him, as an opportunity occurred of doing so unobserved, and when she saw that he remarked what she did, she folded the packet with great address and speed in one of his shirts, which she deposited in the portmanteau.

Here then was fresh food for conjecture. Was Alice his unknown warden, and was this maiden of the cavern the tutelar genius that watched his bed during his sickness? Was he in the hands of her father? and if so, what was his purpose? Spoil, his usual object, seemed in this case neglected; for not only Waverley's property was restored, but his purse, which might have tempted this professional plunderer, had been all along suffered to remain in his possession. All this perhaps the packet might explain; but it was plain from Alice's manner that she desired he should consult it in secret. Nor did she again seek his eye after she had satisfied herself that her manœuvre was observed and understood. On the contrary, she shortly afterwards left the hut, and it was only as she tript out from the door, that, favoured by the obscurity, she gave Waverley a parting smile and nod of significance, ere she vanished in the dark glen.

The young Highlander was repeatedly dispatched by his comrades as if to collect intelligence. At length, when he had returned for the third or fourth time, the whole party arose, and made signs to our hero to accompany them. Before his departure, however, he shook hands with old Janet, who had been so sedulous in his behalf, and added substantial marks of his gratitude for her attendance.

“God bless you! God prosper you, Captain Waverley!” said Janet, in good Lowland Scotch, though he had never hitherto heard her utter a syllable, save in Gaelic. But the impatience of his attendants prohibited his asking any explanation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE.

THERE was a moment's pause when the whole party had got out of the hut, and the Highlander who assumed the command, and who, in Waverley's awakened recollection, seemed to be the same tall figure who had acted as Donald Bean Lean's lieutenant, by whispers and signs imposed the most strict silence. He delivered to Edward a sword and steel pistol, and, pointing up the track, laid his hand on the hilt of his own claymore, as if to make him sensible they might have occasion to use force to make good their passage. He then placed himself at the head of the party, who moved up the pathway in single or Indian file, Waverley being placed nearest to their leader. He moved with great precaution, as if to avoid giving any alarm, and halted as soon as he came to the verge of the ascent. Waverley was soon sensible of the reason, for he heard at no great distance an English sentinel call out "All's well." The heavy sound sunk on the night-wind down the woody glen, and was answered by the echoes of its banks. A second, third, and fourth time the signal was repeated fainter and fainter, as if at a greater and greater distance. It was obvious a party of soldiers were near, and upon their guard, though not sufficiently so to detect men skilful in every art of predatory warfare, like those with whom he now watched their ineffectual precautions.

When these sounds had died upon the silence of the night, the Highlanders began their march swiftly, yet with the most cautious silence. Waverley had little time, or indeed disposition, for observation, and could only discern that they passed at some distance from a large building, in the windows of which a light or two yet seemed to twinkle. A little farther on, the leading Highlander snuffed the wind like a setting spaniel, and then made a signal to his party again to halt. He stooped down upon all fours, wrapped up in his plaid, so as to be scarce distinguishable from the heathy ground on which he moved, and advanced in this posture to reconnoitre. In a short time he returned, and dismissed his attendants excepting one; and, intimating to Waverley that he must imitate his cautious mode of proceeding, all three crept forward on hands and knees.

After proceeding a greater way in this inconvenient manner than was at all comfortable to his knees and shins, Waverley perceived the smell of smoke, which probably had been much sooner distinguished by the more acute nasal organs of his guide. It proceeded from the corner of a low and ruinous sheep-fold, the walls of which were made of loose stones, as is usual in Scotland. Close by this low wall the Highlander guided Waverley, and, in order probably to make him sensible of his danger, or perhaps to obtain the full credit of his own

dexterity, he intimated to him, by sign and example, that he might raise his head so as to peep into the sheep-fold. Waverley did so, and beheld an outpost of four or five soldiers lying by their watch-fire. They were all asleep, except the sentinel, who paced backwards and forwards with his firelock on his shoulder, which glanced red in the light of the fire as he crossed and recrossed before it in his short walk, casting his eye frequently to that part of the heavens from which the moon, hitherto obscured by mist, seemed now about to make her appearance.

In the course of a minute or two, by one of those sudden changes of atmosphere incident to a mountainous country, a breeze arose, and swept before it the clouds which had covered the horizon, and the night planet poured her full effulgence upon a wide and blighted heath, skirted indeed with copsewood and stunted trees in the quarter from which they had come, but open and bare to the observation of the sentinel in that to which their course tended. The wall of the sheep-fold indeed concealed them as they lay, but any advance beyond its shelter seemed impossible without certain discovery.

The Highlander eyed the blue vault, but far from blessing the useful light with Homer's, or rather Pope's benighted peasant, he muttered a Gaelic curse upon the unseasonable splendour of *M'Farlane's buat* (*i. e.* lanthorn.) He looked anxiously around for a few minutes, and then apparently took his resolution. Leaving his attendant with Waverley, after motioning to Edward to remain quiet, and giving his comrade directions in a brief whisper, he retreated, favoured by the irregularity of the ground, in the same direction and in the same manner as they had advanced. Edward, turning his head after him, could perceive him crawling on all fours with the dexterity of an Indian, availing himself of every bush and inequality to escape observation, and never passing over the more exposed parts of his track until the sentinel's back was turned from him. At length he reached the thickets and underwood which partly covered the moor in that direction, and probably extended to the verge of the glen where Waverley had been so long an inhabitant. The Highlander disappeared, but it was only for a few minutes, for he suddenly issued forth from a different part of the thicket, and advancing boldly upon the open heath, as if to invite discovery, he levelled his piece and fired at the sentinel. A wound in the arm proved a disagreeable interruption to the poor fellow's meteorological observations, as well as to the tune of Nancy Dawson, which he was whistling. He returned the fire ineffectually, and his comrades, starting up at the alarm, advanced alertly towards the spot from which the first shot had issued. The Highlander, after giving them a full view of his person, dived among the thickets, for his *ruse de guerre* had now perfectly succeeded.

While the soldiers pursued the cause of their disturbance in one

direction, Waverley, adopting the hint of his remaining attendant, made the best of his speed in that which his guide originally intended to pursue, and which now (the attention of the soldiers being drawn to a different quarter) was unobserved and unguarded. When they had run about a quarter of a mile, the brow of a rising ground, which they had surmounted, concealed them from further risk of observation. They still heard, however, at a distance, the shouts of the soldiers as they hallooed to each other upon the heath, and they could also hear the distant roll of a drum beating to arms in the same direction. But these hostile sounds were now far in their rear, and died upon the breezes as they rapidly proceeded.

When they had walked about half an hour, still along open and waste ground of the same description, they came to the stump of an ancient oak, which, from its relics, appeared to have been at one time a tree of very large size. In an adjacent hollow they found several Highlanders, with a horse or two. They had not joined them above a few minutes, which Waverley's attendant employed, in all probability, in communicating the cause of their delay, (for the words Duncan Duroch was often repeated,) when Duncan himself appeared, out of breath indeed, and with all the symptoms of having run for his life, but laughing, and in high spirits at the success of the stratagem by which he had baffled his pursuers. This indeed Waverley could easily conceive might be a matter of no great difficulty to the active mountaineer, who was perfectly acquainted with the ground, and traced his course with a firmness and confidence to which his pursuers must have been strangers. The alarm which he excited seemed still to continue, for a dropping shot or two were heard at a great distance, which seemed to serve as an addition to the mirth of Duncan and his comrades.

The mountaineer now resumed the arms with which he had entrusted our hero, giving him to understand that the dangers of the journey, were happily surmounted. Waverley was then mounted upon one of the horses, a change which the fatigue of the night and his recent illness rendered exceedingly acceptable. His portmanteau was placed on another poney, Duncan mounted a third, and they set forward at a round pace, accompanied by their escort. No other incident marked the course of that night's journey, and at the dawn of morning they attained the banks of a rapid river. The country around was at once fertile and romantic. Steep banks of wood were broken by corn fields, which this year presented an abundant harvest, already in a great measure cut down.

On the opposite bank of the river, and partly surrounded by a winding of its stream, stood a large and massive castle, the half-ruined turrets of which were already glittering in the first rays of the sun. It was in form an oblong square, of size sufficient to contain a large court in

the centre. The towers at each angle of the square rose higher than the walls of the building, and were in their turn surmounted by turrets, differing in height and irregular in shape. Upon one of these a sentinel watched, whose bonnet and plaid, streaming in the wind, declared him to be a Highlander, as a broad white ensign, which floated from another tower, announced that the garrison was held by the insurgent adherents of the house of Stuart.

Passing hastily through a small and mean town, where their appearance excited neither surprise nor curiosity in the few peasants whom the labours of the harvest began to summon from their repose, the party crossed an ancient and narrow bridge of several arches, and turning to the left, up an avenue of huge old sycamores, Waverley found himself in front of the gloomy yet picturesque structure which he had admired at a distance. A huge iron-grated door, which formed the exterior defence of the gateway, was already thrown back to receive them; and a second, heavily constructed of oak, and studded thickly with iron nails, being next opened, admitted them into the interior court-yard. A gentleman, dressed in the Highland garb, and having a white cockade in his bonnet, assisted Waverley to dismount from his horse, and with much courtesy bid him welcome to the castle.

The governor, for so we must term him, having conducted Waverley to a half-ruinous apartment, where, however, there was a small camp-bed, and having offered him any refreshment which he desired, was then about to leave him.

"Will you not add to your civilities," said Waverley, after having made the usual acknowledgement, "by having the kindness to inform me where I am, and whether or not I am to consider myself as a prisoner?"

"I am not at liberty to be so explicit upon this subject as I could wish. Briefly, however, you are in the Castle of Doune, in the district of Menteith, and in no danger whatever."

"And how am I assured of that?"

"By the honour of Donald Stuart, governor of the garrison, and lieutenant-colonel in the service of his Royal Highness Prince Charles Edward." So saying he hastily left the apartment, as if to avoid further discussion.

Our hero, exhausted by the fatigues of the night, now threw himself upon the bed, and was in a few minutes fast asleep.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE JOURNEY IS CONTINUED.

BEFORE Waverley awakened from his repose, the day was far ad-

vanced and he began to feel that he had passed many hours without food. This was soon supplied in form of a copious breakfast, but Colonel Stuart, as if wishing to avoid the queries of his guest, did not again present himself. His compliments were, however, delivered by a servant, with an offer to provide any thing in his power that could be useful to Captain Waverley on his journey, which he intimated would be continued that evening. To Waverley's further enquiries, the servant opposed the impenetrable barrier of real or affected ignorance and stupidity. He removed the table and provisions, and Waverley was again consigned to his own meditations.

As he contemplated the strangeness of his fortune, which seemed to delight in placing him at the disposal of others, without the power of directing his own motions, Edward's eye suddenly rested upon his portmanteau, which had been deposited in his apartment during his sleep. The mysterious appearance of Alice, in the cottage of the glen, immediately rushed upon his mind, and he was about to secure and examine the packet which she had deposited among his clothes, when the servant of Colonel Stuart again made his appearance, and took up the portmanteau upon his shoulders.

"May I not take out a change of linen, my friend?"

"Your honour sall get ane o' the Colonel's ain ruffled sarks, but this maun gang in the baggage-cart."

And so saying, he very coolly carried off the portmanteau, without waiting further remonstrance, leaving our hero in a state where disappointment and indignation struggled for the mastery. In a few minutes he heard a cart rumble out of the rugged court-yard, and made no doubt that he was now dispossessed, for a space at least, if not for ever, of the only documents which seemed to promise some light upon the dubious events which had of late influenced his destiny. With such melancholy thoughts he had to beguile about four or five hours of solitude.

When this space was elapsed, the trampling of horse was heard in the court-yard, and Colonel Stuart soon after made his appearance to request his guest to take some further refreshment before his departure. The offer was accepted, for a late breakfast had by no means left our hero incapable of doing honour to dinner, which was now presented. The conversation of his host was that of a plain country gentleman, mixed with some soldier-like sentiments and expressions. He cautiously avoided any reference to the military operations or civil politics of the time; and to Waverley's direct enquiries concerning some of these points, replied equally directly, that he was not at liberty to converse upon such topics.

When dinner was finished, the governor arose, and wishing Edward a good journey, told him that his servant having informed him that his baggage had been sent forward, he had taken the freedom to supply

him with such changes of linen as he might find necessary till he was again possessed of his own. With this compliment he disappeared. A servant acquainted Waverley an instant afterwards, that his horse was ready.

Upon this hint he descended into the court-yard, and found a trooper holding a saddled horse, on which he mounted, and sallied from the portal of Doune Castle, attended by about a score of armed men on horseback. These had less the appearance of regular soldiers than of individuals who had suddenly assumed arms from some pressing motive of unexpected emergency. Their uniform, which was an affected imitation of that of French chasseurs, was in many respects incomplete, and sate awkwardly upon those who wore it. Waverley's eye, accustomed to look at a well-disciplined regiment, could easily discover that the motions and habits of his escort were not those of trained soldiers, and that although expert enough in the management of their horses, their skill was that of huntsmen or grooms, rather than of troopers. The horses were not trained to the regular pace so necessary to execute simultaneous and combined movements and formations; nor did they seem *bitted* (as it is technically expressed) for the use of the sword. The men, however, were stout hardy-looking fellows, and might be individually formidable as irregular cavalry. The commander of this small party was mounted upon an excellent hunter, and although dressed in uniform, his change of apparel did not prevent Waverley from recognizing his old acquaintance, Mr Falconer of Balmawhapple.

Now, although the terms upon which Edward had met with this gentleman were none of the most friendly, he would have sacrificed every recollection of their foolish quarrel, for the pleasure of enjoying once more the social intercourse of question and answer, from which he had been so long secluded. But apparently the remembrance of his defeat by the Baron of Bradwardine, of which Edward had been the unwilling cause, still rankled in the mind of the low-bred, and yet proud, laird. He carefully avoided giving the least sign of recognition, riding doggedly at the head of his men, who, though scarce equal in numbers to a serjeant's party, were denominated Captain Falconer's troop, being preceded by a trumpet, which sounded from time to time, and a standard, borne by Cornet Falconer, the laird's younger brother. The lieutenant, an elderly man, had much the air of a low sportsman and boon companion; an expression of dry humour predominated in his countenance over features of a vulgar cast, which indicated habitual intemperance. His cocked hat was set knowingly upon one side of his head, and while he whistled the "Bob of Dumblain," under the influence of half a mutchkin of brandy, he seemed to trot merrily forwards, with a happy indifference to the state of the country, the conduct of the party, the end of the journey, and all other sublunary matters whatever.

From this wight, who now and then dropped alongside of his horse, Waverley hoped to acquire some information, or at least to beguile the way with talk. "A fine evening, sir," was Edward's salutation.

"Ow, ay, sir! a bra' night," replied the lieutenant, in broad Scotch of the most vulgar description.

"And a fine harvest, apparently," continued Waverley, following up his first attack.

"Ay, the aits will be got bravely in; but the farmers, de'il burst them, and the corn-mongers, will make the auld price gude against them as has horses till keep."

"You perhaps act as quarter-master, sir?"

"Ay, quarter-master, riding-master, and lieutenant. And, to be sure, wha's fitter to look after the breaking and the keeping of the poor beasts than mysel, that bought and sold every ane o' them?"

"And, pray, sir, if it be not too great a freedom, may I beg to know where we are going just now?"

"A fule's errand, I fear," answered this communicative personage.

"In that case, I should have thought a person of your appearance would not have been found on the road."

"Vera true, vera true, sir,—but every why has its wherefore; ye maun ken the laird there bought a' thir beasts frae me to munt his troop, and agreed to pay for them according to the necessities and prices of the time. But then he hadna the ready penny, and I hae been advised his bond will not be worth a boddle against the estate, and then I had a' my dealers to settle wi' at Martinmas; and so as he very kindly offered me this commission, and as the auld *Fifteen* wad never help me to my siller for sending out naigs against the government, why, conscience! sir, I thought my best chance for payment was e'en to *gae out* mysel; and ye may judge, sir, as I hae dealt a' my life in halters, I think na mickle o' putting my craig in peril of a St Johnstone's tippet."

"You are not, then, by profession a soldier?"

"Na, na, thank God," answered this doughty partizan, "I was na bred at sae short a tether; I was brought up to hack and manger: I was bred a horse-couper, sir; and if I might live to see you at Whitson-tryst, or at Stagshaw-bank, or the winter fair at Hawick, and ye wanted a spanker that would lead the field, I'se be caution I would serve ye easy, for Jamie Jinker was ne'er the lad to impose upon a gentleman. Ye're a gentleman, sir, and should ken a horse's points; ye see that through-ganging thing that Balmawhapple's on; I sold her till him. She was bred out of Lick-the-Ladle, that wan the king's plate at Caverton-Edge, by Duke Hamilton's Dusty-Foot," &c., &c.

But as Jinker was entered full sail upon the pedigree of Balmawhapple's mare, having already got as far as great grandsire and grand-dam, and while Waverley was watching for an opportunity to

obtain from him intelligence of more interest, the noble captain checked his horse until they came up, and then, without directly appearing to notice Edward, said sternly to the genealogist, "I thought, lieutenant, my orders were precise, that no one should speak to the prisoner?"

The metamorphosed horse-dealer was silenced of course, and slunk to the rear, where he consoled himself by entering into a vehement dispute upon the price of hay with a farmer, who had reluctantly followed his laird to the field, rather than give up his farm, whereof the lease had just expired. Waverley was therefore once more consigned to silence, foreseeing that farther attempts at conversation with any of the party would only give Balmawhapple a wished-for opportunity to display the insolence of authority, and the sulky spite of a temper naturally dogged, and rendered more so by habits of low indulgence and the incense of servile adulation.

In about two hours' time, the party were near the Castle of Stirling, over whose battlements the union flag was brightened as it waved in the evening sun. To shorten his journey, or perhaps to display his importance and insult the English garrison, Balmawhapple, inclining to the right, took his route through the royal park, which reaches to and surrounds the rock upon which the fortress is situated.

With a mind more at ease, Waverley could not have failed to admire the mixture of romance and beauty which renders interesting the scene through which he was now passing—the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old—the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight—the towers of the Gothic church, where these vows might be paid—and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace, where valour received the prize from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amid the revelry of the dance, the song, and the feast. All these were objects fitted to arouse and interest a romantic imagination.

But Waverley had other subjects of meditation, and an incident soon occurred of a nature to disturb meditation of any kind. Balmawhapple, in the pride of his heart, as he wheeled his little body of cavalry around the base of the castle, commanded his trumpet to sound a flourish, and his standard to be displayed. This insult produced apparently some sensation; for when the cavalcade was at such distance from the southern battery as to admit of a gun being depressed so as to bear upon them, a flash of fire issued from one of the embrasures upon the rock; and ere the report with which it was attended could be heard, the rushing sound of a cannon-ball passed over Balmawhapple's head, and the bullet, burying itself in the ground at a few yards' distance, covered him with the earth which it drove up. There was no need to bid the party trudge. In fact, every man acting upon the impulse of

the moment, Mr Jinker's steeds were soon brought to shew their mettle, and the cavaliers, retreating with more speed than regularity, never took to a trot, as the lieutenant afterwards observed, until an intervening eminence had secured them from any repetition of so undesirable a compliment on the part of Stirling Castle. I must do Balmawhapple, however, the justice to say, that he not only kept the rear of his troop, and laboured to maintain some order among them, but, in the height of his gallantry, answered the fire of the castle by discharging one of his horse-pistols at the battlements; although, the distance being nearly half a mile, I could never learn that this measure of retaliation was attended with any particular effect.

The travellers now passed the memorable field of Bannockburn, and reached the Torwood, a place glorious or terrible to the recollections of the Scottish peasant, as the feats of Wallace, or the cruelties of Wude Willie Grime, predominate in his recollection. At Falkirk, a town formerly famous in Scottish history, and soon to be again distinguished as the scene of military events of importance, Balmawhapple proposed to halt and repose for the evening. This was performed with very little regard to military discipline, as his worthy quarter-master was chiefly solicitous to discover where the best brandy might be come at. Sentinels were deemed unnecessary, and the only vigils performed were those of such of the party as could procure liquor. A few resolute men might easily have cut off the detachment; but of the inhabitants some were favourable, many indifferent, and the rest overawed. So nothing memorable occurred in the course of the evening, excepting that Waverley's rest was sorely interrupted by the revellers hallooing forth their Jacobite songs, without remorse or mitigation of voice.

Early in the morning they were again mounted, and on the road to Edinburgh, though the pallid visages of some of the troop betrayed that they had spent a night of sleepless debauchery. They halted at Linlithgow, distinguished by its ancient palace, which, *Sixty Years* since, was entire and habitable, but the venerable ruins of which, *not quite Sixty Years* since, very narrowly escaped the unworthy fate of being converted into a barrack for French prisoners. May repose and blessings attend the ashes of the patriotic statesman, who, amongst his last services to Scotland, interposed to prevent this profanation!

As they approached the metropolis of Scotland, through a champaign and cultivated country, the sounds of war began to be heard. The distant, yet distinct report of heavy cannon, fired at intervals, apprized Waverley that the work of destruction was going forward. Even Balmawhapple seemed moved to take some precautions, by sending an advanced party in front of his troop, keeping the main body in tolerable order, and moving steadily forward.

Marching in this manner they speedily reached an eminence, from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill

which slopes eastward from the castle. The latter, being in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street, or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress. The morning being calm and fair, the effect of this dropping fire was to invest the Castle in wreathes of smoke, the edges of which dissipated slowly in the air, while the central veil was darkened ever and anon by fresh clouds poured forth from the battlements; the whole giving, by the partial concealment, an appearance of grandeur and gloom, rendered more terrific when Waverley reflected on the cause by which it was produced, and that each explosion might ring some brave man's knell.

Ere they approached the city, the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. Balmawhapple, however, having in his recollection the unfriendly greeting which his troop had received from the battery at Stirling, had apparently no wish to tempt the forbearance of the artillery of the Castle. He therefore left the direct road, and sweeping considerably to the southward, so as to keep out of range of the cannon, approached the ancient palace of Holyrood, without having entered the walls of the city. He then drew up his men in front of that venerable pile, and delivered Waverley to the custody of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted him into the interior of the building.

A long, low, and ill-proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, affirmed to be the portraits of kings, who, if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colours, served as a sort of guard-chamber, or vestibule, to the apartments which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied in the palace of his ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garb, passed and re-passed in haste, or loitered in the hall, as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters, and returns. All seemed busy, and earnestly intent upon something of importance; but Waverley was suffered to remain seated in the recess of a window unnoticed by any one, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.

CHAPTER XL.

AN OLD AND A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

WHILE he was deep sunk in his reverie, the rustle of tartans was heard behind him, a friendly arm clasped his shoulders, and a friendly voice exclaimed.

"Said the Highland prophet sooth? Or must second-sight go for nothing?"

Waverley turned, and was warmly embraced by Fergus Mac-Ivor. "A thousand welcomes to Holyrood, once more possessed by her legitimate sovereign! Did I not say we should prosper, and that you would fall into the hands of the Philistines if you parted from us?"

"Dear Fergus, it is long since I have heard a friend's voice. Where is Flora?"

"Safe, and a triumphant spectator of our success."

"In this place?"

"Ay, in this city at least, and you shall see her; but first you must meet a friend, whom you little think of, who has been frequent in his enquiries after you."

Thus saying, he dragged Waverley by the arm out of the guard-chamber, and ere he knew where he was conducted, Edward found himself in a presence room, fitted up with some attempt at royal state.

A young man wearing his own fair hair, distinguished by the dignity of his mien and the noble expression of his well-formed and regular features, advanced out of a circle of military gentlemen and Highland chiefs, by whom he was surrounded. In his easy and graceful manners, Waverley afterwards thought he could have discovered his high birth and rank, although the star on his breast, and the embroidered garter at his knee, had not appeared as its indications.

"Let me present to your Royal Highness," said Fergus, bowing profoundly—

"The descendant of one of the most ancient and loyal families in England," said the young chevalier, interrupting him. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear Mac-Ivor, but no master of ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stuart."

Thus saying, he extended his hand to Edward, with the utmost courtesy, who could not, had he desired it, have avoided rendering him the homage which seemed due to his rank, and was certainly the right of his birth. "I am sorry to understand, Mr Waverley, that, owing to circumstances which have been as yet but ill explained, you have suffered some restraint among my followers in Perthshire, and on your march here; but we are in such a situation that we hardly know our friends, and I am even at this moment uncertain whether I can have the pleasure of considering Mr Waverley among mine."

He then paused for an instant, but before Edward could adjust a suitable reply, or even arrange his ideas as to its purport, he took out a paper, and proceeded:—"I should indeed have no doubts upon this subject, if I could trust to this proclamation, set forth by the friends of the Elector of Hanover, in which they rank Mr Waverley among the nobility and gentry who are menaced with the pains of high-treason for loyalty to their legitimate sovereign. But I desire to gain no

adherents save from affection and conviction; and if Mr Waverley inclines to prosecute his journey to the south, or to join the forces of the Elector, he shall have my passport and free permission to do so; and I can only regret that my power will not extend to protect him against the probable consequences of such a measure.—But,” continued Charles Edward, after another short pause, “if Mr Waverley should, like his ancestor, Sir Nigel, determine to embrace a cause which has little to recommend it but its justice, and follow a prince who throws himself upon the affections of his people to recover the throne of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt, I can only say, that among these nobles and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprize, and will follow a master who may be unfortunate, but I trust will never be ungrateful.”

The politic chieftain of the race of Ivor knew his advantage in introducing Waverley to this personal interview with the royal adventurer. Unaccustomed to the address and manners of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his kindness penetrated the heart of our hero, and easily outweighed all prudential motives. To be thus personally solicited for assistance by a prince, whose form and manners, as well as the spirit which he displayed in this singular enterprize, answered his ideas of a hero of romance; to be courted by him in the ancient halls of his paternal palace, recovered by the sword which he was already bending towards other conquests, gave Edward, in his own eyes, the dignity and importance which he had ceased to consider as his attributes. Rejected, slandered, and threatened upon the one side, he was irresistibly attracted to the cause which the prejudices of education, and the political principles of his family, had already recommended as the most just. These thoughts rushed through his mind like a torrent, sweeping before them every consideration of an opposite tendency,—the time, besides, admitted of no deliberation,—and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward, devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights!

The Prince (for although unfortunate in the faults and follies of his forefathers, we shall here, and elsewhere, give him the title due to his birth) raised Waverley from the ground, and embraced him with an expression of thanks too warm not to be genuine. He also thanked Fergus Mac-Ivor repeatedly for having brought him such an adherent, and presented Waverley to the various noblemen, chieftains and officers who were about his person, as a young gentleman of the highest hopes and prospects, in whose bold and enthusiastic avowal of his cause they might see an evidence of the sentiments of the English families of rank at this important crisis. Indeed, this was a point much doubted among the adherents of the house of Stuart; and as a well-founded disbelief in the co-operation of the English Jacobites kept many Scottish men of rank from his standard, and diminished the courage of those who

had joined it, nothing could be more seasonable for the Chevalier than the open declaration in his favour of the representative of the house of Waverley-Honour, so long known as cavaliers and royalists. This Fergus had foreseen from the beginning. He really loved Waverley, because their feelings and projects never thwarted each other; he hoped to see him united with Flora, and he rejoiced that they were effectually engaged in the same cause. But, as we before hinted, he also exulted as a politician in beholding secured to his party a partizan of such consequence; and he was far from being insensible to the personal importance which he himself gained with the Prince, from having so materially assisted in making the acquisition.

Charles Edward, on his part, seemed eager to shew his attendants the value which he attached to his new adherent, by entering immediately, as in confidence, upon the circumstances of his situation. "You have been secluded so much from intelligence, Mr Waverley, from causes with which I am but indistinctly acquainted, that I presume you are even yet unacquainted with the important particulars of my present situation. You have, however, heard of my landing in the remote district of Moidart, with only seven attendants, and of the numerous chiefs and clans whose loyal enthusiasm at once placed a solitary adventurer at the head of a gallant army. You must also, I think, have learned, that the commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian Elector marched into the Highlands at the head of a numerous and well-appointed military force, with the intention of giving us battle, but that his courage failed him when we were within three hours' march of each other, so that he fairly gave us the slip, and marched northward to Aberdeen, leaving the Low Country open and undefended. Not to lose so favourable an opportunity, I marched on to this metropolis, driving before me two regiments of horse, who had threatened to cut to pieces every Highlander that should venture to pass Stirling; and while discussions were carrying forward among the magistracy and citizens whether they should defend themselves or surrender, my good friend Lochiel (laying his hand on the shoulder of that gallant and accomplished chieftain) saved them the trouble of further deliberation by entering the gates with five hundred Camerons. Thus far, therefore, we have done well; but, in the meanwhile, this doughty general's nerves being braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, he has taken shipping for Dunbar, and I have just received certain information that he landed there yesterday. His purpose must unquestionably be, to march towards us, to recover possession of the capital. Now there are two opinions in my council of war; one, that being inferior probably in numbers, and certainly in discipline and military appointments, not to mention our total want of artillery, and the weakness of our cavalry, it will be safest to fall back towards the mountains, and there protract the war until fresh succours arrive from France, and the

whole body of the Highland clans shall have taken arms in our favour. The opposite opinion maintains, that a retrograde movement, in our circumstances, is certain to throw utter discredit on our arms and undertaking; and far from gaining us new partizans, will be the means of disheartening those who have joined our standard. The officers who use these last arguments, among whom is your friend Fergus Mac-Ivor, maintain, that if the Highlanders are strangers to the usual military discipline of Europe, the soldiers whom they are to encounter are no less strangers to their peculiar and formidable mode of attack; that the attachment and courage of the chiefs and gentlemen is not to be doubted; and that as they will be in the midst of the enemy, their clans-men will as surely follow them; in fine, that having drawn the sword, we should throw away the scabbard, and trust our cause to battle and to the God of Battles. Will Mr Waverley favour us with his opinion in these arduous circumstances?"

Waverley coloured high betwixt pleasure and modesty at the distinction implied in this question, and answered with equal spirit and readiness, that he could not venture to offer an opinion as derived from military skill, but that the counsel would be far the most acceptable to him which should first afford him an opportunity to evince his zeal in his Royal Highness's service.

"Spoken like a Waverley?" answered Charles Edward; "and that you may hold a rank in some degree corresponding to your name, allow me, instead of the captain's commission which you have lost, to offer you the brevet rank of major in my service, with the advantage of acting as one of my aides-de-camp until you can be attached to a regiment, of which I hope several will be speedily embodied."

"Your Royal Highness will forgive me," answered Waverley, for his recollection turned to Balmawhapple and his scanty troop, "if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place where I may have interest enough to raise a sufficient body of men to make my command useful to your Royal Highness's service. In the meanwhile, I hope for your permission to serve as a volunteer under my friend Fergus Mac-Ivor."

"At least," said the Prince, who was obviously pleased with this proposal, "allow me the pleasure of arming you after the Highland fashion." With these words, he unbuckled the broadsword which he wore, the belt of which was plated with silver, and the steel basket-hilt richly and curiously inlaid. "The blade," said the Prince, "is a genuine Andrea Ferrara; it has been a sort of heir-loom in our family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own, and will add to it pistols of the same workmanship.—Colonel Mac-Ivor, you must have much to say to your friend; I will detain you no longer from your private conversation, but remember we expect you both to attend us in the evening. It may be perhaps the last night we may enjoy in

these halls, and as we go to the field with a clear conscience, we will spend the eve of battle merrily."

Thus licensed, the Chief and Waverley left the presence chamber.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE MYSTERY BEGINS TO BE CLEARED UP.

"How do you like him?" was Fergus's first question, as they descended the large stone staircase.

"A prince to live and die under!" was Waverley's enthusiastic answer.

"I knew you would think so when you saw him, and I intended you should have met earlier, but was prevented by your sprain. And yet he has his foibles, or rather he has difficult cards to play, and his Irish officers, who are much about him, are but sorry advisers,—they cannot discriminate among the numerous pretensions that are set up. Would you think it—I have been obliged for the present to suppress an earl's patent, granted for services rendered ten years ago, for fear of exciting the jealousy, forsooth, of C—— and M——. But you were very right, Edward, to refuse the situation of aide-de-camp. There are two vacant indeed, but Clanronald and Lochiel, and almost all of us, have requested one for young Aberchalader, and the Lowlanders and the Irish party are equally desirous to have the other for the Master of F——. Now, if either of these candidates were to be superseded in your favour, you would make enemies. And then I am surprised that the Prince should have offered you a majority, when he knows very well that nothing short of lieutenant-colonel will satisfy others who cannot bring one hundred and fifty men to the field. But patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards! It is all very well for the present, and we must have you properly equipped for the evening in your new costume; for, to say truth, your outward man is scarce fit for a court."

"Why, my shooting jacket has seen service since we parted; but that probably, you, my friend, know as well or better than I."

"You do my second-sight too much honour. We were so busy, first with the scheme of giving battle to Cope, and afterwards with our operations in the Lowlands, that I could only give general directions to such of our people as were left in Perthshire to respect and protect you, should you come in their way. But let me hear the full story of your adventures, for they have reached us in a very partial and mutilated manner."

Waverley then detailed at length the circumstances with which the

reader is already acquainted, to which Fergus listened with great attention. By this time they had reached the door of his quarters, which he had taken up in a small paved court, retiring from the street, at the house of a buxom widow of forty, who seemed to smile very graciously upon the handsome young chief, being a person with whom good looks and good humour were sure to secure an interest, whatever might be the party's political opinions. Here Callum Beg received them with a smile of recognition. "Callum," said the Chief, "call Shemus an Snaht," (James of the Needle.) This was the hereditary tailor of Vich Ian Vohr. "Shemus, Mr Waverley is to wear the *cath d'ath*, (battle-colour or tartan); his trews must be ready in four hours. You know the measure of a well-made man: two double nails to the small of the leg"——

"Eleven from haunch to heel, seven round the waist—I give your honour leave to hang Shemus, if there's a pair of sheers in the Highlands that has a baulder sneck than hers ain at the *cumadh an truais*," (shape of the trews.)

"Get a plaid of Mac-Ivor tartan, and sash," continued the Chieftain, "and a blue bonnet of the Prince's pattern, at Mr Mouat's in the Crames. My short green coat, with silver lace, will fit him exactly, and I have never worn it. Tell Ensign Maccombich to pick out a handsome target from among mine. The Prince has given Mr Waverley broad-sword and pistols, I will furnish him with a dirk and purse: add but a pair of low-heeled shoes, and then, my dear Edward, (turning to him,) you will be a complete son of Ivor."

These necessary directions given, the chieftain resumed the subject of Waverley's adventures. "It is plain," he said, "that you have been in the custody of Donald Bean Lean. You must know that when I marched away my clan to join the Prince, I laid my injunctions on that worthy member of society to perform a certain piece of service, which done, he was to join me with all the force he could muster. But instead of doing so, the gentleman, finding the coast clear, thought it better to make war on his own account, and has scoured the country, plundering, I believe, both friend and foe, under pretence of levying *black-mail*, sometimes as if by my authority, and sometimes (and be cursed to his consummate impudence) in his own great name! Upon my honour, if I live to see the cairn of Benmore again, I shall be tempted to hang that fellow! Now I recognise his hand particularly in the mode of your rescue from that canting rascal Gilfillan, and I have little doubt that Donald himself played the part of the pedlar on that occasion, but how he should not have plundered you, or put you to ransom, or availed himself in some way or other of your captivity for his own advantage, passes my judgment."

"When and how did you hear of my confinement?" said Waverley.

"The Prince himself told me," said Fergus, "and enquired very

minutely into your history. He then mentioned your being at that moment in the power of one of our northern parties—you know I could not ask him to explain particulars—and requested my opinion about disposing of you. I recommended that you should be brought here as a prisoner, because I did not wish to prejudice you farther with the English government, in case you pursued your purpose of going southward. I knew nothing, you must recollect, of the charge brought against you of aiding and abetting high treason, which, I presume, has some share in changing your original plan. That sullen, good-for-nothing brute, Balmawhapple, was sent to escort you from Doune, with what he calls his troop of horse. As to his behaviour, in addition to his natural antipathy to everything that resembles a gentleman, I presume his adventure with Bradwardine rankles in his recollection, the rather that I dare say his mode of telling that story contributed to the evil reports which reached your quondam regiment.”

“Very likely,” said Waverley; “but now surely, my dear Fergus, you may find time to tell me something of Flora.”

“Why, I can only tell you that she is well, and residing for the present with a relation in this city. I thought it better she should come here, as since our success a good many ladies of rank attend our military court; and I assure you, that there is a sort of consequence annexed to the near relative of such a person as Flora Mac-Ivor, and where there is such a justling of claims and requests a man must use every fair means to enhance his importance.”

There was something in this last sentence which grated on Waverley's feelings. He could not bear that Flora should be considered as conducing to her brother's preferment, by the admiration which she must unquestionably attract; and although it was in strict correspondence with many points of Fergus's character, it shocked him as selfish, and unworthy of his sister's high mind and his own independent pride. Fergus, to whom such manœuvres were familiar, as to one brought up at the French court, did not observe the unfavourable impression which he had unwarily made upon his friend's mind, and concluded by saying, “that they would hardly see Flora before the evening, when she would be at the concert and ball, with which the Prince's party were to be entertained. She and I had a quarrel about her not appearing to take leave of you. I am unwilling to renew it, by soliciting her to receive you this morning; and perhaps my doing so might not only be ineffectual, but prevent your meeting this evening.”

While thus conversing, Waverley heard in the court, before the windows of the parlour, a well-known voice. “I aver to you, my worthy friend,” said the speaker, “that it is a total dereliction of military discipline; and were you not as it were a *tyro*, your purpose would deserve strong reprobation. For a prisoner of war is on no

account to be coerced with fetters, or debinded in *ergastulo*, as would have been the case had you put this gentleman into the pit of the peel-house at Balmawhapple. I grant, indeed, that such a prisoner may for security be coerced in *carcere*, that is, in a public prison."

The growling voice of Balmawhapple was heard as taking leave in displeasure, but the word "land-louper" alone was distinctly audible. He had disappeared before Waverley had reached the court, in order to greet the worthy Baron. The uniform in which he was now attired seemed to have added fresh stiffness and rigidity to his tall perpendicular figure; and the consciousness of military command and authority had increased, in the same proportion, the self-importance of his demeanour, and dogmatism of his conversation.

He received Waverley with his usual kindness, and expressed immediate anxiety to hear an explanation of the circumstances attending the loss of his commission in G——'s dragoons; "not," he said, "that he had the least apprehension of his young friend having done aught which could merit such ungenerous treatment as he had received from government, but because it was right and seemly that the Baron of Bradwardine should be, in point of trust and in point of power, fully able to refute all calumnies against the heir of Waverley-Honour, whom he had so much right to regard as his own son."

Fergus Mac-Ivor, who had now joined them, went hastily over the circumstances of Waverley's story, and concluded with the flattering reception he had met from the young Chevalier. The Baron listened in silence, and at the conclusion shook Waverley heartily by the hand, and congratulated him upon entering the service of his lawful Prince. "For," continued he, "although it has been justly held in all nations a matter of scandal and dishonour to infringe the *sacramentum militare*, and that whether it was taken by each soldier singly, whilk the Romans denominated *per conjurationem*, or by one soldier in name of the rest, yet no one ever doubted that the allegiance so sworn was discharged by the *dimissio*, or discharging of a soldier, whose case would be as hard as that of colliers, salters, and other slaves of the soil, were it to be accounted otherwise. This is something like the brocard expressed by the learned Sanchez in his work *De Jure-jurando*, which you have questionless consulted upon this occasion. As for those who have calumniated you by leasing-making, I protest to Heaven I think they have justly incurred the penalty of the *Memnonia lex*, also called *Lex Rhemnia*, which is prelected upon by Tullius in his oration *In Verrem*. I should have deemed, however, Mr Waverley, that before destining yourself to any special service in the army of the Prince, ye might have enquired what rank the Baron of Bradwardine held there, and whether he would not have been peculiarly happy to have had your services in the regiment of horse which he is now about to levy."

Edward eluded this reproach by pleading the necessity of giving an immediate answer to the Prince's proposal, and his uncertainty at the moment whether his friend the Baron was with the army, or engaged upon service elsewhere.

This punctilio being settled, Waverley made enquiry after Miss Bradwardine, and was informed she had come to Edinburgh with Flora Mac-Ivor, under guard of a party of the Chieftain's men. This step was indeed necessary, Tully-Veolan having become a very unpleasant and even dangerous place of residence for an unprotected young lady, on account of its vicinity to the Highlands, and also to one or two large villages, which, from aversion as much to the Caterans as zeal for presbytery, had declared themselves on the side of government, and formed irregular bodies of partizans, who had frequent skirmishes with the mountaineers, and sometimes attacked the houses of the Jacobite gentry.

"I would propose to you," continued the Baron, "to walk as far as my quarters in the Luckenbooths, and to admire in your passage the High Street, whilk is, beyond a shadow of dubitation, finer than any street, whether in London or Paris. But Rose, poor thing, is sorely discomposed with the firing of the Castle, though I have proved to her from Blondel and Coehorn, that it is impossible a bullet can reach these buildings; and, besides, I have it in charge from his Royal Highness to go to the camp, or leaguer of our army, to see that the men do *conclamare vasa*, that is, truss up their bag and baggage for to-morrow's march."

"That will be easily done by most of us," said Mac-Ivor, laughing.

"Craving your pardon, Colonel Mac-Ivor, not quite so speedily as ye seem to opine. I grant most of your folks left the Highlands, expedited as it were, and free from the incumbrance of baggage; but it is unspeakable the quantity of useless sprechery which they have collected on their march. I saw one fellow of yours (craving your pardon once more) with a pier-glass upon his back."

"Ay," said Fergus, still in good humour, "he would have told you, if you had questioned him, *a ganging foot is aye getting*.—But come, my dear Baron, you know as well as I, that a hundred Uhlans, or a single troop of Schmirschitz's Pandours, would make more havoc in a country than the knight of the mirror and all the rest of our clans put together."

"And that is very true likewise," said the Baron; "they are, as the heathen author says, *ferociores in aspectu, mitiores in actu*, of a horrid and grim visage, but more benign in demeanour than their physiognomy or aspect might infer.—But I stand here talking to you two youngsters, when I should be in the King's Park."

"But you will dine with Waverley and me on your return? I assure you, Baron, though I can live like a Highlander when needs

must, I remember my Paris education, and understand perfectly *faire la meilleure chere*."

"And wha the de'il doubts it," quoth the Baron, laughing, "when ye bring only the cookery, and the gude toun must furnish the materials?—Weel, I have some business in the toun too: But I'll join you at three, if the vivers can tarry so long." So saying, he took leave of his friends, and went to look after the charge which had been assigned him.

CHAPTER XLII.

A SOLDIER'S DINNER.

JAMES OF THE NEEDLE was a man of his word, when whisky was no party to the contract; and upon this occasion Callum Beg, who still thought himself in Waverley's debt, since he had declined accepting compensation at the expense of mine Host of the Candlestick's person, took this opportunity of discharging the obligation, by mounting guard over the hereditary tailor of Sliochd nan Ivor; and, as he expressed himself, "targed him tightly" till the finishing of the job. To rid himself of this restraint, Shemus's needle flew through the tartan like lightning; and as the artist kept chaunting some dreadful skirmish of Fin Macoul, he accomplished at least three stitches to the death of every hero. The dress was, therefore, soon ready, for the short coat fitted the wearer, and the rest of the apparel required little adjustment.

Our hero having now fairly assumed the "garb of old Gaul," well calculated as it was to give an appearance of strength to a figure, which, though tall and well-made, was rather elegant than robust, I hope my fair readers will excuse him if he looked at himself in the mirror more than once, and could not help acknowledging that the reflection seemed that of a very handsome young fellow. In fact, there was no disguising it. His light-brown hair,—for he wore no periwig, notwithstanding the universal fashion of the time,—became the bonnet which surmounted it. His person promised firmness and agility, to which the ample folds of the tartan added an air of dignity. His blue eye seemed of that kind,

"Which melted in love, and which kindled in war:"

And an air of bashfulness, which was in reality the effect of want of habitual intercourse with the world, gave interest to his features, without injuring their grace or intelligence.

"He's a pratty man; a very pratty man," said Evan Dhu (now Ensign Maccombich) to Fergus's buxom landlady.

"He's vera weel," said the Widow Flockhart, "but no naething sae weel-far'd as your colonel, ensign."

"I was-na comparing them," quoth Evan, "nor was I speaking about his being weel-favoured; but only that Mr Waverley looks clean-made and *deliver*, and like a proper lad o' his quarters, that will not cry barley in a brulzie. And, indeed, he's gleg aneuch at the broadsword and target. I hae played wi' him mysel at Glennaquoich, and sae has Vich Ian Vohr, often of a Sunday afternoon."

"Lord forgie ye, Ensign Maccombich, I'm sure the colonel wad never do the like o' that!"

"Hout! hout! Mrs Flockhart, we're young blude, ye ken; and young saints, auld de'ils."

"But will ye fight wi' Sir John Cope, the morn, Ensign Maccombich?"

"Troth, I'se ensure him, an he'll bide us, Mrs Flockhart."

"And will ye face thae tearing chields, the dragoons, Ensign Maccombich?"

"Claw for claw, as Conan said to Satan, Mrs Flockhart, and the deevil tak the shortest nails."

"And will the colonel venture on the bagganets himsel?"

"Ye may swear it, Mrs Flockhart; the very first man will he be, by Saint Phedar."

"Merciful goodness! and if he's killed amang the red coats!"

"Troth, if it should sae befall, Mrs Flockhart, I ken ane that will no be living to weep for him. But we maun a' live the day, and have our dinner; and there's Vich Ian Vohr has packed his *dorlach*, and Mr Waverley's wearied wi' majoring yonder afore the muckle pier-glass, and that grey auld stoor carle, the Baron o' Bradwardine, that shot young Ronald of Ballankeiroch, he's coming down the close wi' that droghling coghling baillie body they ca' Macwhupple, just like the Laird o' Kittlegab's French cook, wi' his turnspit doggie trindling ahint him, and I am as hungry as a gled, my bonnie dow; sae bid Kate set on the broo', and do ye put on your pinner, for ye ken Vich Ian Vohr winna sit down till ye be at the head o' the table;—and dinna forget the pint bottle o' brandy, my woman."

This hint produced dinner. Mrs Flockhart, smiling in her weeds like the sun through a mist, took the head of the table, thinking within herself, perhaps, that she cared not how long the rebellion lasted, that brought her into company so much above her usual associates. She was supported by Waverley and the Baron, with the advantage of the Chieftain *vis-a-vis*. The men of peace and of war, that is, Baillie Macwheeble and Ensign Maccombich, after many profound congés to their superiors and each other, took their places on each side of the Chieftain. Their fare was excellent, time, place, and circumstances considered, and Fergus's spirits were extravagantly high, Regardless

of danger, and sanguine from temper, youth, and ambition, he saw in imagination all his prospects crowned with success, and was totally indifferent to the probable alternative of a soldier's grave. The Baron apologised slightly for bringing Macwheeble. They had been providing, he said, for the expenses of the campaign. "And, by my faith," said the old man, "as I think this will be my last, so I just end where I began—I have evermore found the sinews of war, as a learned author calls the *caisse militaire*, mair difficult to come by than either its flesh, blood, or bones."

"What, have you raised our only efficient body of cavalry, and got ye none of the lous d'ors out of the Doutelle to help you?"

"No, Glennaquoich; cleverer fellows have been before me."

"That's a scandal," said the young Highlander; "but you will share what is left of my subsidy: It will save you an anxious thought to-night, and be all one to-morrow, for we shall all be provided for one way or other before the sun sets." Waverley, blushing deeply, but with great earnestness, pressed the same request. "I thank ye baith, my good lads," said the Baron, "but I will not infringe upon your peculium. Baillie Macwheeble has provided the sum which is necessary."

Here the Baillie shifted, and fidgetted about in his seat, and appeared extremely uneasy. At length, after several preliminary hems, and much tautological expression of his devotion to his honour's service, by night or day, living or dead, he began to insinuate, "that the banks had removed a' their ready cash into the Castle;—that, nae doubt, Sandie Goldie, the silversmith, would do mickle for his honour; but there was little time to get the wadset made out; and, doubtless, if his honour Glennaquoich, or Mr Wauverley, could accommodate"—

"Let me hear of no such nonsense, sir," said the Baron, in a tone which rendered Macwheeble mute, "but proceed as we accorded before dinner, if it be your wish to remain in my service."

To this peremptory order the Baillie, though he felt as if condemned to suffer a transfusion of blood from his own veins into those of the Baron, did not presume to make any reply. After fidgetting a little while longer, however, he addressed himself to Glennaquoich, and told him, if his honour had mair ready siller than was sufficient for his occasions in the field, he could put it out at use for his honour in safe hands, and at great profit at this time. At this proposal Fergus laughed heartily, and answered, when he had recovered his breath,— "Many thanks, Baillie; but you must know it is a general custom among us soldiers to make our landlady our banker.—Here, Mrs Flockhart," said he, taking four or five broad pieces out of a well-filled purse, and tossing the purse itself, with its remaining contents, into her apron, "these will serve my occasions; do you take the rest: Be my banker if I live and my executor if I die; but take care to

give something to the Highland cailliachs that shall cry the coronach loudest for the last Vich Ian Vohr."

"It is the *testamentum militare*," quoth the Baron, "whilk, amang the Romans, was privilegiate to be nuncupative;" but the soft heart of Mrs Flockhart was melted within her at the Chieftain's speech; she set up a lamentable blubbering, and positively refused to touch the bequest, which Fergus was therefore obliged to resume.

"Well, then," said the Chief, "if I fall, it will go to the grenadier that knocks my brains out, and I shall take care he works hard for it."

Baillie Macwheeble was again tempted to put in his oar, for where cash was concerned, he did not willingly remain silent. "Perhaps he had better carry the goud to Miss Mac-Ivor, in case of mortality, or accidents of war. It might tak the form of a *mortis causa* donation in the young leddie's favour, and wad cost but the scrape of a pen to mak it out."

"The young lady," said Fergus, "should such an event happen, will have other matters to think of than these wretched louis d'ors."

"True—undeniable—there's nae doubt o' that; but your honour kens that a full sorrow"—

"Is endurable by most foiks more easily than a hungry one?—True, Baillie, very true; and I believe there may even be some who would be consoled by such a reflection for the loss of the whole existing generation; but there is a sorrow which knows neither hunger nor thirst; and poor Flora"—He paused, and the whole company sympathized in his emotion.

The Baron's thoughts naturally reverted to the unprotected state of his daughter, and the big tear came to the veteran's eye. "If I fall, Macwheeble, you have all my papers, and know all my affairs; be just to Rose."

The Baillie was a man of earthly mould after all; a good deal of dirt and dross about him undoubtedly, but some kindly and just feelings he had, especially where the Baron or his young mistress were concerned. He set up a lamentable howl. "If that doleful day should come, while Duncan Macwheeble had a boddle, it should be Miss Rose's. He wad scroll for a plack the sheet, or she ken'd what it was to want; if indeed a' the bonnie baronie o' Bradwardine and Tulley-Veolan, with the fortalice and manor-place thereof (he kept sobbing and whining at every pause) tofts, crofts, mosses, muirs—outfield, infield—buildings—orchards—dove-cots—with the rights of net and coble in the water and loch of Veolan—tiends, parsonage and vicarage—annexis, connexis—rights of pasturage—fuel, feal, and divot—parts, pendicles, and pertinents whatsoever—(here he had recourse to the end of his long gravat, to wipe his eyes, which overflowed, in spite of him, at the ideas this technical jargon conjured up)—all as more fully described in the proper evidents and titles thereof—and lying within the parish of

Bradwardine and the shire of Perth—if, as aforesaid, they must a' pass from my master's child to Inch-Grabbit, wha's a whig and a Hanoverian, and be managed by his doer, Jamie Howie, wha's no fit to be a birlieman, let be a baillie."——

The beginning of this lamentation really had something affecting, but the conclusion rendered laughter irresistible. Never mind, Baillie," said Ensign Maccombich, for the gude auld times of rugging and riving (pulling and tearing) are come back again, an' Sneckus Mac-Snackus, and a' the rest of your friends, maun gie place to the langest claymore."

"And that claymore shall be ours, Baillie," said the Chieftain, who saw that Macwheeble looked very blank at this intimation.

"We'll give them the metal our mountain affords,
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
And in place of broad-pieces, we'll pay with broad-swords,
Lero, Lero, &c.
With duns and with debts we will soon clear our score,
Lillibulero, &c.
For the man that's thus paid will crave payment no more,
Lero, Lero," &c.

"But come, Baillie, be not cast down; drink your wine with a joyous heart; the Baron shall return safe and victorious to Tully-Veolan, and unite Killancureit's lairdship with his own, since the cowardly half-bred swine will not turn out for the Prince like a gentleman."

"To be shure, they lie maist ewest," said the Baillie, wiping his eyes, "and should natur'ally fa' under the same factory."

"And, I," proceeded the Chieftain, "shall take care of myself, too; for you must know I have to complete a good work here, by bringing Mrs Flockhart into the bosom of the Catholic church, or at least half way, and that is to your episcopal meeting-house. O Baron! if you heard her fine counter-tenor admonishing Kate and Matty in the morning, you, who understand music, would tremble at the idea of hearing her shriek in the psalmody of Haddo's Hole."

"Lord forgive you, Colonel, how ye rin on! But I hope your honours will tak tea before ye gang to the palace, and I maun gang and mask it for you."

So saying, Mrs Flockhart left the gentlemen to their own conversation, which, as might be supposed, turned chiefly upon the approaching events of the campaign.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE BALL.

ENSIGN MACCOMBICH having gone to the Highland camp upon duty, and Baillie Macwheeble having retired to digest his dinner, and Evan

Dhu's intimation of martial law, in some blind change-house, Waverley, with the baron and the Chieftain, proceeded to Holyrood-House. The two last were in full tide of spirits, and the Baron rallied in his way our hero upon the handsome figure which his new dress displayed to advantage. "If you have any design upon the heart of a bonny Scottish lassie, I would premonish you, when you address her, to remember the words of Virgilius:

'Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis,
Tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostes.'

Whilk verses Robertson of Struan, Chief of the Clan Donnochy (unless the claims of Lude ought to be preferred *primo loco*,) has thus elegantly rendered:

'For cruel love has garten'd low my leg,
And clad my hurdies in a philabeg.'

Although indeed ye wear the trews, a garment whilk I approve maist of the twa, as mair ancient and seemly."

"Or rather," said Fergus, "hear my song.

'She wadna hae a Lowland laird,
Nor be an English lady:
But she's away with Duncan Græmc,
And he's rowed her in his plaidy.'"

"By this time they reached the palace of Holyrood, and were announced respectively as they entered the apartments."

It is but too well known how many gentlemen of rank, education, and fortune, took a concern in the ill fated and desperate undertaking of 1745. The ladies also of Scotland very generally espoused the cause of the gallant and handsome young Prince, who threw himself upon the mercy of his countrymen, rather like a hero of romance than a calculating politician. It is not therefore to be wondered that Edward, who had spent the greater part of his life in the solemn seclusion of Waverley-Honour, should have been dazzled at the liveliness and elegance of the scene now exhibited in the long-deserted halls of the Scottish palace. The accompaniments, indeed, fell short of splendour, being such as the confusion and hurry of the time admitted; still, however, the general effect was striking, and, the rank of the company considered, might well be called brilliant.

It was not long before the lover's eye discovered the object of his attachment. Flora Mac-Ivor was in the act of returning to her seat, near the top of the room, with Rose Bradwardine by her side. Among much elegance and beauty, they had attracted a great degree of the public attention, being certainly two of the handsomest women present. The Prince took much notice of both, particularly of Flora, with whom he danced; a preference which she probably owed to her

foreign education, and command of the French and Italian languages.

When the bustle attending the conclusion of the dance permitted, Edward, almost intuitively followed Fergus to the place where Miss Mac-Ivor was seated. The sensation of hope, with which he had nursed his affection in absence of the beloved object, seemed to vanish in her presence, and, like one striving to recover the particulars of a forgotten dream, he would have given the world at that moment to have recollected the grounds on which he had founded expectations which now seemed so delusive. He accompanied Fergus with down-cast eyes, tingling ears, and the sensation of a criminal, who, while he moves slowly through the crowds that have assembled to behold his execution, receives no clear sensation either from the noise which fills his ears, or the tumult on which he casts his wandering look.

Flora seemed a little—a very little—affected and discomposed at his approach. “I bring you an adopted son of Ivor,” said Fergus.

“And I receive him as a second brother,” replied Flora.

There was a slight emphasis on the word, which would have escaped every ear but one that was feverish with apprehension. It was however distinctly marked, and, combined with her whole tone and manner, plainly intimated, “I will never think of Mr Waverley as a more intimate connection.” Edward stopped, bowed, and looked at Fergus, who bit his lip; a movement of anger, which proved that he also put a sinister interpretation on the reception which his sister had extended his friend. “This, then, is an end of my day-dream!” Such was Waverley’s first thought, and it was so exquisitely painful as to banish from his cheek every drop of blood.

“Good God!” said Rose Bradwardine, “he is not yet recovered?”

These words, which she uttered with great emotion, were overheard by the Chevalier himself, who stepped hastily forward, and, taking Waverley by the hand, enquired kindly after his health, and added, that he wished to speak to him. By a strong and sudden effort, which the circumstances rendered indispensable, Waverley recovered himself so far as to follow the Chevalier in silence to a sort of recess in the apartment.

Here the Prince detained him for some time, asking various questions about the great tory and catholic families of England, their connections, their influence, and the state of their affections towards the house of Stuart. To these queries Edward could not at any time have given more than general answers, and it may be supposed that, in the present state of his feelings, his responses were indistinct even to confusion. The Chevalier smiled once or twice at the incongruity of his replies, but continued the same style of conversation, although he found himself obliged to occupy the principal share of it, until he perceived that Waverley had recovered his presence of mind. It is probable that this long audience was partly meant to further the idea which the Prince

desired should be entertained among his followers, that Waverley was a character of political influence. But it appeared from his concluding expressions, that he had a different and good-natured motive, personal to our hero, for prolonging the conference. "I cannot resist the temptation," he said "of boasting of my own discretion as a lady's confidant. You see, Mr Waverley, that I know all, and I assure you I am deeply interested in the affair. But, my good young friend, you must put a more severe restraint upon your feelings. There are many here whose eyes can see as clearly as mine, but the prudence of whose tongues may not be equally trusted."

So saying, he turned easily away, and joined a circle of officers at a few paces distance, leaving Waverley to meditate upon his parting expression, which, though not intelligible to him in its whole purport, was sufficiently so in the caution which the last words recommended. Making therefore an effort to shew himself worthy of the interest which his new master had expressed, by instant obedience to his recommendation, he walked up to the spot where Flora and Miss Bradwardine were still seated, and having made his compliments to the latter, he succeeded, even beyond his own expectation, in entering into conversation upon general topics.

If, my dear reader, thou hast ever happened to take post-horses at ———, or at ———, (one at least of which blanks, or more probably both, you will be able to fill up from an inn near your own residence,) you must have observed, and doubtless with sympathetic pain, the reluctant agony with which the poor jades at first apply their galled necks to the collars of the harness. But when the irresistible arguments of the post-boy have prevailed upon them to proceed a mile or two, they will become callous to the first sensation; and being *warm in the harness*, as the said post-boy may term it, proceed as if their withers were altogether unwrung. This simile so much corresponds with the state of Waverley's feelings in the course of this memorable evening, that I prefer it (especially as being, I trust, wholly original) to any more splendid illustration, with which Byshe's *Art of Poetry* might supply me.

Exertion, like virtue, is its own reward; and our hero had, moreover, other stimulating motives for persevering in a display of affected composure and indifference to Flora's obvious unkindness. Pride, which applies its caustic as an useful, though severe, remedy for the wounds of affection, came rapidly to his aid. Distinguished by the favour of a Prince; destined, he had room to hope, to play a conspicuous part in the revolution which awaited a mighty kingdom; excelling probably in mental acquirements, and equalling at least in personal accomplishments, most of the noble and distinguished persons with whom he was now ranked; young, wealthy, and high born,—could he, or ought he, to droop beneath the frown of a capricious beauty?

"O nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My bosom is proud as thine own."

With the feeling expressed in these beautiful lines, (which however were not then written,) Waverley determined upon convincing Flora that he was not to be depressed by a rejection, in which his vanity whispered that perhaps she did her own prospects as much injustice as his. And, to aid this change of feeling, there lurked the secret and unacknowledged hope, that she might learn to prize his affection more highly when she did not conceive it to be altogether within her own choice to attract or repulse it. There was a mystic tone of encouragement also in the Chevalier's words, though he feared they only referred to the wishes of Fergus in favour of an union between him and his sister. But the whole circumstances of time, place, and incident, combined at once to awaken his imagination, and to call upon him for a manly and decisive tone of conduct, leaving to fate to dispose of the issue. Should he appear to be the only one sad and disheartened on the eve of battle, how greedily would the tale be commented upon by the slander which had been already but too busy with his fame? Never, never, he internally resolved, shall my unprovoked enemies possess such an advantage over my reputation.

Under the influence of these mixed sensations, and cheered at times by a smile of intelligence and approbation from the Prince as he passed the group, Waverley exerted his powers of fancy, animation, and eloquence, and attracted the general admiration of the company. The conversation gradually assumed the tone best qualified for the display of his talents and acquisitions. The gaiety of the evening was exalted in character, rather than checked, by the approaching dangers of the morrow. All nerves were strung for the future, and prepared to enjoy the present. This mood of mind is highly favourable for the exercise of the powers of imagination, for poetry, and for that eloquence which is allied to poetry. Waverley, as we have elsewhere observed, possessed at times a wonderful flow of rhetoric; and, on the present occasion, he touched more than once the higher notes of feeling, and then again ran off in a wild voluntary of fanciful mirth. He was supported and excited by kindred spirits, who felt the same impulse of mood and time; and even those of more cold and calculating habits were hurried along by the torrent. Many ladies declined the dance, which still went forward, and, under various pretences, joined the party to which the "handsome young Englishman" seemed to have attached himself. He was presented to several of the first rank, and his manners, which for the present were altogether free from the bashful restraint by which, in a moment of less excitation, they were usually clouded, gave universal delight.

Flora Mac-Ivor appeared to be the only female present who regarded him with a degree of coldness and reserve; yet even she could not

suppress a sort of wonder at talents, which, in the course of their acquaintance, she had never seen displayed with equal brilliancy and impressive effect. I do not know whether she might not feel a momentary regret at having taken so decisive a resolution upon the addresses of a lover, who seemed fitted so well to fill a high place in the highest stations of society. Certainly she had hitherto accounted among the incurable deficiencies of Edward's disposition, the *mauvaise honte*, which, as she had been educated in the first foreign circles, and was little acquainted with the shyness of English manners, was, in her opinion, too nearly related to timidity and imbecility of disposition. But if a passing wish occurred that Waverley could have rendered himself uniformly thus amiable and attractive, its influence was momentary; for circumstances had arisen since they met, which rendered, in her eyes, the resolution she had formed respecting his addresses, final and irrevocable.

With opposite feelings, Rose Bradwardine bent her whole soul to listen. She felt a secret triumph at the public tribute paid to one, whose merit she had learned to prize too early and too fondly. Without a thought of jealousy, without a feeling of fear, pain, or doubt, and undisturbed by a single selfish consideration, she resigned herself to the pleasure of observing the general murmur of applause. When Waverley spoke, her ear was exclusively filled with his voice; when others answered, her eye took its turn of observation, and seemed to watch his reply. Perhaps the delight which she experienced in the course of that evening, though transient, and followed by much sorrow, was in its nature the most pure and disinterested which the human mind is capable of enjoying.

"Baron," said the Chevalier, "I would not trust my mistress in the company of your young friend. He is really, though somewhat romantic, one of the most fascinating young men whom I have ever seen."

"And by my honour, sir," said the Baron, "the lad can sometimes be as dowff as a sexagenary like myself. If your Royal Highness had seen him dreaming and dozing about the banks of Tully-Veolan like an hypochondriac person, or, as Burton's *Anatomia* hath it, a phrenesiatic or lethargic patient, you would wonder where he hath sae suddenly acquired all this fine sprack festivity and jocularity."

"Truly," said Fergus Mac-Ivor, "I think it can only be the inspiration of the tartans; for though Waverley be always a man of sense and honour, I have hitherto often found him a very absent and inattentive companion."

"We are the more obliged to him," said the Chevalier, "for having reserved for this evening qualities which even such intimate friends had not discovered.—But come, gentlemen, the night advances, and the business of to-morrow must be early thought upon. Each take

charge of his fair partner, and honour a small refreshment with your company."

He led the way to another suite of apartments, and assumed the seat and canopy at the head of a long range of tables, with an air of dignity mingled with courtesy, which well became his high birth and lofty pretensions. An hour had hardly flown away when the musicians played the signal for parting, so well known in Scotland.

"Good night then," said the Chevalier, rising; "Good night, and joy be with you!—Good night, fair ladies, who have so highly honoured a proscribed and banished Prince.—Good night, my brave friends; may the happiness we have this evening experienced be an omen of our return to these our paternal halls, speedily and in triumph, and of many and many future meetings of mirth and pleasure in the palace of Holyrood!"

When the Baron of Bradwardine afterwards mentioned this adieu of the Chevalier, he never failed to repeat, in a melancholy tone,

" ' Audiit, et voti Phœbus succedere partem
Mente dedit; partem volucres dispersit in auras;'

which," as he added, "is weel rendered into English metre by my friend Bangour;

' Ae half the prayer wi' Phœbus grace did find,
The t'other half he whistled down the wind.' "

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE MARCH.

THE conflicting passions and exhausted feelings of Waverley had resigned him to late but sound repose. He was dreaming of Glennaquoich, and had transferred to the halls of Ian nan Chaistel the festal train which so lately graced those of Holyrood. The pibroch, too, was distinctly heard; and this at least was no delusion, for the "proud step of the chief piper" of the "chlain Mac-Ivor" was perambulating the court before the door of his Chieftain's quarters, and as Mrs Flockhart, apparently no friend to his minstrelsy, was pleased to observe, "garring the very stane and lime wa's dinnle wi' his screeching." Of course it soon became too powerful for Waverley's dream, with which it had at first rather harmonized.

The sound of Callum's brogues in his apartment, (for Mac-Ivor had again assigned Waverley to his care), was the next note of parting. "Winna yere honour bang up? Vich Ian Vohr and ta Prince are

awa' to the lang green glen ahint the clachan, at they ca' King's Park, and mony ane's on his ain shanks the day that will be carried on ither folk's ere night."

Waverley sprung up, and, with Callum's assistance and instructions, adjusted his tartans in proper costume. Callum told him also, "tat his leather dorloch wi' the lock on her was come frae Doune, and she was awa again in the wain wi' Vich Ian Vohr's walise."

By this periphrasis Waverley readily apprehended his portmanteau was intended. He thought upon the mysterious packet of the maid of the cavern, which seemed always to escape him when within his very grasp. But this was no time for indulgence of curiosity; and having declined Mrs Flockhart's compliment of a *morning*, i.e. a matutinal dram, being probably the only man in the Chevalier's army by whom such a courtesy would have been rejected, he made his adieus, and departed with Callum.

"Callum," said he, as they proceeded down a dirty close to gain the southern skirts of the Canongate, "what shall I do for a horse?"

"Ta de'il ane ye maun think o'," said Callum. "Vich Ian Vohr's marching on foot at the head o' his kin, (not to say the Prince, wha does the like,) wi' his target on his shoulder, and ye maun e'en be neighbour like."

"And so I will, Callum,—give me my target;—so, there we are fixed. How does it look?"

"Like the bra' Highlander at's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they ca' Luckie Middlemass's," answered Callum; meaning, I must observe, a high compliment, for, in his opinion, Luckie Middlemass's sign was an exquisite specimen of art. Waverley, however, not feeling the full force of this polite simile, asked him no farther questions.

Upon extricating themselves from the mean and dirty suburbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverley felt a renewal both of health and spirits, and turned his recollection with firmness upon the events of the preceding evening, and with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence, called St Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's Seat, and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. Waverley had already seen something of the kind at the hunting-match which he attended with Fergus Mac-Ivor; but this was on a scale of much greater magnitude, and incomparably deeper interest. The rocks, which formed the background of the scene, and the very sky itself, rung with the clang of the bagpipers, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch,

his chieftain and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven, with the hum and bustle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military manœuvres. Their motions appeared spontaneous and confused, but the result was order and regularity; so that a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangement of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally, and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning, and the nights beginning to be frosty. After forming for a little while, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering word of Clanronald, *Ganion Coheriga*—(Gainsay who dares;) *Loch-Sloy—Forth, fortune, and fill the fetters*, the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; *Bydand*, that of Lord Lewis Gordon; and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of the column the standard of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto *Tandem Triumphans*. The few cavalry, being chiefly Lowland gentry, with their domestic servants and retainers, formed the advanced guard of the army, and their standards, of which they had rather too many in respect of their numbers, were seen waving upon the extreme verge of the horizon. Many members of this body, among whom Waverley accidentally remarked Balmawhapple, and his lieutenant, Jinker, (which last, however, had been reduced, with several others, by the advice of the Baron of Bradwardine, to the situation of what he called reformed officers, or reformadoes,) added to the liveliness, though by no means to the regularity, of the scene, by galloping their horses as fast forward as the press would permit, to join their proper station in the van. The fascinations of the Circes of the High Street, and the potations of strength with which they had been drenched over night, had probably detained these heroes within the walls of Edinburgh somewhat later than was consistent with their morning duty. Of such loiterers, the prudent took the longer and circuitous, but more open route, to attain their place in the march, by keeping at some distance from the infantry, and making their way through the inclosures to the right, at the expense of leaping over or rulling down the dry stone fences. The irregular appearance and

vanishing of these small parties, as well as the confusion occasioned by those who endeavoured, though generally without effect, to press to the front through the crowd of Highlanders, maugre their curses, oaths, and opposition, added to the picturesque wildness, what it took from the military regularity of the scene.

While Waverley gazed upon this remarkable spectacle, rendered yet more impressive by the occasional discharge of cannon-shot from the Castle at the Highland guards as they were withdrawn from its vicinity to join their main body, Callum, with his usual freedom of interference, reminded him that Vich Ian Vohr's folk were nearly at the head of the column of march which was still distant, and that "they would gang very fast after the cannon fired." Thus admonished, Waverley walked briskly forward, yet often casting a glance upon the darksome clouds of warriors who were collected before and beneath him. A nearer view, indeed, rather diminished the effect impressed on the mind by the more distant appearance of the army. The leading men of each clan were well armed with broadsword, target, and fusée, to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol. But these consisted of gentlemen, that is, relations of the chief, however distant, and who had an immediate title to his countenance and protection. Finer and hardier men than these could not have been selected out of any army in Christendom; and the free and independent habits which each possessed, and which each was yet so well taught to subject to the command of his chief, and the peculiar mode of discipline adopted in Highland warfare, rendered them equally formidable by their individual courage and high spirit, and from their rational conviction of the necessity of acting in unison, and of giving their national mode of attack the fullest opportunity of success.

But, in a lower rank to these, there were found individuals of an inferior description, the peasantry of the country, who, although they did not allow themselves to be so called, and claimed often, with apparent truth, to be of more ancient descent than the masters whom they served, bore, nevertheless, the livery of extreme penury, being indifferently accoutred, and worse armed, half naked, stunted in growth, and miserable in aspect. Each important clan had some of those Helots attached to them;—thus the M'Couls, though tracing their descent from Comhal, the father of Finn or Fingal, were a sort of Gibeonites, or hereditary servants to the Stuarts of Appine. The Macbeaths, descended from the unhappy monarch of that name, were subjects to the Morays, and clan Donnochy, or Robertsons of Athole; and many other examples might be given, but for hurting any pride of clanship which may yet be left, and thereby drawing a Highland tempest into the shop of my publisher. Now these same Hélots, though forced into the field by the arbitrary authority of the chieftains under whom they hewed wood and drew water, were, in general, very sparingly

fed, ill dressed, and worse armed. The latter circumstance was indeed owing chiefly to the general disarming act, which had been carried into effect ostensibly through the whole Highlands, although most of the chieftains contrived to elude its influence by retaining the weapons of their own immediate clansmen, and delivering up those of less value which they collected from these inferior satellites. It followed, as a matter of course, that, as we have already hinted, many of these poor fellows were brought to the field in a very wretched condition.

From this it happened, that, in bodies, the van of which were admirably well-armed in their own fashion, the rear resembled actual banditti. Here was a pole-axe, there a sword without a scabbard; here a gun without a lock, there a scythe set straight upon a pole; and some had only their dirks, and bludgeons or stakes pulled out of hedges. The grim, uncombed, and wild appearance of these men, most of whom gazed with all the admiration of ignorance upon the most ordinary productions of domestic art, created surprise in the Lowlands, but it also created terror. So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that late period, that the character and appearance of their population, while thus sallying forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south country Lowlanders as much surprise as if an invasion of African Negroes or Esquimaux Indians, had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country. It cannot therefore be wondered if Waverley, who had hitherto judged of the Highlanders generally, from the samples which the policy of Fergus had from time to time exhibited, should have felt damped and astonished at the daring attempt of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom not above half the number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate, and alter the dynasty, of the British kingdoms.

As he moved along the column, which still remained stationary, an iron gun, the only piece of artillery possessed by the army which meditated so important a revolution, was fired as the signal of march. The Chevalier had expressed a wish to leave this useless piece of ordnance behind him; but, to his surprise, the Highland chiefs interposed to solicit that it might accompany their march, pleading the prejudices of their followers, who, little accustomed to artillery, attached a degree of absurd importance to this field-piece, and expected it would contribute essentially to a victory which they could only owe to their own muskets and broad-swords. Two or three French artillerymen were therefore appointed to the management of this military engine, which was drawn along by a string of Highland ponies, and was, after all, only used for the purpose of firing signals.

No sooner was its voice heard upon the present occasion, than the whole line was in motion. A wild cry of joy from the advancing battalions rent the air, and was then lost in the shrill clangour of the bag-pipes, as the sound of these, in their turn, was partially drowned

by the heavy tread of so many men put at once into motion. The banners glittered and shook as they moved forward, and the horse hastened to occupy their station as the advanced guard, and to push on reconnoitering parties to ascertain and report the motions of the enemy. They vanished from Waverley's eye as they wheeled round the basis of Arthur's Seat, under the remarkable ridge of basaltic rocks which fronts the little lake of Duddingston.

The infantry followed in the same direction, regulating their pace by another body which occupied a road more to the southward. It cost Edward some exertion of activity to attain the place which Fergus's followers occupied in the line of march.

CHAPTER XLV.

AN INCIDENT GIVES RISE TO UNAVAILING REFLECTIONS.

WHEN Waverley reached that part of the column which was filled by the clan of Mac-Ivor, they halted, formed, and received him with a triumphant flourish upon the bag-pipes, and a loud shout of the *Mac-Ivor*, most of whom knew him personally, and were delighted to see him in the dress of their country and of their sept. "You shout," said a Highlander of a neighbouring clan to Evan Dhu, "as if the Chieftain were just come to your head."

"*Mar e Bran is e brathair*, If it be not Bran, it is Bran's brother," was the proverbial reply of Maccombich.

"O, then, it is the handsome Sassenach Duinhé-Wassel, that is to be married to Lady Flora?"

"That may be, or it may not be; and it is neither your matter nor mine, Gregor."

Fergus advanced to embrace the volunteer, and afford him a warm and hearty welcome; but he thought it necessary to apologise for the diminished numbers of his battalion, (which did not exceed three hundred men) by observing, he had sent a good many out upon parties. The fact was, that the defection of Donald Bean Lean had deprived him of at least thirty hardy fellows, whose services he had fully reckoned upon, and many of his occasional adherents had been recalled by their several chiefs to the standards to which they most properly owed their allegiance. The rival chief of the great northern branch also of his own clan, had mustered his people, although he had not yet declared either for the Government or for the Chevalier, and by his intrigues had in some degree diminished the force with which Fergus took the field. To make amends for these disappointments, it was universally admitted that the followers of Vich Ian Vohr, in point of

appearance, equipment, arms, and dexterity in using them, equalled the most choice troops that followed the standard of Charles Edward.

Old Ballenkeiroch acted as his Major; and, with the other officers who had known Waverley when at Glennaquoich, gave our hero a cordial reception, as the sharer of their future dangers and expected honours.

The route pursued by the Highland army after leaving the village of Duddingston, was, for some time, the common post-road betwixt Edinburgh and Haddington, until they crossed the Esk, at Musselburgh, when, instead of keeping the low grounds towards the sea, they turned more inland, and occupied the brow of the eminence called Carberry Hill, a place already distinguished in Scottish History as the spot where the lovely Mary surrendered herself to her insurgent subjects. This direction was chosen because the Chevalier had received notice that the army of the government had quartered the night before to the west of Haddington, with the intention of falling down towards the sea-side, and approaching Edinburgh by the lower coast-road. By keeping the height, which overhung that road in many places, it was hoped the Highlanders might find an opportunity of attacking them to advantage. The army therefore halted upon the ridge of Carberry-Hill, both to refresh the soldiers, and as a central situation, from which their march could be directed to any point that the motions of the enemy might render most advisable. While they remained in this position, a messenger came in haste to desire Mac-Ivor to come to the Prince, and added, that their advanced post had had a skirmish with some of the enemy's cavalry, and that the Baron of Bradwardine had sent in a few prisoners.

Waverley walked forward out of the line to satisfy his curiosity, and soon observed five or six of the troopers, who, covered with dust, had galloped in to announce that the enemy were in full march westward along the coast. Passing still a little farther on, he was struck with a groan which issued from a hovel. He approached the spot, and heard a voice, in the provincial English of his native county, which endeavoured, though frequently interrupted by pain, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The voice of distress always found a ready answer in our hero's bosom. He entered the hovel, which seemed to be intended for what is called, in the pastoral counties of Scotland, a *smearing-house*; and in its obscurity Edward could only at first discern a sort of red bundle; for those who had stripped the wounded man of his arms, and part of his clothes, had left him the dragoon-cloak in which he was enveloped.

"For the sake of God," said the wounded man, as he heard Waverley's step, "give me a single drop of water?"

"You shall have it," answered Waverley, at the same time raising him in his arms, bearing him to the door of the hut, and giving him some drink from his flask,

"I should know that voice," answered the man; but, looking on Waverley's dress with a bewildered look,—“no, this is not the young squire.”

This was the common phrase by which Edward was distinguished on the estate of Waverley-Honour, and the sound now thrilled to his heart with the thousand recollections which the well-known accents of his native country had already contributed to awaken. “Houghton?” he said, gazing on the ghastly features which death was fast disfiguring, “can this be you?”

“I never thought to hear an English voice again,” said the wounded man; “they left me to live or die here as I could, when they found I could say nothing about the strength of the regiment. But, O Squire! how could you stay from us so long, and let us be tempted by that fiend of the pit, Ruffin?—we should have followed you through flood and fire; to be sure.”

“Ruffin! I assure you, Houghton, you have been vilely imposed upon.”

“I often thought so, said Houghton, though they shewed us your very seal; and so Timms was shot, and I was reduced to the ranks.”

“Do not exhaust your strength in speaking,” said Edward; I will get you a surgeon presently.”

He saw Mac-Ivor approaching, who was now returning from head quarters, where he had attended a council of war, and hastened to meet him. “Brave news!” shouted the Chief; “we shall be at it in less than two hours. The Prince has put himself at the head of the advance; and, as he drew his sword, called out, ‘My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard.’ Come Waverley, we move instantly.”

“A moment,—a moment; this poor prisoner is dying;—where shall I find a surgeon?”

“Why, where should you? We have none, you know, but two or three French fellows, who, I believe, are little better than *garçons apothicaires*.”

“But the man will bleed to death.”

“Poor fellow! But it will be a thousand men's fate before night; so come along.”

“I cannot; I tell you he is a son of a tenant of my uncle's.”

“O, if he's a follower of yours, he must be looked to; I'll send Callum to you; but *diaoul!*—*ceade millia molligheart*,” continued the impatient Chieftain,—“what made an old soldier, like Bradwardine, send dying men here to cumber us?”

Callum came with his usual alertness; and, indeed, Waverley rather gained than lost in the opinion of the Highlanders, by his anxiety about the wounded man. They would not have understood the general philanthropy, which rendered it almost impossible for Waverley to have past any person in such distress; but, as apprehending that the

sufferer was one of his *following*, they unanimously allowed that Waverley's conduct was that of a kind and considerate Chieftain, who merited the attachment of his people. In about a quarter of an hour poor Humphrey breathed his last, praying his young master, when he returned to Waverley-Honour, to be kind to old Job Houghton and his dame, and conjuring him not to fight with these wild petticoat-men against old England.

When his last breath was drawn, Waverley, who had beheld with sincere sorrow, and no slight tinge of remorse, the final agonies of mortality, now witnessed for the first time, commanded Callum to remove the body into the hut. This the young Highlander performed, not without examining the pockets of the defunct, which, however, he remarked, had been pretty well spunged. He took the cloak, however, and proceeding with the provident caution of a spaniel hiding a bone, concealed it among some furze, and carefully marked the spot, observing, that if he chanced to return that way, it would be an excellent rokelay for his auld mother Elspat.

It was by a considerable exertion that they regained their place in the marching column, which was now moving rapidly forward to occupy the high grounds above the village of Tranent, between which and the sea lay the purposed march of the opposite army.

This melancholy interview with his late serjeant forced many unavailing and painful reflections upon Waverley's mind. It was clear, from the confession of the man, that Colonel G——'s proceedings had been strictly warranted, and even rendered indispensable, by the steps taken in Edward's name to induce the soldiers of his troop to mutiny. The circumstance of the seal, he now, for the first time, recollected, and that he had lost it in the cavern of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of carrying on an intrigue in the regiment for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now little doubt that in the packet placed in his portmanteau by his daughter, he should find farther light upon his proceedings. In the meanwhile, the repeated expostulation of Houghton,—“Ah, Squire, why did you leave us?” rung like a knell in his ears.

“Yes,” said he, “I have indeed acted towards you with thoughtless cruelty. I brought you from your paternal fields, and the protection of a generous and kind landlord, and when I had subjected you to all the rigour of military discipline, I shunned to bear my own share of the burthen, and wandered from the duties I had undertaken, leaving alike those whom it was my business to protect, and my own reputation, to suffer under the artifices of villainy. O, indolence and indecision of mind! if not in yourselves vices, to how much exquisite misery do you frequently prepare the way?”

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE EVE OF BATTLE.

ALTHOUGH the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northwards to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. The low coast-road to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the inclosures of Seaton-House, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an inclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that by doing so, he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgment of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

When the Highlanders reached the heights commanding the plain described, they were immediately formed in array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and inclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level between the high ground and the sea. The space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth, Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry marching in open column, their fixed bayonets shewing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning; as, at a signal given, they at once wheeled into line, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southwards.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders shewed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout

of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that “the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a’ the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.”

But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy, but intersected with walls of dry stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy’s advanced posts, and to reconnoitre the ground.

Here then was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained to its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers and the general’s staff of each army could be distinguished in front of their lines, busied with the spy-glasses to watch each other’s motions, and occupied in despatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to the scene by galloping along in different directions, as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contest of individual sharp-shooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, or a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the view of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets, the peasantry cautiously shewed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another Chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope’s army, and compel him to a change of position. In order to execute these orders, the Chief of Glennaquoich occupied the church-yard of Tranent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, “for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christian burial.” To check or dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns escorted by a strong

party of cavalry. They approached so near that Waverley could plainly recognise the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettle-drums sound the advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding-officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant, that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible and unnatural. "Good God!" he thought, "am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England!"

Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. "I can hit him now," said Callum, cautiously raising his fusée over the wall under which he lay couched, scarce sixty yards distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran recalled the almost paternal respect, with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say "Hold!" an aged Highlander, who lay beside Callum Beg, stopped his arm. "Spare your shot," said the seer, "his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow—I see his winding sheet high upon his breast."

Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the *Taishatr*, and recovered his piece. Colonel G——, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea, and the other resting upon the village of Preston; and, as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manœuvres on both sides the daylight was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

"There will be nothing done to-night," said Fergus to his friend Waverley: "ere we wrap ourselves in our plaids, let us go see what the Baron is about in rear of the line."

When they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, after having sent out his night patrols, and posted his sentinels,

engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the remainder of his troop. His voice was loud and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and the appearance of Saunders Sander-son, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous, yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses, saddled and picquetted behind them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion.

"I have confessed to-day, ere you were awake," whispered Fergus to Waverley, "yet I am not so strict a catholic as to refuse to join in this good man's prayers." Edward assented, and they remained till the Baron had concluded the service.

As he shut the book, "Now, lads," said he, "have at them in the morning, with heavy hands and light consciences." He then kindly greeted Mac-Ivor and Waverley, who requested to know his opinion of their situation. "Why, you know Tacitus saith, '*In rebus bellicis maxime dominatur Fortuna.*' which is equiponderate with our vernacular adage, 'Luck can maist in the mellee.' But credit me, gentlemen, yon man is not a deacon o' his craft. He damps the spirits of the poor lads he commands, by keeping them on the defensive, whilk of itself implies inferiority or fear. Now will they lie on their arms yonder, as anxious and as ill at ease as a toad under a harrow, while our men will be quite fresh and blithe for action in the morning. Well, good night.—One thing troubles me, but if to-morrow goes well off, I will consult you about it, Glennaquoich."——

"I could almost apply to Mr Bradwardine the character which Henry gives of Fluellen," said Waverley, as his friend and he walked towards their bivouac:

"Though it appears a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this 'Scotchman.'"

"He has seen much service," answered Fergus, "and one is sometimes astonished to find how much nonsense and reason are mingled in his composition. I wonder what can be troubling his mind—probably something about Rose.—Hark! the English are setting their watch."

The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes swelled up the hill—died away—resumed its thunder—and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sunk upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost-mist, rising from the ocean, covered the eastern

horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo.

The Highlanders, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose. "How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night, Fergus!"

"You must not think of that. You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other reflections are now TOO LATE."

With the opiate contained in this undeniable remark, Edward endeavoured to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The Chieftain and he, combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum, sitting down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the chief,) began a long mournful song in Gaelic, to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CONFLICT.

WHEN they had slept for a few hours, they were awakened, and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. "Courage, my brave friends!" said the Chevalier, "and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest."

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage

of star-light. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and as the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made—"Who goes there?"

"Hush," cried Fergus, "hush! Let none answer as he values his life—Press forward;" and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. "*Hylax in limine latrat*," said the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the shot; "that loon will give the alarm."

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the *general*. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or corn fields, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans, of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best-armed and best-born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

“Down with your plaid, Waverley,” cried Fergus, throwing off his own; “we’ll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.”

The clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour,—it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment the sun, which was now above the horizon, dispelled the mists. The vapours rose like a curtain, and shewed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

“Forward, sons of Ivor,” cried their Chief, “or the Camerons will draw the first blood!” They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received a fire from their fuses as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillery-men, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired, and drew their broad-swords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported, by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant, even the speediest of the warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman’s weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer’s head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward’s generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well,

and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right the battle still raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' arms, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel G——, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park, (for his house was close by the field of battle,) continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man, became the instant object of Edward's anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let-out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognise Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties and scattered all over the country. So far as our tale is concerned, we have only to relate the fate of Balmawhapple, who, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stiff-necked as his rider, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and cleaving his skull with their broadswords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually

brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of Ensign Maccombich, that there "was mair *tint* (lost) at Sheriff-Muir." His friend, Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. "He had tauld the laird a thousand times," he said "that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the puir thing, when he wad needs ride her wi' a curb of half a yard lang; and that he could na but bring himself (no to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise; whereas if he had had a wee bit rinnin ring on the snaffle, she wad-a rein'd as cannily as a cadger's pownie."

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawhapple.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED EMBARRASSMENT.

WHEN the battle was over, and all things coming into order, the Baron of Bradwardine, returning from the duty of the day, and having disposed those under his command in their proper stations, sought the Chieftain of Glennaquoich and his friend Edward Waverley. He found the former busied in determining disputes among his clansmen about points of precedence and deeds of valour, besides sundry high and doubtful questions concerning plunder. The most important of the last respected the property of a gold watch, which had once belonged to some unfortunate English officer. The party against whom judgment was awarded consoled himself by observing, "She (*i. e.* the watch, which he took lor a living animal,) died the very night Vich Ian Vohr gave her to Murdoch;" the machine having, in fact, stopped for want of winding up.

It was just when this important question was decided, that the Baron of Bradwardine, with a careful and yet important expression of countenance, joined the two young men. He descended from his reeking charger, the care of which he recommended to one of his grooms. "I seldom ban, sir," said he to the man; "but if you play any of your hound's-foot tricks, and leave puir Berwick before he's sorted, to run after spuilzie, de'il be wi' me if I do not give your craig a thraw." He then stroked with great complacency the animal which had borne him through the fatigues of the day, and having taken a tender leave of him,—“Weel, my good young friends, a glorious and decisive victory,” said he; “but these loons of troopers fled ower soon. I should have liked to have shewn you the true points of the *prælium*

equestre, or equestrian combat, whilk their cowardice has postponed, and which I hold to be the pride and terror of warfare. Well, I have fought once more in this old quarrel, though I admit I could not be so far *ben* as you lads, being that it was my point of duty to keep together our handful of horse. And no cavalier ought in anywise to begrudge honour that befalls his companions, even though they are ordered upon thrice his danger, whilk another time, by the blessing of God, may be his own case.—But Glennaquoich, and you, Mr Waverley, I pray ye to give me your best advice on a matter of mickle weight, and which deeply affects the honour of the house of Bradwardine.—I crave your pardon, Ensign Maccombich, and yours, Inveraughlin, and yours, Edderalshendrach, and yours, sir.”

The last person he addressed was Ballenkeiroch, who, remembering the death of his son, loured on him with a look of savage defiance. The Baron, quick as lightning at taking umbrage, had already bent his brow, when Glennaquoich dragged his major from the spot, and remonstrated with him, in the authoritative tone of a chieftain, on the madness of reviving a quarrel in such a moment.

“The ground is cumbered with carcasses,” said the old mountaineer, turning sullenly away; “*one more* would hardly have been ken’d upon it; and if it was na for yoursel, Vich Ian Vohr, that one should be Bradwardine’s or mine.”

The Chief soothed while he hurried him away, and then returned to the Baron. “It is Ballenkeiroch,” said he, in an under and confidential voice, “father of the young man who fell in the unlucky affair eight years since at the Mains.”

“Ah!” said the Baron, instantly relaxing the doubtful sternness of his features, “I can take mickle frae a man to whom I have unhappily rendered sic a displeasure as that. Ye were right to apprize me, Glennaquoich; he may look as black as midnight at Martinmas ere Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine shall say he does him wrang. Ah! I have nae male lineage, and I should bear with one I have made childless, though you are aware the blood-wit was made up to your ain satisfaction by assythment, and that I have since expedited letters of slains. Weel, as I have said, I have no male issue, and yet it is needful that I maintain the honour of my house; and it is on that score I prayed ye for your peculiar and private attention.”

The two young men awaited in anxious curiosity. “I doubt na, lads, but your education has been sae seen to, that ye understand the true nature of the feudal tenures?”

Fergus, afraid of an endless dissertation, answered, “Intimately, Baron,” and touched Waverley, as a signal to express no ignorance.

“And ye are aware, I doubt not, that the holding of the Barony of Bradwardine is of a nature alike honourable and peculiar, being blanch, (which Craig opines ought to be Latinated *blancum*, or rather *francum*,

a free holding,) *pro servitio detrahendi, seu exuendi, caligas regis post battalliam.*" Here Fergus turned his falcon eye upon Edward, with an almost imperceptible rise of his eyebrow, to which his shoulders corresponded in the same degree of elevation. "Now, twa points of dubitation occur to me upon this topic. First, whether this service, or feudal homage, be at any event due to the person of the Prince, the words being, *per expressum, caligas REGIS*, the boots of the king himself; and I pray your opinion anent that particular before we proceed farther."

"Why, he is Prince Regent," answered Mac-Ivor, with laudable composure of countenance; and in the court of France all the honours are rendered to the person of the Regent which are due to that of the King. Besides, were I to pull off either of their boots, I would render that service to the young Chevalier ten times more willingly than to his father."

"Ay, but I talk not of personal predilections. However, your authority is of great weight as to the usages of the court of France: And doubtless the Prince, as *alter ego*, may have a right to claim the *homagium* of the great tenants of the crown, since all faithful subjects are commanded, in the commission of regency, to respect him as the King's own person. Far, therefore, be it from me, to diminish the lustre of his authority, by withholding this act of homage, so peculiarly calculated to give it splendour; for I question if the Emperor of Germany hath his boots taken off by a free baron of the empire. But here lieth the second difficulty—The Prince wears no boots, but simply brogues and trews."

This last dilemma had almost disturbed Fergus's gravity.

"Why," said he, "you know, Baron, the proverb tells us, 'It's ill taking the breeks off a Highlandman,'—and the boots are here in the same predicament."

"The word *caligæ*, however," continued the Baron, "though I admit, that, by family tradition, and even in our ancient evidents, it is explained *lie* BOOTS, means, in its primitive sense, rather sandals; and Caius Cæsar, the nephew and successor of Caius Tiberius, received the agnomen of Caligula, *a caligulis, sive caligis levioribus, quibus adolescentior usus fuerat in exercitu Germanici patris sui.* And the *caligæ* were also proper to the monastic bodies; for we read in an ancient Glossarium, upon the rule of St Benedict, in the abbey of St Amand, that *caligæ* were tied with latches."

"That will apply to the brogues," said Fergus.

"It will so, my dear Glennaquoich, and the words are express; *Caligæ dictæ sunt quia ligantur; nam socci non ligantur, sed tantum intromittuntur;* that is, *caligæ* are denominated from the ligatures, wherewith they are bound; whereas *socci*, which may be analogous to our slippers, are only slipped upon the feet. The words of the charter are also alternative, *exuere, seu detrahere;* that is, to *undo*, as in the

case of sandals or brogues; and to *pull off*, as we say vernacularly, concerning boots. Yet I would we had more light; but I fear there is little chance of finding hereabouts any erudite author, *de re vestiaria*."

"I should doubt it very much," said the Chieftain, looking around on the straggling Highlanders, who were returning loaded with spoils of the slain, "though the *res vestiaria* itself seems to be in some request at present."

This remark coming within the Baron's idea of jocularly, he honoured it with a smile, but immediately resumed what to him appeared very serious business.

"Baillie Macwheeble indeed holds an opinion, that this honorary service is due, from its very nature, *si petatur tantum*; only if his Royal Highness shall require of the great tenant of the crown to perform that personal duty: and indeed he pointed out the case in Dirlerton's Doubts and Queries, *Grippit versus Spicer*, anent the eviction of an estate *ad non solutum canonem*, that is, for not payment of a feu-duty of three pepper-corns a-year, whilk were taxt to be worth seven-eighths of a penny Scots, in whilk the defender was assoilzied. But I deem it safest, wi' your good favour, to place myself in the way of rendering the Prince this service, and to proffer performance thereof; and I shall cause the Baillie to attend with a schedule of a protest, whilk he has here prepared, (taking out a paper,) intimating, that if his Royal Highness shall accept of other assistance at pulling off his *culliv*, (whether the same shall be rendered boots or brogues,) save that of the said Baron of Bradwardine, who is in presence ready and willing to perform the same, it shall in no wise impinge upon or prejudice the right of the said Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine to perform the said service in future; nor shall it give any esquire, valet of the chamber, squire or page, whose assistance it may please his Royal Highness to employ, any right, title, or ground, for evicting from the said Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine the estate and barony of Bradwardine, and others held as aforesaid, by the due and faithful performance thereof."

Fergus highly applauded this arrangement; and the Baron took a friendly leave of them, with a smile of contented importance upon his visage.

"Long live our dear friend, the Baron," exclaimed the Chief, as soon as he was out of hearing, "for the most absurd original that exists north of Tweed! I wish to heaven I had recommended him to attend the circle this evening with a boot-ketch under his arm. I think he might have adopted the suggestion, if it had been made with suitable gravity."

"And how can you take pleasure in making a man of his worth so ridiculous?"

"Begging pardon, my dear Waverley, you are as ridiculous as he. Why, do you not see that the man's whole mind is wrapped up in this

ceremony? He has heard and thought of it since infancy, as the most august privilege and ceremony in the world; and I doubt not but the expected pleasure of performing it was a principal motive with him for taking up arms. Depend upon it, had I endeavoured to divert him from exposing himself, he would have treated me as an ignorant, conceited coxcomb, or perhaps might have taken a fancy to cut my throat; a pleasure which he once proposed to himself upon some point of etiquette, not half so important, in his eyes, as this matter of boots or brogues, or whatever the *caligæ* shall finally be pronounced by the learned. But I must go to head-quarters, to prepare the Prince for this extraordinary scene. My information will be well taken, for it will give him a hearty laugh at present, and put him on his guard against laughing, when it might be very *mal-a-propos*. So, *au revoir*, my dear Waverley."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ENGLISH PRISONER.

THE first occupation of Waverley, after he departed from the Chieftain, was in quest of the officer whose life he had saved. He was guarded, along with his companions in misfortune, who were very numerous, in a gentleman's house near the field of battle.

Upon entering the room, where they stood crowded together, Waverley easily recognized the object of his visit, not only by the peculiar dignity of his appearance, but by the appendage of Dugald Mahony, with his battle-axe, who had stuck to him from the moment of his captivity, as if he had been skewered to his side. This close attendance was, perhaps, for the purpose of securing his promised reward from Edward, but it also operated to save the English gentleman from being plundered in the scene of general confusion; for Dugald sagaciously argued, that the amount of the salvage which he might be allowed, would be regulated by the state of the prisoner, when he should deliver him over to Waverley. He hastened to assure Waverley, that he had "*keepit ta sidier roy haill*, and that he was na a plack the waur since the fery moment when his honour forbad her to gie him a bit clamhewit wi' her Lochaber-axe."

Waverley assured Dugald of a liberal recompence, and, approaching the English officer, expressed his anxiety to do any thing which might contribute to his convenience under his present unpleasant circumstances.

"I am not so inexperienced a soldier, sir," answered the Englishman, "as to complain of the fortune of war. I am only grieved to see those

scenes acted in our own island, which I have often witnessed elsewhere with comparative indifference."

"Another such day as this," said Waverley, "and I trust the cause of your regrets will be removed, and all will again return to peace and order."

The officer smiled and shook his head. "I must not forget my situation so far as to attempt a formal confutation of that opinion; but notwithstanding your success, and the valour which won it, you have undertaken a task to which your strength appears wholly inadequate."

At this moment Fergus pushed into the press.

"Come, Edward, come along; the Prince has gone to Pinkie-house for the night; and we must follow, or lose the whole ceremony of the *caligæ*. Your friend, the Baron, has been guilty of a great piece of cruelty; he has insisted upon dragging Baillie Macwheeble out to the field of battle. Now, you must know, the Baillie's greatest horror is an armed Highlander, or a loaded gun: and there he stands listening to the Baron's instructions concerning the protest; and ducking his head like a sea-gull, at the report of every gun and pistol that our idle boys are firing upon the fields; and undergoes, by way of penance, at every symptom of flinching, a severe rebuke from his patron, who would not admit the discharge of a whole battery of cannon within point-blank distance, as an apology for neglecting a discourse, in which the honour of his family is interested."

"But how has Mr Bradwardine got him to venture so far?"

"Why, he had come as far as Musselburgh, I fancy, in hopes of making some of our wills; and the peremptory commands of the Baron dragged him forward to Preston after the battle was over. He complains of one or two of our ragamuffians having put him in peril of his life, by presenting their pieces at him; but as they limited his ransom to an English penny, I don't think we need trouble the provost-martial upon that subject.—So, come along, Waverley."

"Waverley!" said the English officer, with great emotion; "the nephew of Sir Everard Waverley, of ———shire?"

"The same, sir," replied our hero, somewhat surprised at the tone in which he addressed him.

"I am at once happy and grieved," said the prisoner, "to have met with you."

"I am ignorant, sir," answered Waverley, "how I have deserved so much interest."

"Did your uncle never mention a friend called Talbot?"

"I have heard him talk with great regard of such a gentleman—a colonel, I believe, in the army, and the husband of Lady Emily Blandville; but I thought Colonel Talbot had been abroad."

"I am just returned; and being in Scotland, thought it my duty to act where my services promised to be useful. Yes, Mr Waverley, I

am that Colonel Talbot, the husband of the lady you have named; and I am proud to acknowledge, that I owe alike my professional rank and my domestic happiness to your generous and noble minded relative. Good God! that I should find his nephew in such a dress, and engaged in such a cause!"

"Sir," said Fergus, haughtily, "the dress and cause are those of men of birth and honour."

"My situation forbids me to dispute your assertion; otherwise it were no difficult matter to shew, that neither courage nor pride of lineage can gild a bad cause. But, with Mr Waverley's permission, and yours, sir, if yours also must be asked, I would willingly speak a few words with him on affairs connected with his family."

"Mr Waverley, sir, regulates his own motions.—You will follow me, I suppose, to Pinkie," said Fergus, turning to Edward, "when you have finished your discourse with this new acquaintance?" So saying, the Chief of Glennaquoich adjusted his plaid with rather more than his usual air of haughty assumption, and left the apartment.

The interest of Waverley readily procured for Colonel Talbot the freedom of adjourning to a large garden, belonging to his place of confinement. They walked a few paces in silence, Colonel Talbot apparently studying how to open what he had to say; at length he addressed Edward.

"Mr Waverley, you have this day saved my life: and yet I would to God that I had lost it, ere I had found you wearing the uniform and cockade of these men."

"I forgive your reproach, Colonel Talbot: it is well meant, and your education and prejudices render it natural. But there is nothing extraordinary in finding a man, whose honour has been publicly and unjustly assailed, in the situation which promised most fair to afford him satisfaction on his calumniators."

"I should rather say, in the situation most likely to confirm the reports which they have circulated," said Colonel Talbot, "by following the very line of conduct ascribed to you. Are you aware, Mr Waverley, of the infinite distress, and even danger, which your present conduct has occasioned to your nearest relatives?"

"Danger!"

"Yes, sir, danger. When I left England, your uncle and father had been obliged to find bail to answer a charge of treason, to which they were only admitted by exertion of the most pressing interest. I came down to Scotland with the sole purpose of rescuing you from the gulf into which you have precipitated yourself; nor can I estimate the consequences to your family, of your having openly joined the rebellion, since the very suspicion of your intention was so perilous to them. Most deeply do I regret, that I did not meet you before this last and fatal error."

"I am really ignorant why Colonel Talbot should have taken so much trouble on my account."

"Mr Waverley, I am dull at apprehending irony; and therefore I shall answer your words according to their plain meaning. I am indebted to your uncle for benefits greater than those which a son owes to a father. I acknowledge to him the duty of a son; and as I know there is no manner in which I can requite his kindness so well as by serving you, I will serve you, if possible, whether you will permit me or no. The personal obligation which you have this day laid me under, (although, in common estimation, as great as one human being can bestow on another.) adds nothing to my zeal on your behalf; nor can it be abated by any coolness with which you may please to receive it."

"Your intentions may be kind, sir, but your language is harsh, or at least peremptory."

"On my return to England, after long absence. I found your uncle, Mr Waverley, in the custody of a king's messenger, in consequence of the suspicion brought upon him by your conduct. He is my oldest friend—how often shall I repeat it—my best benefactor! he sacrificed his own views of happiness to mine—he never uttered a word, he never harboured a thought, that benevolence might itself not have thought or spoken. I found this man in confinement, rendered harsher to him by his habits of life, his natural dignity of feeling, and—forgive me, Mr Waverley,—by the cause through which this calamity had come upon him. I cannot disguise from you my feelings upon this occasion; they were most painfully unfavourable to you. Having, by my family interest, which you probably know is not inconsiderable, succeeded in obtaining Sir Everard's release, I set out for Scotland. I saw Colonel G——, a man whose fate alone is sufficient to render this insurrection for ever execrable. In the course of conversation with him, I found, that, from late circumstances, from a re-examination of the persons engaged in the mutiny, and from his original good opinion of your character, he was much softened towards you; and I doubted not, that if I could be so fortunate as to discover you, all might yet be well. But this unnatural rebellion has ruined all.—I have, for the first time, in a long and active military life, seen Britons disgrace themselves by a panic flight, and that before a foe without either arms or discipline: And now I find the heir of my dearest friend—the son, I may say, of his affections—sharing a triumph, for which he ought the first to have blushed. Why should I lament G——!—his lot was happy, compared to mine!"

There was so much dignity in Colonel Talbot's manner, such a mixture of military pride and manly sorrow, and the news of Sir Everard's imprisonment was told in so deep a tone of feeling, that Edward stood mortified, abashed, and distressed, in presence of the prisoner, who

owed to him his life not many hours before. He was not sorry when Fergus interrupted their conference a second time.

"His Royal Highness commanded Mr Waverley's attendance." Colonel Talbot threw upon Edward a reproachful glance, which did not escape the quick eye of the Highland Chief. "His *immediate* attendance," he repeated, with considerable emphasis. Waverley turned again towards the Colonel.

"We shall meet again," he said; "in the meanwhile, every possible accommodation"——

"I desire none," said the Colonel; "let me fare like the meanest of those brave men, who, on this day of calamity, have preferred wounds and captivity to flight; I would almost exchange places with one of those who has fallen, to know that my words have made a suitable impression on your mind."

"Let Colonel Talbot be carefully secured," said Fergus to the Highland officer, who commanded the guard over the prisoners; "it is the Prince's particular command; he is a prisoner of the utmost importance."

"But let him want no accommodation suitable to his rank," said Waverley.

"Consistent always with secure custody," reiterated Fergus. The officer signified his acquiescence in both commands, and Edward followed Fergus to the garden-gate, where Callum Beg, with three saddle-horses, awaited them. Turning his head, he saw Colonel Talbot re-conducted to his place of confinement by a file of Highlanders; he lingered on the threshold of the door, and made a signal with his hand towards Waverley, as if enforcing the language he had held towards him.

"Horses," said Fergus, as he mounted, "are now as plenty as blackberries; every man may have them for catching. Come, let Callum adjust your stirrups, and let us to Pinkie-house as fast as these *cic-devant* dragoon-horses chuse to carry us."

CHAPTER L.

RATHER UNIMPORTANT.

"I WAS turned back," said Fergus to Edward, "by a message from the Prince. But, I suppose, you know the value of this most noble Colonel Talbot as a prisoner. He is held one of the best officers among the red coats; a special friend and favourite of the Elector himself, and of that dreadful hero, the Duke of Cumberland, who has been summoned from his triumphs at Fontenoy, to come over and devour us

poor Highlanders alive. Has he been telling you how the bells of St. James's ring? Not 'turn again, Whittington,' like those of Bow, in the days of yore?"

"Fergus!"

"Nay, I cannot tell what to make of you; you are blown about with every wind of doctrine. Here have we gained a victory, unparalleled in history—and your behaviour is praised by every living mortal to the skies—and the Prince is eager to thank you in person—and all our beauties of the White Rose are pulling caps for you,—and you, the *preux chevalier* of the day, are stooping on your horse's neck like a butter-woman riding to market, and looking as black as a funeral!"

"I am sorry for poor Colonel G——'s death: he was once very kind to me."

"Why, then, be sorry for five minutes, and then be glad again; his chance to-day may be ours to-morrow; and what does it signify? The next best thing to victory is honourable death; but it is a *pis-aller*, and one would rather a foe had it than one's self."

"But Colonel Talbot has informed me that my father and uncle are both imprisoned by government on my account."

"We'll put in bail, my boy; old Andrew Ferrara shall lodge his security; and I should like to see him put to justify it in Westminster Hall!"

"Nay, they are already at liberty, upon bail of a more civic description."

"Then why is thy noble spirit cast down, Edward? Dost think that the Elector's ministers are such doves as to set their enemies at liberty at this critical moment, if they could or durst confine and punish them? Assure thyself that either they have no charge against your relations on which they can continue their imprisonment, or else they are afraid of our friends, the jolly cavaliers of Old England. At any rate, you need not be apprehensive upon their account; and we will find some means of conveying to them assurances of your safety."

Edward was silenced, but not satisfied, with these reasons. He had now been more than once shocked at the small degree of sympathy which Fergus exhibited for the feelings even of those whom he loved, if they did not correspond with his own mood at the time, and more especially if they thwarted him while earnest in a favourite pursuit. Fergus sometimes indeed observed, that he had offended Waverley, but always intent upon some favourite plan or project of his own, he was never sufficiently aware of the extent or duration of his displeasure, so that the reiteration of these petty offences somewhat cooled the volunteer's extreme attachment to his officer.

The Chevalier received Waverley with his usual favour, and paid him many compliments on his distinguished bravery. He then took him apart, made many enquiries concerning Colonel Talbot, and when

he had received all the information which Edward was able to give concerning him and his connections, he proceeded,—“I cannot but think, Mr Waverley, that since this gentleman is so particularly connected with our worthy and excellent friend, Sir Everard Waverley, and since his lady is of the house of Blandeville, whose devotion to the true and loyal principles of the church of England is so generally known, the Colonel’s own private sentiments cannot be unfavourable to us, whatever mask he may have assumed to accommodate himself to the times.”

“If I am to judge from the language he this day held to me, I am under the necessity of differing widely from your Royal Highness.”

“Well, it is worth making a trial at least. I therefore entrust you with the charge of Colonel Talbot, with power to act concerning him as you think most advisable; and I trust you will find means of ascertaining what are his real dispositions towards our Royal Father’s restoration.”

“I am convinced,” said Waverley, bowing, “that if Colonel Talbot chuses to grant his parole, it may be securely depended upon; but if he refuses it, I trust your Royal Highness will devolve on some other person than the nephew of his friend, the task of laying him under the necessary restraint.”

“I will trust him with no person but you,” said the Prince, smiling, but peremptorily repeating his mandate; “it is of importance to my service that there should appear to be a good intelligence between you, even if you are unable to gain his confidence in earnest. You will therefore receive him into your quarters, and in case he declines giving his parole, you must apply for a proper guard. I beg you will go about this directly. We return to Edinburgh to-morrow.”

Being thus remanded to the vicinity of Preston, Waverley lost the Baron of Bradwardine’s solemn act of homage. So little, however, was he at this time in love with vanity, that he had quite forgot the ceremony in which Fergus had laboured to engage his curiosity. But next day a formal gazette was circulated, containing a detailed account of the battle of Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders chose to denominate their victory. It concluded with an account of the court held by the Chevalier at Pinkie-house in the evening, which contained this among other high-flown descriptive paragraphs:

“Since that fatal treaty which annihilates Scotland as an independent nation, it has not been our happiness to see her princes receive, and her nobles discharge, those acts of feudal homage, which, founded upon the splendid actions of Scottish valour, recall the memory of her early history, with the manly and chivalrous simplicity of the ties which united to the Crown the homage of the warriors by whom it was repeatedly upheld and defended. But, upon the evening of the 20th, our memories were refreshed with one of those ceremonies which belong to the ancient days of Scotland’s glory. After the circle was

formed, Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, of that ilk, colonel in the service, &c., &c., &c., came before the Prince, attended by Mr D. Macwheeble, the baillie of his ancient barony of Bradwardine, (who, we understand, has been lately named a commissary,) and, under form of instrument, claimed permission to perform, to the person of his Royal Highness, as representing his father, the service used and wont, for which, under a charter of Robert Bruce, (of which the original was produced and inspected by the Master of his Royal Highness's chancery for the time being) the claimant held the barony of Bradwardine, and lands of Tully-Veolan. His claim being admitted and registered, his Royal Highness having placed his foot upon a cushion, the Baron of Bradwardine, kneeling upon his right knee, proceeded to undo the latchet of the brogue, or low-heeled Highland shoe, which our gallant young hero wears in compliment to his brave followers. When this was performed, his Royal Highness declared the ceremony completed; and, embracing the gallant veteran, protested that nothing but compliance with an ordinance of Robert Bruce, could have induced him to receive even the symbolical performance of a menial office from hands which had fought so bravely to put the crown upon the head of his father. The Baron of Bradwardine then took instruments in the hands of Mr Commissary Macwheeble, bearing, that all points and circumstances of the act of homage had been *rite et solenniter acta et peracta*: and a corresponding entry was made in the protocol of the Lord High Chamberlain, and in the record of Chancery. We understand that it is in contemplation of his Royal Highness, when his majesty's pleasure can be known, to raise Colonel Bradwardine to the peerage, by the title of Viscount Bradwardine of Bradwardine and Tully-Veolan, and that, in the meanwhile, his Royal Highness, in his father's name and authority, has been pleased to grant him an honourable augmentation to his paternal coat of arms, being a budget or boot-jack, disposed saltier-wise with a naked broad-sword, to be borne in the dexter cantle of the shield; and, as an additional motto on a scroll beneath, the words, 'Draw and draw off.'"

"Were it not for the recollection of Fergus's raillery," thought Waverley to himself, when he had perused this long and grave document, "how very tolerably would all this sound, and how little should I have thought of connecting it with any ludicrous idea! Well, after all, every thing has its fair, as well as its seamy side; and truly I do not see why the Baron's boot-jack may not stand as fair in heraldry as the water-buckets, waggons, cart-wheels, plough-socks, shuttles, candlesticks, and other ordinaries, conveying ideas of any thing save chivalry, which appear in the arms of some of our most ancient gentry." This, however, is an episode in respect to the principal story.

When Waverley returned to Preston, and rejoined Colonel Talbot, he found him recovered from the strong and obvious emotion with

which a concurrence of unpleasing events had affected him. He had recovered his natural manner, which was that of an English gentleman and soldier, manly, open, and generous, but not unsusceptible of prejudice against those of a different country, or who opposed him in political tenets. When Waverley acquainted Colonel Talbot with the Chevalier's purpose to commit him to his charge, "I did not think to have owed so much obligation to that young gentleman," he said, "as is implied in this destination. I can at least cheerfully join in the prayer of the honest presbyterian clergyman, that, as he has come among us seeking an earthly crown, his labours may be speedily rewarded with a heavenly one. I shall willingly give my parole not to attempt an escape without your knowledge, since, in fact, it was to meet you that I came to Scotland; and I am glad it has happened even under this predicament. But I suppose we shall be but a short time together. Your Chevalier (that is a name we may both give to him) with his plaids and blue caps, will, I presume, be continuing his crusade southwards!"

"Not as I hear; I believe the army makes some stay in Edinburgh, to collect reinforcements."

"And besiege the Castle?" said Talbot, smiling sarcastically. "Well, unless my old commander, General Guest, turn false metal, or the castle sink into the North Loch,* events which I deem equally probable, I think we shall have some time to make up our acquaintance. I have a guess that this gallant Chevalier has a design that I should be your proselyte, and as I wish you to be mine, there cannot be a more fair proposal. But, as I spoke to-day under the influence of feelings I rarely give way to, I hope you will excuse my entering again upon controversy till we are somewhat better acquainted."

CHAPTER LI.

INTRIGUES OF LOVE AND POLITICS.

It is not necessary to record in these pages the triumphant entrance of the Chevalier into Edinburgh after the decisive affair of Preston. One circumstance, however, may be noticed, because it illustrates the high spirit of Flora Mac-Ivor. The Highlanders, by whom the Prince was

* [The site of the North or Nor' Loch is now represented by Princes Street gardens, crowned with monuments, divided by the Mound, and traversed by the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway. 'Tis now not Sixty, but a Hundred and Twenty-five years since. General Guest was only deputy-Governor of the Castle, and was superseded by the Governor himself, General Preston (whose name the Author afterwards introduced) before the Highlanders returned. The reader is recommended to consult Rev. Dr. Alex. Carlyle's Autobiography, Rev. Dr. Doddridge's Life of Col. Gardiner, and Scott's own Tales of a Grandfather, for many interesting particulars respecting the battle of Gladsmuir, or of Preston-Pans, as it was indifferently called. ED.]

surrounded, in the licence and extravagance of this joyful moment, fired their pieces repeatedly, and one of these having been accidentally loaded with ball, the bullet grazed the young lady's temple as she waved her handkerchief from a balcony. Fergus, who beheld the accident, was at her side in an instant; and, on seeing that the wound was trifling, he drew his broad-sword, with the purpose of rushing down upon the man by whose carelessness she had incurred so much danger, when, holding him by the plaid, "Do not harm the poor fellow," she cried; "for Heaven's sake, do not harm him! but thank God with me that the accident happened to Flora Mac-Ivor; for had it befallen a whig, they would have pretended that the shot was fired on purpose."

Waverley escaped the alarm which this accident would have occasioned to him, as he was unavoidably delayed by the necessity of accompanying Colonel Talbot to Edinburgh.

They performed the journey together on horseback, and for some time, as if to sound each other's feelings and sentiments, they conversed upon general and ordinary topics.

When Waverley again entered upon the subject which he had most at heart, the situation namely of his father and his uncle, Colonel Talbot seemed now rather desirous to alleviate than to aggravate his anxiety. This appeared particularly to be the case when he had heard Waverley's history, which he did not scruple to confide to him.

"And so," said the Colonel, "there has been no malice prepense, as lawyers, I think, term it, in this rash step of yours; and you have been trepanned into the service of this Italian knight-errant by a few civil speeches from him and one or two of his Highland recruiting sergeants? It is sadly foolish to be sure, but not nearly so bad as I was led to expect. However, you cannot desert at the present moment, that seems impossible. But I have little doubt that, in the dissensions incident to this heterogeneous mass of wild and desperate men, some opportunity may arise, by availing yourself of which, you may extricate yourself honourably from your rash engagement before the bubble burst. If this can be managed, I would have you go to a place of safety in Flanders, which I shall point out. And I think I can secure your pardon from government after a few months' residence abroad."

"I cannot permit you, Colonel Talbot, to speak of any plan which turns on my deserting an enterprize, in which I may have engaged hastily, but certainly voluntarily, and with the purpose of abiding the issue."

"Well," said Colonel Talbot, smiling, "leave me my thoughts and hopes at least at liberty, if not my speech. But have you never examined your mysterious packet?"

"It is in my baggage; we shall find it in Edinburgh."

In Edinburgh they soon arrived. Waverley's quarters had been assigned to him, by the Prince's express orders, in a handsome lodg-

ing, where there was accommodation for Colonel Talbot. His first business was to examine his portmanteau, and after a very short search, out tumbled the expected packet. Waverley opened it eagerly. Under a blank cover, simply addressed to E. Waverley, Esq., he found a number of open letters. The uppermost were two from Colonel G——, addressed to himself. The earliest in date was a kind and gentle remonstrance for neglect of the writer's advice, respecting the disposal of his time during his leave of absence, the renewal of which he reminded Captain Waverley would speedily expire. "Indeed," the letter proceeded, "had it been otherwise, the news from abroad, and my instructions from the War office, must have compelled me to recall it, as there is great danger, since the disaster in Flanders, both of foreign invasion and insurrection among the disaffected at home. I therefore entreat you will repair, as soon as possible, to the headquarters of the regiment; and I am concerned to add, that this is still the more necessary, as there is some discontent in your troop, and I postpone enquiry into particulars until I can have the advantage of your assistance."

The second letter, dated eight days later, was in such a style as might have been expected from the Colonel's receiving no answer to the first. It reminded Waverley of his duty, as a man of honour, an officer, and a Briton; took notice of the increasing dissatisfaction of his men, and that some of them had been heard to hint that their Captain encouraged and approved of their mutinous behaviour; and, finally, the writer expressed the utmost regret and surprise that he had not obeyed his commands by repairing to head-quarters, reminded him that his leave of absence had been recalled, and conjured him, in a style in which paternal remonstrance was mingled with military authority, to redeem his error by immediately joining his regiment. "That I may be certain," concluded the letter, "that this actually reaches you, I dispatch it by Corporal Tims, with orders to deliver it into your own hand."

Upon reading these letters, Waverley, with great bitterness of feeling, was compelled to make the *amende honorable* to the memory of the brave and excellent writer; for surely, as Colonel G—— must have had every reason to conclude they had come safely to hand, less could not follow, in their being neglected, than that third and final summons, which Waverley actually received at Glennaquoich, though too late to obey it. And his being superseded, in consequence of his apparent neglect of this last command, was so far from being a harsh or severe proceeding, that it was plainly inevitable. The next letter he unfolded was from the major of the regiment, acquainting him that a report to the disadvantage of his reputation was public in the country, stating, that one Mr Falconer, of Ballihopple, or some such name, had proposed, in his presence, a treasonable toast, which he permitted

to pass in silence, although it was so gross an affront to the royal family, that a gentleman in company, not remarkable for his zeal for government, had nevertheless taken the matter up, and that Captain Waverley had thus suffered another, comparatively unconcerned, to resent an affront directed against him personally as an officer, and to go out with the person by whom it was offered. The Major concluded, that no one of Captain Waverley's brother officers could believe this scandalous story, but that his own honour, equally with that of the regiment, depended upon its being instantly contradicted by his authority, &c., &c., &c.

"What do you think of all this?" said Colonel Talbot, to whom Waverley handed the letters after he had perused them.

"Think! it renders thought impossible. It is enough to drive me mad."

"Be calm, my young friend; let us see what are these dirty scrawls that follow."

The first was addressed, "For Master W. Ruffen These."—Dear sur, some of our yong gulpins will not bite, thof I tuold them you shoed me the squoire's own seel. But Tims will deliver you the lettis as desired, and tell ould Addem he gave them to squoir's hond, as to be sure yours is the same, and shall be redly for signal, and hoy for Hoy Church and Sachefred,* as fadur sings at harvest-whome.

"Yours deer Sur,

"H. H.

"Poscriff. Do'e tell squoire we longs to heer from him, and has dootings about his not writing himsell, and Lifetenant Bottler is smoky."

"This Ruffen, I suppose, then, is your Donald of the Cavern, who has intercepted your letters, and carried on a correspondence with the poor devil Houghton, as if under your authority."

"It seems too true. But who can Addem be?"

"Possibly Adam, for poor G——, a sort of pun on his name."

The other letters were to the same purpose, and they soon received yet more complete light upon Donald Bean's machinations.

John Hodges, one of Waverley's servants, who had remained with the regiment, and had been taken at Preston, now made his appearance. He had sought out his master, with the purpose of again entering his service. From this fellow they learned, that some time after Waverley had gone from the head-quarters of the regiment, a pedlar called Ruthven, Ruffen, or Rivane, known among the soldiers by the name of Wily Will, had made frequent visits to the town of ——. He appeared to possess plenty of money, sold his commodities very

* [High Church and Sacheverel—Rev. H. Sacheverel, D.D., the notorious ecclesiastical agitator of the last century, imprisoned for his advocacy of the Stuart cause. Ed.]

cheap, seemed always willing to treat his friends at the ale-house, and easily ingratiated himself with many of Waverley's troop, particularly Serjeant Houghton, and one Tims, also a non-commissioned officer. To these he unfolded, in Waverley's name, a plan for leaving the regiment and joining him in the Highlands, where report said the clans had already taken arms in great numbers. The men, who had been educated as Jacobites, so far as they had any opinions at all, and who knew their landlord, Sir Everard, had always been supposed to hold such tenets, easily fell into the snare. That Waverley was at a distance in the Highlands, was received as a sufficient excuse for transmitting his letters through the medium of the pedlar; and the sight of his well-known seal seemed to authenticate the negociations in his name, where writing might have been dangerous. The cabal, however, began to take air, from the premature mutinous language of those concerned. Wily Will justified his appellative; for, after suspicion arose, he was seen no more. When the Gazette appeared, in which Waverley was superseded, great part of his troop broke out into actual mutiny, but were surrounded and disarmed by the rest of the regiment. In consequence of the sentence of a court-martial, Houghton and Tims were condemned to be shot, but afterwards permitted to cast lots for life. Houghton, the survivor, shewed much penitence, being convinced, from the rebukes and explanations of Colonel G——, that he had really engaged in a very heinous crime. It is remarkable, that as soon as the poor fellow was satisfied of this, he became also convinced, that the instigator had acted without authority from Edward, saying, "if it was dishonourable and against old England, the squire could know nought about it: he never did, or thought to do, anything dishonourable, no more didn't Sir Everard, nor none of them afore him, and in that belief he would live and die, that Ruffen had done it all of his own head."

The strength of conviction with which he expressed himself upon this subject, as well as his assurances that the letters intended for Waverley had been delivered to Ruthven, made that revolution in Colonel G——'s opinions which he expressed to Talbot.

The reader has long since understood that Donald Bean Lean played the part of tempter on this occasion. His motives were shortly these. Of an active and intriguing spirit, he had been long employed as a subaltern agent and spy by those in the confidence of the Chevalier, to an extent beyond what was suspected even by Fergus Mac-Ivor, whom, though obliged to him for protection, he regarded with fear and dislike. To success in this political department, he naturally looked for raising himself, by some bold stroke, above his present hazardous and precarious trade of rapine. He was particularly employed in learning the strength of the regiments in Scotland, the character of the officers, &c., and had long had his eye upon Waverley's troop, as open to temptation. Donald even believed that Waverley himself

was at bottom in the Stuart interest, which seemed confirmed by his long visit to the Jacobite Baron of Bradwardine. When, therefore, he came to his cave with one of Glennaquoich's attendants, the robber, who could never appreciate his real motive, which was mere curiosity, was so sanguine as to hope that his own talents were to be employed in some intrigue of consequence, under the auspices of this wealthy young Englishman. Nor was he undeceived by Waverley's neglecting all hints and openings afforded for explanation. His conduct passed for prudent reserve, and somewhat picqued Donald Bean, who, supposing himself left out of a secret where confidence promised to be advantageous, determined to have his share in the drama, whether a regular part were assigned him or not. For this purpose, during Waverley's sleep, he possessed himself of his seal, as a token to be used to any of the troopers whom he might discover to be possessed of the captain's confidence. His first journey to ——, the town where the regiment was quartered, undeceived him in his original supposition, but opened to him a new field of action. He knew there would be no service so well rewarded by the friends of the Chevalier, as seducing a part of the regular army to his standard. For this purpose he opened the machinations with which the reader is already acquainted, and which form a clew to all the intricacies and obscurities of the narrative previous to Waverley's leaving Glennaquoich.

By Colonel Talbot's advice, Waverley declined detaining in his service the lad whose evidence had thrown additional light on these intrigues. He represented to him it would be doing the man an injury to engage him in a desperate undertaking, and that, whatever should happen, his evidence would go some length, at least, in explaining the circumstances under which Waverley himself had embarked in it. Waverley therefore wrote a short state of what had happened to his uncle and his father, cautioning them, however, in the present circumstances, not to attempt to answer his letter. Talbot then gave the man a letter to the commander of one of the English vessels of war cruising in the frith, requesting him to put the bearer ashore at Berwick, with a pass to proceed to ——shire. The man was then furnished with money to make an expeditious journey, and directed to get on board the ship by means of bribing a fishing-boat, which, as they afterwards learned, he easily effected.

Tired of the attendance of Callum Beg, who, he thought, had some disposition to act as a spy on his motions, Waverley hired as a servant a simple Edinburgh swain, who had mounted the white cockade in a fit of spleen and jealousy, because Jenny Jop had danced a whole night with Corporal Bullock of the fusileers.

CHAPTER LII.

INTRIGUES OF SOCIETY AND LOVE.

COLONEL TALBOT became more kindly in his demeanour towards Waverley after the confidence he had reposed in him, and as they were necessarily much together, the character of the Colonel rose in Waverley's estimation. There seemed at first something harsh in his strong expressions of dislike and censure, although no one was in the general case more open to conviction. The habit of authority also had given his manners some peremptory hardness, notwithstanding the polish which they had received from his intimate acquaintance with the higher circles. As a specimen of the military character, he differed from all whom Waverley had as yet seen. The soldiership of the Baron of Bradwardine was marked by pedantry; that of Major Melville by a sort of martinet attention to the minutiae and technicalities of discipline, rather suitable to one who was to manœuvre a battalion, than to him who was to command an army; the military spirit of Fergus was so much warped and blended with his plans and political views, that it was less that of a soldier than of a petty sovereign. But Colonel Talbot was in every point the English soldier. His whole soul was devoted to the service of his king and country, without feeling any pride in knowing the theory of his art with the Baron, or its practical minutiae with the Major, or in applying his science to his own particular plans of ambition, like the Chieftain of Glennaquoich. Added to this, he was a man of extended knowledge and cultivated taste, although strongly tinged, as we have already observed, with those prejudices which are peculiarly English.

The character of Colonel Talbot dawned upon Edward by degrees; for the delay of the Highlanders in the fruitless siege of Edinburgh Castle occupied several weeks, during which Waverley had little to do, excepting to seek such amusement as society afforded. He would willingly have persuaded his new friend to become acquainted with some of his former intimates. But the Colonel, after one or two visits, shook his head, and declined farther experiment. Indeed he went farther, and characterized the Baron as the most intolerable formal pedant he had ever had the misfortune to meet with, and the Chief of Glennaquoich as a Frenchified Scotchman, possessing all the cunning and plausibility of the nation where he was educated, with the proud, vindictive, and turbulent humour of that of his birth. "If the devil," he said, "had sought out an agent expressly for the purpose of embroiling this miserable country, I do not think he could find a better than such a fellow as this, whose temper seems equally active, supple, and mischievous, and who is followed, and implicitly obeyed, by a gang of such cut-throats as those whom you are pleased to admire so much."

The ladies of the party did not escape his censure. He allowed that Flora Mac-Ivor was a fine woman, and Rose Bradwardine a pretty girl. But he alleged that the former destroyed the effect of her beauty by an affectation of the grand airs which she had probably seen practised in the mock court of St Germain's. As for Rose Bradwardine, he said it was impossible for any mortal to admire such a little uninformed thing, whose small portion of education was as ill adapted to her sex or youth, as if she had appeared with one of her father's old campaign-coats upon her person for her sole garment. Now much of this was mere spleen and prejudice in the excellent Colonel, with whom the white cockade on the breast, the white rose in the hair, and the Mac at the beginning of a name, would have made a devil out of an angel; and indeed he himself jocularly allowed, that he could not have endured Venus herself, if she had been announced in a drawing-room by the name of Miss Mac-Jupiter.

Waverley, it may easily be believed, looked upon these young ladies with very different eyes. During the period of the siege, he paid them almost daily visits, although he observed with regret that his suit made as little progress in the affections of the former, as the arms of the Chevalier in subduing the fortress. She maintained with rigour the rule she had laid down of treating him with indifference, without either affecting to avoid him, or to shun intercourse with him. Every word, every look, was strictly regulated to accord with her system, and neither the dejection of Waverley, nor the anger which Fergus scarcely suppressed, could extend Flora's attention to Edward beyond that which the most ordinary politeness demanded. On the other hand, Rose Bradwardine gradually rose in his opinion. He had several opportunities of remarking, that as her extreme timidity wore off, her manners assumed a higher character; that the agitating circumstances of the stormy time seemed to call forth a certain dignity of feeling and expression, which he had not formerly observed; and that she omitted no opportunity within her reach to extend her knowledge and refine her taste.

Flora Mac-Ivor called Rose her pupil, and was attentive to assist her in her studies, and to fashion both her taste and understanding. It might have been remarked by a very close observer, that in the presence of Waverley she was much more desirous to exhibit her friend's excellencies than her own. But I must request of the reader to suppose, that this kind and disinterested purpose was concealed by the most cautious delicacy, studiously shunning the most distant approach to affectation. So that it was as unlike the usual exhibition of one pretty woman affecting to *proner* another, as the friendship of David and Jonathan might be to the intimacy of two Bond-street loungers. The fact is, that though the effect was felt, the cause could hardly be observed. Each of the ladies, like two excellent actresses, were perfect in

their parts, and performed them to the delight of the audience; and such being the case, it was almost impossible to discover that the elder constantly ceded to her friend that which was most suitable to her talents.

But to Waverley, Rose Bradwardine possessed an attraction which few men can resist, from the marked interest which she took in every thing that affected him. She was too young and too inexperienced to estimate the full force of the constant attention which she paid to him. Her father was too abstracted in learning and military discussions to observe her partiality, and Flora Mac-Ivor did not alarm her by remonstrance, because she saw in this line of conduct the most probable chance of her securing at length a return of affection. The truth is, that in her first conversation after their meeting, Rose had discovered the state of her mind to that acute and intelligent friend, although she was not herself aware of it. From that time, Flora was not only determined upon the final rejection of Waverley's addresses, but became anxious that they should, if possible, be transferred to her friend. Nor was she less interested in this plan, though her brother had from time to time talked, as between jest and earnest, of paying his suit to Miss Bradwardine. She knew that Fergus had the true continental latitude of opinion respecting the institution of marriage, and would not have given his hand to an angel, unless for the purpose of strengthening his alliances, and increasing his influence and wealth. The Baron's whim of transferring his estate to the distant heir male, instead of his own daughter, was therefore likely to be an insurmountable obstacle to his entertaining any serious thoughts of Rose Bradwardine. Indeed, Fergus's brain was a perpetual work-shop of scheme and intrigue, of every possible kind and description; while, like many a mechanic of more ingenuity than steadiness, he would often unexpectedly, and without any apparent motive, abandon one plan, and go earnestly to work upon another, which was either fresh from the forge of his imagination, or had at some former period been flung aside half-finished. It was therefore often difficult to guess what line of conduct he might finally adopt upon any given occasion.

Although Flora was sincerely attached to her brother, whose high energies might indeed have commanded her admiration even without the ties which bound them together, she was by no means blind to his faults, which she considered as dangerous to the hopes of any woman, who should found her ideas of a happy marriage in the peaceful enjoyment of domestic society, and the exchange of mutual and engrossing affection. The real disposition of Waverley, on the other hand, notwithstanding his dreams of tented fields and military honour, seemed exclusively domestic. He asked and received no share in the busy scenes which were constantly passing around him, and was rather annoyed than interested by the discussion of contending claims, rights,

and interests, which often passed in his presence. All this pointed him out as the person formed to make happy a spirit like that of Rose, which corresponded with his own.

She remarked this point in Waverley's character one day while she sat with Miss Bradwardine. "His genius and elegant taste," answered Rose, "cannot be interested in such trifling discussions. What is it to him, for example, whether the Chief of the Macindallaghers, who has brought out only fifty men, should be a colonel or a captain? and how could Mr Waverley be supposed to interest himself in the violent altercation between your brother and young Corrinaschian, whether the post of honour is due to the eldest cadet of a clan or the youngest?"

"My dear Rose, if he were the hero you suppose him, he would interest himself in these matters, not indeed as important in themselves, but for the purpose of mediating between the ardent spirits who actually do make them the subject of discord. You saw when Corrinaschian raised his voice in great passion, and laid his hand upon his sword, Waverley lifted his head as if he had just awaked from a dream, and asked, with great composure, what the matter was."

"Well, and did not the laughter they fell into at his absence of mind serve better to break off the dispute, than any thing he could have said to them?"

"True, but not quite so creditably for Waverley, as if he had brought them to their senses by force of reason."

"Would you have him peace-maker general between all the gunpowder Highlanders in the army? I beg your pardon, Flora, your brother, you know, is out of the question; he has more sense than half of them. But can you think the fierce, hot, furious spirits, of whose brawls we see much and hear more, and who terrify me out of my life every day in the world, are at all to be compared to Waverley?"

"I do not compare him with those uneducated men, my dear Rose. I only lament, that, with his talents and genius, he does not assume that place in society for which they eminently fit him, and that he does not lend their full impulse to the noble cause in which he has enlisted. Are there not Lochiel, and P——, and M——, and G——, all men of the highest education, as well as the first talents,—why will he not stoop like them to be alive and useful?—I often believe his zeal is frozen by that proud cold-blooded Englishman, whom he now lives with so much."

"Colonel Talbot—he is a very disagreeable person, to be sure. He looks as if he thought no Scottish woman worth the trouble of handing her a cup of tea. But Waverley is so gentle, so well informed"—

"Yes, he can admire the moon, and quote a stanza from Tasso."

"Besides, you know how he fought."

"For mere fighting," answered Flora, "I believe all men (that is, who deserve the name) are pretty much alike: there is generally more

courage required to run away. They have besides, when confronted with each other, a certain instinct for strife, as we see in other male animals such as dogs, bulls, and so forth. But high and perilous enterprize is not Waverley's forte. He would never have been his celebrated ancestor Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel's eulogist and poet. I will tell you where he will be at home, my dear, and in his place,—in the quiet circle of domestic happiness, lettered indolence, and elegant enjoyments of Waverley-Honour. And he will refit the old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes;—and he will draw plans and landscapes, and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottoes;—and he will stand in a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray in the moonlight, or lie shadowed by the boughs of the huge old fantastic oaks; and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife, who shall hang upon his arm;—and he will be a happy man.”

“And she will be a happy woman,” thought poor Rose. But she only sighed and dropped the conversation.

CHAPTER LIIL.

FERGUS, A SUITOR.

WAVERLEY had, indeed, as he looked closer upon the state of the Chevalier's court, less reason to be satisfied with it. It contained, as they say an acorn includes all the ramifications of the future oak, as many seeds of *tracassarie* and intrigue as might have done honour to the court of a large empire. Every person of importance had some separate object, which he pursued with a fury that Waverley considered as altogether disproportioned to its importance. Almost all had their causes of discontent, although the most legitimate was that of the worthy old Baron, who was only distressed on account of the common cause.

“We will hardly,” said he one morning to Waverley, when they had been viewing the castle, “we will hardly gain the obsidional crown, which you wot well was made of the roots or grain which takes root within the place besieged, or it may be of the herb woodbind, *paretaria*, or pellitory; we will not, I say, gain it by this same blockade or leaguer of Edinburgh Castle.” For this opinion, he gave most learned and satisfactory reasons, that the reader may not care to hear repeated.

Having escaped from the old gentleman, Waverley went to Fergus's lodgings by appointment, to await his return from Holyrood-House.

"I am to have a particular audience to-morrow," said Fergus to Waverley overnight, "and you must meet me to wish me joy of the success which I securely anticipate."

The morrow came, and in the Chief's apartment he found Ensign Maccombich waiting to make report of his turn of duty in a sort of ditch which they had dug across the Castle-hill, and called a trench. In a short time the Chief's voice was heard on the stair in a tone of impatient fury:—"Callum,—why, Callum Beg,—Diaoul!" He entered the room with all the marks of a man agitated by a towering passion; and there were few upon whose features rage produced a more violent effect. The veins of his forehead swelled when he was in such agitation, his nostril became dilated; his cheek and eye inflamed; and his look that of a demoniac. These appearances of half-suppressed rage were the more frightful, because they were obviously caused by a strong effort to temper with discretion an almost ungovernable paroxysm of passion, and resulted from an internal conflict of the most dreadful kind, which agitated his whole frame of mortality.

As he entered the apartment, he unbuckled his broad-sword, and throwing it down with such violence that the weapon rolled to the other end of the room, "I know not what," he exclaimed, "withholds me from taking a solemn oath that I will never more draw it in his cause;—Load my pistols, Callum, and bring them hither instantly;—instantly!" Callum, whom nothing ever startled, dismayed, or disconcerted, obeyed very coolly. Evan Dhu, upon whose brow the suspicion that his Chief had been insulted, called up a corresponding storm, swelled in sullen silence, awaiting to learn where or upon whom vengeance was to descend.

"So, Waverley, you are there," said the Chief, after a moment's recollection: "Yes, I remember I asked you to share my triumph, and you have come to witness my—disappointment we shall call it." Evan now presented the written report he had in his hand, which Fergus threw from him with great passion. "I wish to God," he said, "the old den would tumble down upon the heads of the fools who attack, and the knaves who defend it. I see, Waverley, you think I am mad—leave us, Evan, but be within call."

"The Colonel's in an unco kippage," said Mrs Flockhart to Evan as he descended; "I wish he may be weel,—the very veins on his brent brow are swelled like whip-cord; wad he no tak something?"

"He usually lets blood for these fits," answered the Highland Ancient with great composure.

When this officer left the room, the Chieftain gradually reassumed some degree of composure. "I know, Waverley," he said, "that Colonel Talbot has persuaded you to curse ten times a-day your engagement with us;—nay, never deny it, for I am at this moment tempted to curse my own. Would you believe it, I made this very

morning two suits to the Prince, and he has rejected them both; what do you think of it?"

"What can I think, till I know what your requests were?"

"Why, what signifies what they were, man? I tell you it was I that made them; I, to whom he owes more than to any three that have joined the standard; for I negotiated the whole business, and brought in all the Perthshire men when not one would have stirred. I am not likely, I think, to ask anything very unreasonable, and if I did, they might have stretched a point—Well, but you shall know all, now that I can draw my breath again with some freedom—You remember my earl's patent; it is dated some years back, for services then rendered, and certainly my merit has not been diminished, to say the least, by my subsequent behaviour. Now, sir, I value this bauble of a coronet as little as you, or any philosopher on earth; for I hold that the chief of such a clan as the Sliochd nan Ivor is superior in rank to any earl in Scotland. But I had a particular reason for assuming this cursed title at this time. You must know I learned accidentally that the Prince has been pressing that old foolish Baron of Bradwardine to disinherit his male heir, or nineteenth or twentieth cousin, who has taken a command in the Elector of Hanover's militia, and to settle his estate upon your pretty little friend, Rose; and this, as being the command of his king and overlord, who may alter the destination of a fief at pleasure, the old gentleman seems well reconciled to."

"And what becomes of the homage?"

"Curse the homage!—I believe Rose is to pull off the queen's slipper on her coronation day, or some such trash. Well, sir, as Rose Bradwardine would always have made a suitable match for me, but for this idiotical predilection of her father for the heir-male, it occurred to me there now remained no obstacle, unless that the Baron might expect his daughter's husband to take the name of Bradwardine, (which you know would be impossible in my case) and that this might be evaded by my assuming the title to which I had so good a right, and which, of course, would supersede that difficulty. If she was to be also Viscountess Bradwardine, in her own right, after her father's demise, so much the better; I could have no objection."

"But, Fergus," said Waverley, "I had no idea that you had any affection for Miss Bradwardine, and you are always sneering at her father."

"I have as much affection for Miss Bradwardine, my good friend, as I think it necessary to have for the future mistress of my family, and the mother of my children. She is a very pretty intelligent girl, and is certainly of one of the very first Lowland families; and, with a little of Flora's instructions and forming, will make a very good figure. As to her father, he is an original, it is true, and an absurd one enough; but he has given such severe lessons to Sir Hew Halbert,

that dear defunct the Laird of Balmawhapple and others, that nobody dare laugh at him, so his absurdity goes for nothing. I tell you there could have been no earthly objection—none. I had settled the thing entirely in my own mind.”

“But had you asked the Baron’s consent, or Rose’s?”

“To what purpose? To have spoke to the Baron before I had assumed my title, would have only provoked a premature and irritating discussion on the subject of the change of name, when, as Earl of Glennaquoich, I had only to propose to him to carry his d——d bear and boot-jack *party per pale*, or in a scutcheon of pretence, or in a separate shield perhaps—any way that would not blemish my own coat-of-arms. And as to Rose, I don’t see what objection she could have made, if her father was satisfied.”

“Perhaps the same that your sister makes to me, you being satisfied.”

Fergus gave a broad stare at the comparison which this supposition implied, but cautiously suppressed the answer which rose to his tongue. “O, we should easily have arranged all that.—So, sir, I craved a private interview, and this morning was assigned, and I asked you to meet me here, thinking, like a fool, that I should want your countenance as bride’s-man. Well—I state my pretensions—they are not denied—the promises so repeatedly made, and the patent granted—they are acknowledged. But I propose as a natural consequence, to assume the rank which the patent bestowed—I have the old story of the jealousy of C——— and M——— trumped up against me—I resist this pretext, and offer to procure their written acquiescence, in virtue of the date of my patent as prior to their silly claims—I assure you I would have had such a consent from them, if it had been at point of the sword—And then out comes the real truth; and he dares to tell me, to my face, that my patent must be suppressed for the present, for fear of disgusting that rascally coward and *faineant*—(naming the rival chief of his own clan) who has no better title to be a chieftain than I to be Emperor of China; and who is pleased to shelter his dastardly reluctance to come out agreeable to his promise twenty-times pledged, under a pretended jealousy of the Prince’s partiality to me. And, to leave this miserable driveller without a pretence for his cowardice, the Prince asks it as a personal favour of me, forsooth, not to press my just and reasonable request at this moment. After this put your faith in princes!”

“And did your audience end here?”

“End? O no: I was determined to leave him no pretence for his ingratitude, and I therefore stated, with all the composure I could muster,—for I promise you I trembled with passion,—the particular reasons I had for wishing that his Royal Highness would impose upon me any other mode of exhibiting my duty and devotion, as my views in life made, what would at any other time have been a mere trifle, at

this crisis a severe sacrifice; and then I explained to him my full plan."

"And what did the Prince answer?"

"Answer? why—it is well it is written, Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought!—why, he answered, that truly he was glad I had made him my confidant, to prevent more grievous disappointment, for he could assure me, upon the word of a prince, that Miss Bradwardine's affections were engaged, and he was under a particular promise to favour them. 'So, my dear Fergus,' said he, with his most gracious cast of smile, 'as the marriage is utterly out of question, there need be no hurry, you know, about the earldom.' And so he glided off, and left me *planté là*."

"And what did you do?"

"I'll tell you what I *could* have done at that moment—sold myself to the devil or the Elector, whichever offered the dearest revenge. However I am now cool. I know he intends to marry her to some of his rascally Frenchmen, or his Irish officers, but I will watch them close; and let the man that would supplant me look well to himself.—*Bisogna coprirsì, Signor*."

After some further conversation, unnecessary to be detailed, Waverley took leave of the Chieftain, whose fury had now subsided into a deep and strong desire of vengeance, and returned home, scarce able to analyze the mixture of feelings which the narrative had awakened in his own bosom.

CHAPTER LIV.

TO ONE THING CONSTANT NEVER.

"I AM the very child of caprice," said Waverley to himself, as he bolted the door of his apartment, and paced it with hasty steps—"What is it to me that Fergus Mac-Ivor should wish to marry Rose Bradwardine?—I love her not—I might have been loved by her perhaps—but I rejected her simple, natural, and affecting attachment, instead of cherishing it into tenderness, and dedicated myself to one who will never love mortal man, unless old Warwick, the King-maker, should arise from the dead. The Baron too—I would not have cared about his estate, and so the name would have been no stumbling-block. The devil might have taken the barren moors, and drawn off the royal *caligèe*, for what I would have minded. But, framed as she is for domestic affection and tenderness, for giving and receiving all those kind and quiet attentions which sweeten life to those who pass it together, she is sought by Fergus Mac-Ivor. He will not use her ill, to be sure—of that he is incapable—but he will neglect her after the first month;

he will be too intent on subduing some rival Chieftain, or circumventing some favourite at court, on gaining some heathy hill and lake, or adding to his bands some new troops of caterans, to enquire what she does, or how she amuses herself.

“And then will canker sorrow eat her bud,
And chase the native beauty from her cheek;
And she will look as hollow as a ghost,
And dim and meagre as an ague fit,
And so she'll die.”

“And such a catastrophe of the most gentle creature on earth might have been prevented, if Mr Edward Waverley had had his eyes!—Upon my word, I cannot understand how I thought Flora so much, that is, so *very* much handsomer than Rose. She is taller, indeed, and her manner more formed; but many people think Miss Bradwardine's more natural; and she is certainly much younger. I should think Flora is two years older than I am—I will look at them particularly this evening.”

And with this resolution Waverley went to drink tea (as the fashion was sixty years since) at the house of a lady of quality, attached to the cause of the Chevalier, where he found, as he expected, both the ladies. All rose as he entered, but Flora immediately resumed her place, and the conversation in which she was engaged. Rose, on the contrary, almost imperceptibly made a little way in the crowded circle for his advancing the corner of a chair.—“Her manner, upon the whole, is most engaging,” thought Waverley.

A dispute occurred whether the Gaelic or Italian language was most liquid and best adapted for poetry: the opinion for the Gaelic, which probably might not have found supporters elsewhere, was here fiercely defended by seven Highland ladies, who talked at the top of their lungs, and screamed the company deaf, with examples of Celtic *euphonia*. Flora, observing the Lowland ladies sneer at the comparison, produced some reasons to shew that it was not altogether so absurd; but Rose, when asked for her opinion, gave it with animation in praise of Italian, which she had studied with Waverley's assistance. “She has a more correct ear than Flora, though a less accomplished musician,” said Waverley to himself. “I suppose Miss Mac-Ivor will next compare Mac-Murrough nan Fohn to Ariosto!”

Lastly, it so befell that the company differed whether Fergus should be asked to perform on the flute, at which he was an adept, or Waverley invited to read a play of Shakspeare; and the lady of the house good-humouredly undertook to collect the votes of the company for poetry or music, under the condition, that the gentleman whose talents were not laid under contribution that evening, should contribute them to enliven the next. It chanced that Rose had the casting vote. Now Flora, who seemed to impose it as a rule upon herself never to

countenance any proposal which might seem to encourage Waverley, had voted for music, providing the Baron would take his violin to accompany Fergus. "I wish you joy of your taste, Miss Mac-Ivor," thought Edward as they sought for his book. I thought it better when we were at Glennaquoich; but certainly the Baron is no great performer, and Shakspeare is worth listening to."

Romeo and Juliet was selected, and Edward read with taste, feeling, and spirit, several scenes from that play. All the company applauded with their hands, and many with their tears. Flora, to whom the drama was well known, was among the former; Rose, to whom it was altogether new, belonged to the latter class of admirers. "She has more feeling too," said Waverley, internally.

The conversation turning upon the incidents of the play, and upon the characters, Fergus declared that the only one worth naming, as a man of fashion and spirit, was Mercutio. "I could not," he said, "quite follow all his old-fashioned wit, but he must have been a very pretty fellow, according to the ideas of his time."

"And it was a shame," said Ensign Maccombich, who usually followed his colonel every where, "for that Tibbert, or Taggart, or whatever was his name, to stick him under the other gentleman's arm while he was redding the fray."

The ladies, of course, declared loudly in favour of Romeo, but this opinion did not go undisputed. The mistress of the house, and several other ladies, severely reprobated the levity with which the hero transfers his affections from Rosalind to Juliet. Flora remained silent until her opinion was repeatedly requested, and then answered, she thought the circumstance objected to not only reconcileable to nature, but such as in the highest degree evinced the art of the poet. "Romeo is described as a young man peculiarly susceptible of the softer passions; his love is at first fixed upon a woman who could afford it no return; this he repeatedly tells you,—

"From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd;"

"and again,—

"She hath forsworn to love."

"Now, as it was impossible that Romeo's love, supposing him a reasonable being, could continue without hope, the poet has, with great art, seized the moment when he was reduced actually to despair, to throw in his way an object more accomplished than her by whom he had been rejected, and who is disposed to repay his attachment. I can scarce conceive a situation more calculated to enhance the ardour of Romeo's affection for Juliet, than his being at once raised by her from the state of drooping melancholy, in which he appears first upon the scene, to the ecstatic state in which he exclaims—

“come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short moment gives me in her sight.”

“Good now, Miss Mac-Ivor,” said a young lady of quality, “do you mean to cheat us out of our prerogative? will you persuade us love cannot subsist without hope, or that the lover must become fickle if the lady cruel? O fie! I did not expect such an unsentimental conclusion.”

“A lover, my dear Lady Betty, may, I conceive, persevere in his suit under very discouraging circumstances. Affection can (now and then) withstand very severe storms of rigour, but not a long polar frost of downright indifference. Don’t, even with *your* attractions, try the experiment upon any lover whose faith you value. Love will subsist on wonderfully little hope, but not altogether without it.”

“It will be just like Duncan Mac-Girdie’s mare,” said Evan, “if your ladyships please; he wanted to use her by degrees to live without meat, and just as he had put her on a straw a-day, the poor thing died!”

Evan’s illustration set the company a-laughing, and the discourse took a different turn. Shortly afterwards the party broke up, and Edward returned home, musing on what Flora had said. “I will love my Rosalind no more,” said he; she has given me a broad enough hint for that; and I will speak to her brother, and resign my suit. But for a Juliet—would it be handsome to interfere with Fergus’s pretensions? Though it is impossible they can ever succeed: and should they miscarry, what then?—why then *alors comme alors*.” And with this resolution, of being guided by circumstances, did our hero commit himself to repose.

CHAPTER LV.

A BRAVE MAN IN SORROW.

IF my fair readers should be of opinion that my hero’s levity in love is altogether unpardonable, I must remind them, that all his griefs and difficulties did not arise from that sentimental source. Even the lyric poet, who complains so feelingly of the pains of love, could not forget, that, at the same time, he was “in debt and in drink,” which, doubtless, were great aggravations of his distress. There were, indeed, whole days in which Waverley thought neither of Flora nor Rose Bradwardine, but which were spent in melancholy conjectures upon the probable state of matters at Waverley-Honour, and the dubious issue of the civil contest in which he was pledged. Colonel Talbot often engaged him in discussions upon the justice of the cause he

had espoused. "Not," he said, "that it is possible for you to quit it at this present moment, for, come what will, you must stand by your rash engagement. But I wish you to be aware that the right is not with you; that you are fighting against the real interests of your country; and that you ought, as an Englishman and a patriot, to take the first opportunity to leave this unhappy expedition before the snow-ball melt."

In such political disputes, Waverley usually opposed the common arguments of his party, with which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader. But he had little to say when the Colonel urged him to compare the strength by which they had undertaken to overthrow the Government, with that which was now assembling very rapidly for its support. To this statement Waverley had but one answer: "If the cause I have undertaken be perilous, there would be the greater disgrace in abandoning it." And in his turn he generally silenced Colonel Talbot, and succeeded in changing the subject.

One night, when, after a long dispute of this nature, the friends had separated, and our hero had retired to bed, he was awakened about midnight by a suppressed groan. He started up and listened; it came from the apartment of Colonel Talbot, which was divided from his own by a wainscotted partition, with a door of communication. Waverley approached this door, and distinctly heard one or two deep-drawn sighs. What could be the matter? The Colonel had parted from him, apparently, in his usual state of spirits. He must have been taken suddenly ill. Under this impression, he opened the door of communication very gently, and perceived the Colonel, in his night-gown, seated by a table, on which lay a letter and picture. He raised his head hastily, as Edward stood uncertain whether to advance or retire, and Waverley perceived that his cheeks were stained with tears.

As if ashamed at being found giving way to such emotion, Colonel Talbot rose with apparent displeasure. "I think, Mr Waverley, my own apartment, and the hour might have secured even a prisoner against"——

"Do not say *intrusion*, Colonel Talbot; I heard you breathe hard, and feared you were ill; that alone could have induced me to break in upon you."

"I am well," said the Colonel, "perfectly well."

"But you are distressed: is there anything can be done?"

"Nothing, Mr Waverley; I was only thinking of home, and some unpleasant occurrences there."

"Good God, my uncle!"

"No, it is a grief entirely my own; I am ashamed you should have seen it disarm me so much; but it must have its course at times, that it may be at others more decently supported. I would have kept it secret from you; for I think it will grieve you, and yet you can

administer no consolation. But you have surprised me.—I see you are surprised yourself,—and I hate mystery. Read that letter.”

The letter was from Colonel Talbot's sister, and in these words :

“I received yours, my dearest brother, by Hodges. Sir E. W. and Mr R. are still at large, but are not permitted to leave London. I wish to heaven I could give you as good an account of matters in the square. But the news of the unhappy affair at Preston came upon us, with the dreadful addition that you were among the fallen. You know Lady Emily's state of health, when your friendship for Sir E. induced you to leave her. She was much harassed with the sad accounts from Scotland of the rebellion having broken out; but kept up her spirits, as, she said, it became your wife, and for the sake of the future heir so long hoped for in vain. Alas, my dear brother, these hopes are now ended! notwithstanding all my watchful care, this unhappy rumour reached her without preparation. She was taken ill immediately; and the poor infant scarce survived its birth. Would to God this were all! But although the contradiction of the horrible report by your own letter has greatly revived her spirits, yet Dr ——— apprehends, I grieve to say, serious, and even dangerous, consequences to her health, especially from the uncertainty in which she must necessarily remain for some time, aggravated by the ideas she has formed of the ferocity of those with whom you are a prisoner.”

“Do therefore, my dear brother, as soon as this reaches you, endeavour to gain your release, by parole, by ransom, or any way that is practicable. I do not exaggerate Lady Emily's state of health; but I must not—dare not—suppress the truth. Ever, my dear Philip, your most affectionate sister,
— LUCY TALBOT.”

Edward stood motionless when he had perused this letter; for the conclusion was inevitable, that, by the Colonel's journey in quest of him, he had incurred this heavy calamity. It was severe enough, even in its irremediable part; for Colonel Talbot and Lady Emily, long without a family, had fondly exulted in the hopes which were now blasted. But this disappointment was nothing to the extent of the threatened evil; and Edward, with horror, regarded himself as the original cause of both.

Ere he could collect himself sufficiently to speak, Colonel Talbot had recovered his usual composure of manner, though his troubled eye denoted his mental agony.

“She is a woman, my young friend, who may justify even a soldier's tears.” He reached him the miniature, exhibiting features which fully justified the eulogium; “and yet, God knows, what you see of her there is the least of the charms she possesses—possessed, I should perhaps say—but God's will be done.”

"You must fly—you must fly instantly to her relief. It is not—I shall not be too late."

"Fly? how is it possible? I am a prisoner—upon parole."

"I am your keeper—I restore your parole—I am to answer for you."

"You cannot do so consistently with your duty; nor can I accept a discharge from you, with due regard to my own honour—you would be made responsible."

"I will answer it with my head, if necessary. I have been the unhappy cause of the loss of your child, make me not the murderer of your wife."

"No, my dear Edward," said Talbot, taking him kindly by the hand, "you are in no respect to blame; and if I concealed this domestic distress for two days, it was lest your sensibility should view it in that light. You could not think of me, hardly knew of my existence, when I left England in quest of you. It is a responsibility, Heaven knows, sufficiently heavy for mortality, that we must answer for the foreseen and direct result of our actions,—for their indirect and consequential operation, the great and good Being, who alone can foresee the dependence of human events on each other, hath not pronounced his frail creatures liable."

"But that you should have left Lady Emily in the situation the most interesting to a husband, to seek a"——

"I only did my duty, and I do not, ought not to regret it. If the path of gratitude and honour were always smooth and easy, there would be little merit in following it; but it moves often in contradiction to our interest and passions, and sometimes to our better affections. These are the trials of life, and this, though not the least bitter," (the tears came unbidden to his eyes,) "is not the first which it has been my fate to encounter—but we will talk of this to-morrow," wringing Waverley's hands. "Good night; strive to forget it for a few hours. It will dawn, I think, by six, and it is now past two. Good night."

Edward retired, without trusting his voice with a reply.

CHAPTER LVI.

EXERTION.

WHEN Colonel Talbot entered the breakfast-parlour next morning, he learned from Waverley's servant that our hero had been abroad at an early hour, and was not yet returned. The morning was well advanced before he again appeared. He arrived out of breath, but with an air of joy that astonished Colonel Talbot.

"There," said he, throwing a paper on the table, "there is my morning's work.—Alick, pack up the Colonel's clothes. Make haste, make haste."

The Colonel examined the paper with astonishment. It was a pass from the Chevalier to Colonel Talbot, to repair to Leith, or any other port in possession of his Royal Highness's troops, and there to embark for England, or elsewhere, at his free pleasure, he only giving his parole of honour not to bear arms against the house of Stuart for the space of a twelvemonth.

"In the name of God," said the Colonel, his eyes sparkling with eagerness, "how did you obtain this?"

"I was at the Chevalier's levee as soon as he usually rises. He was gone to the camp at Duddingston. I pursued him thither; asked and obtained an audience—but I will tell you not a word more, unless I see you begin to pack."

"Before I know whether I can avail myself of this passport, or how it was obtained?"

"O, you can take out the things again, you know—Now I see you busy, I will go on. When I first mentioned your name, his eyes sparkled almost as bright as yours did two minutes since. 'Had you,' he earnestly asked, 'shewn any sentiments favourable to his cause?' 'Not in the least, nor was there any hope you would do so.' His countenance fell. I requested your freedom. 'Impossible,' he said;—'your importance, as a friend and confidant of such and such personages, made my request altogether extravagant.' I told him my own story and yours; and asked him to judge what my feelings must be by his own. He has a heart, and a kind one, Colonel Talbot, you may say what you please. He took a sheet of paper, and wrote the pass with his own hand. 'I will not trust myself with my council,' he said; 'they will argue me out of what is right. I will not endure that a friend, valued as I value you, should be loaded with the painful reflections which must afflict you in case of further misfortune in Colonel Talbot's family; nor will I keep a brave enemy a prisoner under such circumstances. Besides,' said he, 'I think I can justify myself to my prudent advisers, by pleading the good effect such lenity will produce on the minds of the great English families with whom Colonel Talbot is connected.'"

"There the politician peeped out," said the Colonel.

"Well, at least he concluded like a king's son;—'Take the passport; I have added a condition for form's sake; but if the Colonel objects to it, let him depart without giving any parole whatever. I come here to war with men, but not to distress or endanger women.'"

"Well, I never thought to have been so much indebted to the Preten——"

"To the Prince," said Waverley, smiling.

"To the Chevalier," said the Colonel; "it is a good travelling name, and which we may both freely use. Did he say anything more?"

"Only asked if there was anything else he could oblige me in; and when I replied in the negative, he shook me by the hand and wished all his followers were as considerate, since some friends of mine not only asked all he had to bestow, but many things which were entirely out of his power, or that of the greatest sovereign upon earth. Indeed, he said, no prince seemed, in the eyes of his followers, so like the Deity as himself, if you were to judge from the extravagant requests which they daily preferred to him."

"Poor young gentleman," said the Colonel, "I suppose he begins to feel the difficulties of his situation. Well, dear Waverley, this is more than kind, and shall not be forgotten while Philip Talbot can remember any thing. My life—pshaw—let Emily thank you for that—this is a favour worth fifty lives. I cannot hesitate upon giving my parole in the circumstances: there it is—(he wrote it out in form)—And now, how am I to get off?"

"All that is settled: your baggage is packed, my horses wait, and a boat has been engaged, by the Prince's permission, to put you on board the Fox frigate. I sent a messenger down to Leith on purpose."

"That will do excellently well. Captain Beaver is my particular friend: he will put me ashore at Berwick or Shields, from whence I can ride post to London;—and you must entrust me with the packet of papers which you recovered by means of your Miss Bean Lean. I may have an opportunity of using them to your advantage. But I see your Highland friend Glen——— what do you call his barbarous name? and his orderly with him—I must not call him his orderly cut-throat any more, I suppose. See how he walks as if the world were his own, with the bonnet on one side of his head, and his plaid puffed out across his breast! I should like now to meet that youth where my hands were not tied: I would tame his pride, or he should tame mine."

"For shame, Colonel Talbot; you swell at sight of the tartan, as the bull is said to do at scarlet. You and Mac-Ivor have some points not much unlike, so far as national prejudice is concerned."

The latter part of this discourse took place in the street. They passed the Chief, the Colonel punctiliously and he sternly greeting each other, like two duelists before they take their ground. It was evident the dislike was mutual. "I never see that surly fellow that dogs his heels," said the Colonel after he had mounted his horse, "but he reminds me of lines I have somewhere heard—upon the stage, I think:

—————'Close behind him
Stalks sullen Bertram, like a sorcerer's fiend,
Pressing to be employed.'"

"I assure you, Colonel, that you judge too harshly of the Highlanders."

"Not a whit, not a whit; I cannot spare them a jot; I cannot bate them an ace. Let them stay in their own barren mountains, and puff and swell, and hang their bonnets on the horns of the moon, if they have a mind; but what business have they to come where people wear breeches, and speak an intelligible language?—I mean intelligible in comparison to their gibberish, for even the Lowlanders talk a kind of English little better than the Negroes in Jamaica. I could pity the Pre——, I mean the Chevalier himself, for having so many desperadoes about him. And they learn their trade so early. There is a kind of subaltern imp, for example, a sort of sucking devil, whom your friend Glena—— Glenamuck there, has sometimes in his train. To look at him, he is about fifteen years; but he is a century old in mischief and villainy. He was playing at quoits the other day in the court: a gentleman, a decent-looking person enough, came past, and as a quoit hit his shin, he lifted his cane: But my young bravo whips out his pistol, like Beau Clincher in the Trip to the Jubilee, and had not a scream of *Gardez l'eau*, from an upper window, set all parties scampering for fear of the inevitable consequences, the poor gentleman would have lost his life by the hands of that little cockatrice."

"A fine character you'll give of Scotland upon your return, Colonel Talbot."

"O, Justice Shallow shall save me the trouble—'Barren, barren, beggars all, beggars all. Marry, good air,'—and that only when you are out of Edinburgh, and not yet come to Leith, as is our case at present."

In a short time they arrived at the seaport:—

"The boat rock'd at the pier of Leith,
Full loud the wind blew down the ferry;
The ship rode at the Berwick Law"——

"Farewell, Colonel; may you find all as you would wish it! Perhaps we may meet sooner than you expect: they talk of an immediate route to England."

"Tell me nothing of that," said Talbot; "I wish to carry no news of your motions."

"Simply, then, adieu. Say, with a thousand kind greetings, all that is dutiful and affectionate to Sir Everard and Aunt Rachael—Think of me as kindly as you can—speak of me as indulgently as your conscience will permit, and once more adieu."

"And adieu, my dear Waverley; many, many thanks for your kindness. Unplaid yourself on the first opportunity. I shall ever think on you with gratitude, and the worst of my censures shall be, *Que diable alloit il faire dans cette galere?*"

And thus they parted, Colonel Talbot going on board of the boat, and Waverley returning to Edinburgh.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE MARCH.

IT is not our purpose to intrude upon the province of history. We shall therefore only remind our reader, that about the beginning of November the young Chevalier, at the head of about six thousand men at the utmost, resolved to peril his cause upon an attempt to penetrate into the centre of England, although aware of the mighty preparations which were made for his reception. They set forward on this crusade in weather which would have rendered any other troops incapable of marching, but which in reality gave these active mountaineers advantages over a less hardy enemy. In defiance of a superior army lying upon the Borders, under Field-Marshal Wade, they besieged and took Carlisle, and soon afterwards prosecuted their daring march to the southward.

As Colonel Mac-Ivor's regiment marched in the van of the clans, he and Waverley, who now equalled any Highlander in endurance of fatigue, and was become somewhat acquainted with their language, were perpetually at its head. They marked the progress of the army, however, with very different eyes. Fergus, all air and fire, and confident against the world in arms, measured nothing but that every step was a yard nearer London. He neither asked, expected, nor desired any aid, except that of the clans, to place the Stuarts once more on the throne; and when by chance a few adherents joined the standard, he always considered them in the light of new claimants upon the favours of the future monarch, who must therefore subtract for their gratification so much of the bounty which ought to be shared among his Highland followers.

Edward's views were very different. He could not but observe, that in those towns in which they proclaimed James the Third, "no man cried God bless him." The mob stared and listened, heartless, stupified and dull, but gave few signs even of that boisterous spirit, which induces them to shout upon all occasions for the mere exercise of their most sweet voices. The Jacobites had been taught to believe that the north-western counties abounded with wealthy squires and hardy yeomen, devoted to the cause of the White Rose. But of the wealthier tories they saw little. Some fled from their houses, some feigned themselves sick, some surrendered themselves to the government as suspected persons. Of such as remained, the ignorant gazed with astonishment, mixed with horror and aversion, at the wild appearance, unknown language, and singular garb of the Scottish clans. And to the more prudent, their scanty numbers, apparent deficiency in discipline, and poverty of equipment, seemed certain tokens of the calamitous termination of their rash undertaking. Thus the few who joined them

were such as bigotry of political principle blinded to consequences, or broken fortunes induced to hazard all upon a risk so desperate.

The Baron of Bradwardine, being asked what he thought of these recruits, took a long pinch of snuff, and answered drily, "that he could not but have an excellent opinion of them, since they resembled precisely the followers who attached themselves to the good king David at the cave of Adullam; *videlicet*, every one that was in distress; and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, which the vulgate renders bitter of soul; and doubtless," he said, "they will prove mighty men of their hands, and there is much need that they should, for I have seen many a sour look cast upon us."

But none of these considerations grieved Fergus. He admired the luxuriant beauty of the country and the situation of many of the seats which they passed. "Is Waverley-Honour like that house, Edward?"

"It is one half larger."

"Is your uncle's park as fine a one as that?"

"It is three times as extensive, and rather resembles a forest than a mere park."

"Flora will be a happy woman."

"I hope Miss Mac-Ivor will have much reason for happiness unconnected with Waverley-Honour."

"I hope so too; but, to be mistress of such a place, will be a pretty addition to the sum total."

"An addition, the want of which, I trust, will be amply supplied by some other means."

"How," said Fergus, stopping short, and turning upon Waverley—"How am I to understand that, Mr Waverley?—Had I the pleasure to hear you aright?"

"Perfectly right, Fergus."

"And I am to understand that you no longer desire my alliance and my sister's hand?"

"Your sister has refused mine, both directly, and by all the usual means by which ladies repress undesired attentions."

"I have no idea of a lady dismissing or a gentleman withdrawing his suit, after it has been approved of by her legal guardian, without giving him an opportunity of talking the matter over with the lady. You did not, I suppose, expect my sister to drop into your mouth like a ripe plum, the first moment you chose to open it?"

"As to the lady's title to dismiss her lover, Colonel, it is a point which you must argue with her, as I am ignorant of the customs of the Highlands in that particular. But as to my title to acquiesce in a rejection from her without an appeal to your interest, I will tell you plainly, without meaning to undervalue Miss Mac-Ivor's admitted beauty and accomplishments, that I would not take the hand of an angel, with an empire for her dowry, if her consent were extorted by

the importunity of friends and guardians, and did not flow from her own free inclination."

"An angel, with the dowry of an empire," repeated Fergus in a tone of bitter irony, "is not very likely to be pressed upon a — shire squire. But, sir," changing his tone, "if Flora Mac-Ivor have not the dowry of an empire, she is *my* sister, and that is sufficient at least to secure her against being treated with any thing approaching to levity."

"She is Flora Mac-Ivor, sir; which to me, were I capable of treating any woman with levity, would be a more effectual protection."

The brow of the Chieftain was now fully clouded, but Edward felt too indignant at the unreasonable tone which he had adopted, to avert the storm by the least concession. They both stood still while this short dialogue passed, and Fergus seemed half disposed to say something more violent, but, by a strong effort, suppressed his passion, and, turning his face forward, walked sullenly on. As they had always hitherto walked together, and almost constantly side by side, Waverley pursued his course silently in the same direction, determined to let the Chief take his own time in recovering the good humour which he had so unreasonably discarded, and firm in his resolution not to bate him an inch of dignity.

After they had marched on in this sullen manner about a mile, Fergus resumed the discourse in a different tone. "I believe I was warm, my dear Edward, but you provoke me with your want of knowledge of the world. You have taken pet at some of Flora's prudery, or high flying notions of loyalty, and now, like a child, you quarrel with the play-thing you have been crying for, and beat me, your faithful keeper, because my arm cannot reach to Edinburgh to hand it to you. I am sure, if I was passionate, the mortification of losing the alliance of such a friend, after your arrangement had been the talk of both Highlands and Lowlands, and that without so much as knowing why or wherefore, might well provoke calmer blood than mine. I shall write to Edinburgh, and put all to rights; that is, if you desire I should do so; as indeed I cannot suppose that your good opinion of Flora, it being such as you have often expressed to me, can be at once laid aside."

"Colonel M'Ivor," said Edward, who had no mind to be hurried farther or faster than he chose, in a matter which he had already considered as broken off, "I am fully sensible of the value of your good offices; and certainly, by your zeal on my behalf in such an affair, you do me no small honour. But as Miss Mac-Ivor has made her election freely and voluntarily, and as all my attentions in Edinburgh were received with more than coldness, I cannot, in justice either to her or myself, consent that she should again be harassed upon this topic. I would have mentioned this to you some time since, but you saw the footing upon which we stood together, and must have understood it. Had I

thought otherwise, I would have earlier spoken; but I had a natural reluctance to enter upon a subject so painful to us both."

"O, very well, Mr Waverley, the thing is at an end. I have no occasion to press my sister upon any man."

"Nor have I any occasion to court repeated rejection from the same young lady."

"I shall make due enquiry, however," said the Chieftain, without noticing the interruption, "and learn what my sister thinks of all this: we will then see whether it is to end here."

"Respecting such enquiries you will of course be guided by your own judgment. It is, I am aware, impossible Miss Mac-Ivor can change her mind; and were such an un-supposable case to happen, it is certain I will not change mine. I only mention this to prevent any possibility of future misconception."

Gladly at this moment would Mac-Ivor have put their quarrel to a personal arbitrement; his eye flashed fire, and he measured Edward as if to chuse where he might best plant a mortal wound. But although we do not now quarrel according to the moods and figures of Caranza or Vincent Saviola, no one knew better than Fergus that there must be some decent pretext for a mortal duel. For instance, you may challenge a man for treading on your corn in a crowd, or for pushing you up to the wall, or for taking your seat in the theatre; but the modern code of honour will not permit you to found a quarrel upon your right of compelling a man to continue addresses to a female relative, which the fair lady has already refused. So that Fergus was compelled to stomach this supposed affront, until the whirligig of time, whose motion he promised himself he would watch most sedulously, should bring about an opportunity of revenge.

Waverley's servant always led a saddle-horse for him in the rear of the battalion to which he was attached, though his master seldom rode him. But now, incensed at the domineering and unreasonable conduct of his late friend, he fell behind the column, and mounted his horse, resolving to seek the Baron of Bradwardine, and request permission to volunteer in his troop, instead of the Mac-Ivor regiment.

"A happy time of it I should have had," thought he, after he was mounted, "to have been so closely allied to this superb specimen of pride and self-opinion and passion. A colonel! why, he should have been a generalissimo—a petty chief of three or four hundred men! his pride might suffice for the Cham of Tartary—the Grand Seignior—the Great Mogul! I am well free of him; were Flora an angel, she would bring with her a second Lucifer of ambition and wrath for a brother-in-law."

The Baron, whose learning (like Sancho's jests, while in the Sierra Morena,) seemed to grow mouldy for want of exercise, joyfully embraced the opportunity of Waverley's offering his service in his

regiment, to bring it into some exertion. The good-natured old gentleman, however, laboured to effect a reconciliation between the two quondam friends. Fergus turned a cold ear to his remonstrances, though he gave them a respectful hearing; and as for Waverley, he saw no reason why he should be the first in courting a renewal of the intimacy which the Chieftain had so unreasonably disturbed. The Baron then mentioned the matter to the Prince, who, anxious to prevent quarrels in his little army, declared he would himself remonstrate with Colonel Mac-Ivor on the unreasonableness of his conduct. But, in the hurry of their march, it was a day or two before he had an opportunity to exert his influence in the manner proposed.

In the meanwhile, Waverley turned the instructions he had received while in G——'s dragoons to some account, and assisted the Baron in his command as a sort of adjutant. "*Parmi les aveugles un borgne est roi*," says the French proverb; and the cavalry, which consisted chiefly of Lowland gentlemen, their tenants and servants, formed a high opinion of Waverley's skill, and a great attachment to his person. This was indeed partly owing to the satisfaction which they felt at the distinguished English volunteer's leaving the Highlanders to rank among them; for there was a latent grudge between the horse and foot, not only owing to the difference of the services, but because most of the gentlemen, living near the Highlands, had at one time or other had quarrels with the tribes in their vicinity, and all of them looked with a jealous eye on the Highlander's avowed pretensions to superior valour, and utility in the Prince's service.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE CONFUSION OF KING AGRAMANT'S CAMP.

It was Waverley's custom sometimes to ride a little off from the main body, to look at any object of curiosity which occurred upon the march. They were now in Lancashire, when, attracted by a castellated old hall, he left the squadron for half an hour, to take a survey and slight sketch of it. As he returned down the avenue, he was met by Ensign Maccombich. This man had contracted a sort of regard for Edward since the day of his first seeing him at Tully-Veolan, and introducing him to the Highlands. He seemed to loiter, as if on purpose to meet with our hero. Yet, as he passed him, he only approached his stirrup, and pronounced the single word, Beware! and then walked swiftly on, shunning all further communication.

Edward, somewhat surprised at this hint, followed with his eyes the course of Eyan, who speedily disappeared among the trees. His

servant, Alick Polwarth, who was in attendance, also looked after the Highlander, and then rode up close to his master.

"The ne'er be in me, sir, if I think you're safe amang thae Highland rinthereouts."

"What do you mean, Alick?"

"The Mac-Ivors, sir, hae gotton it into their heads, that ye hae affronted their young leddy, Miss Flora; and I hae heard mae than ane say they wadna tak muckle to mak a black-cock o' ye: and ye ken yeresel there's mony o' them wadna mind a bawbee the weising a ball through the Prince himsel, an the Chief gie them the wink; or whether he did or no, if they thought it wad please him when it was dune."

Waverley, though confident that Fergus Mac-Ivor was incapable of such treachery, was by no means equally sure of the forbearance of his followers. He knew, that where the honour of the Chief or his family was supposed to be touched, the happiest man would be he that could first avenge the stigma; and he had often heard them quote a proverb, "That the best revenge was the most speedy and most safe." Coupling this with the hint of Evan, he judged it most prudent to set spurs to his horse, and ride briskly back to the squadron. Ere he reached the end of the long avenue, however, a ball whistled past him, and the report of a pistol was heard.

"It was that deevil's buckie, Callum Beg," said Alick; "I saw him whisk away through amang the reises."

Edward, justly incensed at this act of treachery, galloped out of the avenue, and observed the battalion of Mac-Ivor at some distance moving along the common, in which it terminated. He also saw an individual running very fast to join the party; this he concluded was the intended assassin, who, by leaping an inclosure, might easily make a much shorter path to the main body than he could find on horseback. Unable to contain himself, he commanded Alick to go to the Baron of Bradwardine, who was at the head of his regiment about half a mile in front, and acquaint him with what had happened. He himself immediately rode up to Fergus's regiment. The Chief himself was in the act of joining them. He was on horseback, having returned from waiting upon the Prince. On perceiving Edward approaching, he put his horse in motion towards him. "Colonel Mac-Ivor," said Waverley, without any farther salutation, "I have to inform you, that one of your people has this instant fired at me from a lurking-place."

"As that (excepting the circumstance of a lurking-place) is a pleasure which I presently propose to myself, I should be glad to know which of my clansmen dared to anticipate me."

"I shall certainly be at your command whenever you please; the gentleman who took your office upon himself is your page there, Callum Beg."

"Stand forth from the ranks, Callum! Did you fire at Mr Waverley?"

"No," answered the unblushing Callum.

"You did," said Alick Polwarth, who was already returned, having met a trooper by whom he despatched an account of what was going forward to the Baron of Bradwardine, while he himself returned to his master at full gallop, neither sparing the rowels of his spurs, nor the sides of his horse. "You did; I saw you as plainly as I ever saw the auld kirk at Coudingham."

"You lie," replied Callum, with his usual impenetrable obstinacy. The combat between the knights would certainly, as in the days of chivalry, have been preceded by an encounter between the squires, for Alick was a stout-hearted Merse-man, and feared the bow of Cupid far more than a Highlander's dirk or claymore. But Fergus, with his usual tone of decision, demanded Callum's pistol. The cock was down, the pan and mussle were black with the smoke; it had been that instant fired.

"Take that," said Fergus, striking the boy upon the head with the heavy pistol-butt with his whole force,—“take that for acting without orders, and lying to disguise it.” Callum received the blow without appearing to flinch from it, and fell without sign of life. “Stand still, upon your lives,” said Fergus to the rest of the clan: “I blow out the brains of the first man who interferes between Mr Waverley and me. They stood motionless; Eyan Dhu alone shewed symptoms of vexation and anxiety. Callum lay on the ground bleeding copiously, but no one ventured to give him any assistance. It seemed as if he had gotten his death-blow.

“And now for you, Mr Waverley; please to turn your horse twenty yards with me upon the common.” Waverley complied; and Fergus, confronting him when they were a little way from the line of march, said, with great affected coolness, “I could not but wonder, sir, at the fickleness of taste which you were pleased to express the other day. But it was not an angel, as you justly observed, who had charms for you, unless she brought an empire for her fortune. I have now an excellent commentary upon that obscure text.”

“I am at a loss even to guess at your meaning, Colonel Mac-Ivor, unless it seems plain that you intend to fasten a quarrel upon me.”

“Your affected ignorance shall not serve you, sir. The Prince,—the Prince himself has acquainted me with your manœuvres. I little thought that your engagements with Miss Bradwardine were the reason of your breaking off your intended match with my sister. I suppose the information that the Baron had altered the destination of his estate, was quite a sufficient reason for slighting your friend's sister, and carrying off your friend's mistress.”

“Did the Prince tell you I was engaged to Miss Bradwardine?—Impossible.”

“He did, sir; so, either draw and defend yourself, or resign your pretensions to the lady.”

“This is absolute madness,” exclaimed Waverley, “or some strange mistake?”

“O! no evasion! draw your sword!” said the infuriated Chieftain,—his own already unsheathed.

“Must I fight in a madman’s quarrel?”

“Then give up now, and for ever, all pretensions to Miss Bradwardine’s hand.”

“What title have you,” cried Waverley, utterly losing command of himself, “what title have you, or any man living, to dictate such terms to me?” And he also drew his sword.

At this moment, the Baron of Bradwardine, followed by several of his troop, came up upon the spur, some from curiosity, others to take part in the quarrel, which they indistinctly understood had broken out between the Mac-Ivors and their corps. The clan, seeing them approach, put themselves in motion to support their Chieftain, and a scene of confusion commenced, which seemed likely to terminate in bloodshed. A hundred tongues were in motion at once. The Baron lectured, the Chieftain stormed, the Highlanders screamed in Gaelic, the horsemen cursed and swore in Lowland Scotch. At length matters came to such a pass, that the Baron threatened to charge the Mac-Ivors unless they resumed their ranks, and many of them, in return, presented their fire-arms at him and the other troopers. The confusion was privately fostered by old Ballankeiroch, who made no doubt that his own day of vengeance was arrived, when, behold! a cry arose of “Room! Make way! *place a Monseigneur! place a Monseigneur!*” This announced the approach of the Prince, who came up with a party of Fitz-James’s foreign dragoons that acted as his body guard. His arrival produced some degree of order. The Highlanders reassumed their ranks, the cavalry fell in and formed squadron, and the Baron and Chieftain were silent.

The Prince called them and Waverley before him. Having heard the original cause of the quarrel through the villainy of Callum Beg, he ordered him into custody of the provost-marshal for immediate execution, in the event of his surviving the chastisement inflicted by his Chieftain. Fergus, however, in a tone betwixt claiming a right and asking a favour, requested he might be left to his disposal, and promised his punishment should be exemplary. To deny this might have seemed to encroach on the patriarchial authority of the Chieftains, of which they were very jealous, and they were not persons to be obliged. Callum was therefore left to the justice of his own tribe.

The Prince next demanded to know the new cause of quarrel between Colonel Mac-Ivor and Waverley. There was a pause. Both gentlemen found the presence of the Baron of Bradwardine (for by this

time all three had approached the Chevalier by his command) an insurmountable barrier against entering upon a subject where the name of his daughter must unavoidably be mentioned. They turned their eyes on the ground, with looks in which shame and embarrassment were mingled with displeasure. The Prince, who had been educated amongst the discontented and mutinous spirits of the Court of St. Germain, where feuds of every kind were the daily subject of solicitude to the dethroned sovereign, had served his apprenticeship, as old Frederick of Prussia would have said, to the trade of royalty. To promote or restore concord amongst his followers was indispensable. Accordingly he took his measure.

“Monsieur de Beaujeau!”

“Monseigneur!” said a very handsome French cavalry officer, who was in attendance.

“Ayez la bonté d’alligner ces montagnards là, ainsi que la cavalerie, s’il vous plait, et de les remettre a la marche. Vous parlez si bien l’Anglois, cela ne vous donneroit pas beaucoup de peine.”

“Ah! pas de tout, Monseigneur,” replied Mons le Compte de Beaujeau, his head bending down to the neck of his little prancing highly-managed charger. Accordingly he *piaffed* away in high spirits and confidence to the head of Fergus’s regiment, although understanding not a word of Gaelic, and very little English.

“Messieurs les sauvages Ecossois—dat is—Gentlemans savages, have the goodness d’arranger vous.”

“The clan, comprehending the order more from the gesture than the words, and seeing the Prince himself present, hastened to dress their ranks.

“Ah! ver well! dat is fort bien!” said the Count de Beaujeau. “Gentilmans sauvages—mais, tres bien—Eh bien!—Qu’ est ce que vous appelez visage, Monsieur?” (to a lounging trooper who stood by him) “Ah, oui! *face*—Je vous remercie, Monsieur.—Gentilshommes, have de goodness to make de *face* to de right par file, dat is, by files. Marsh!—Mais, tres bien—encore, Messieurs; il faut vous mettre a la marche. . . . Marchez donc, au nom de Dieu, parceque j’ai oublié le mot Anglois—mais vous etes des braves gens, et me comprenez tres bien.”

The Count next hastened to put the cavalry in motion. “Gentlemens cavalerie, you must fall in—Ah! par ma foi, I did not say fall off! I am a fear de little gross fat gentilman is moche hurt. Ah, mon dieu! C’est le Commissaire qui nous a apporté les premieres nouvelles de cet maudit fracas. Je suis trop fâché, Monsieur!”

But poor Macwheeble, who, with a sword stuck across him, and a white cockade as large as a pancake, now figured in the character of a commissary, being overturned in the bustle occasioned by the troopers hastening to get themselves in order in the Prince’s presence, before

he could rally his galloway, slunk to the rear amid the unrestrained laughter of the spectators.

"Eh bien, Messieurs, wheel to de right—Ah! dat is it!—Eh, Monsieur de Bradwardine, ayez la bonté de vous mettre a la tete de votre regiment, car, par dieu, je n'en puis plus!"

The Baron of Bradwardine was obliged to go to the assistance of Monsieur de Beaujeau, after he had fairly expended his few English military phrases. One purpose of the Chevalier was thus answered. The other he proposed was, that in the eagerness to hear and comprehend commands issued through such an indistinct medium in his own presence, the thoughts of the soldiers in both corps might get a current different from the angry channel in which they were flowing at the time.

Charles Edward was no sooner left with the Chieftain and Waverley, the rest of his attendants being at some distance, than he said, "If I owed less to your disinterested friendship, I could be most seriously angry with both of you for this very extraordinary and causeless broil, at a moment when my father's service so decidedly demands the most perfect unanimity. But the worst of my situation is, that my very best friends hold they have liberty to ruin themselves, as well as the cause they are engaged in, upon the slightest caprice."

Both the young men protested their resolution to submit every difference to his arbitration. "Indeed," said Edward, "I hardly know of what I am accused. I sought Colonel Mac-Ivor merely to mention to him that I had narrowly escaped assassination at the hand of his immediate dependant, a dastardly revenge, which I knew him to be incapable of authorising. As to the cause for which he is disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me, I am ignorant of it, unless it be that he accuses me, most unjustly, of having engaged the affections of a young lady in prejudice of his pretensions."

"If there is an error," said the Chieftain, "it arises from a conversation which I held this morning with his Royal Highness himself."

"With me?" said the Chevalier; "how can Colonel Mac-Ivor have so far misunderstood me?"

He then led Fergus aside, and after five minutes earnest conversation, spurred his horse towards Edward. "Is it possible—nay, ride up, Colonel, for I desire no secrets—Is it possible, Mr Waverley, that I am mistaken in supposing that you are an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine? a fact of which I was by circumstances, though not by communication from you, so absolutely convinced, that I alleged it to Vich Ian Vohr this morning as a reason why, without offence to him, you might not continue to be ambitious of an alliance, which to an unengaged person, even though once repulsed, holds out too many charms to be lightly laid aside."

"Your Royal Highness," said Waverley, "must have founded on

circumstances altogether unknown to me, when you did me the distinguished honour of supposing me an accepted lover of Miss Bradwardine. I feel the distinction implied in the supposition, but I have no title to it. For the rest, my confidence in my own merit is too justly slight to admit of my hoping for success in any quarter after positive rejection."

The Chevalier was silent for a moment, looking steadily at them both, and then said, "Upon my word, Mr Waverley, you are a less happy man than I conceived I had very good reason to think you. But now, gentlemen, allow me to be umpire in this matter, not as Prince Regent, but as Charles Stuart, a brother adventurer with you in the same gallant cause. Lay my pretensions entirely out of view, and consider your own honour, and how far it is well, or becoming, to give our enemies the advantage, and our friends the scandal, of shewing that, few as we are, we are not united. And forgive me if I add, that the names of the ladies who have been mentioned, crave more respect from us all than to be made themes of discord."

He took Fergus a little apart, and spoke to him very earnestly for two or three minutes, and then returning to Waverley, said, "I believe I have satisfied Colonel Mac-Ivor, that his resentment was founded upon a misconception, to which, indeed, I myself gave rise; and I trust Mr Waverley is too generous to harbour any recollection of what is past, when I assure him that such is the case.—You must state this matter properly to your clan, Vich Ian Vohr, to prevent a recurrence of their precipitate violence." Fergus bowed. "And now, gentlemen, let me have the pleasure to see you shake hands."

They advanced coldly, and with measured steps, each apparently reluctant to appear most forward in concession. They did, however, shake hands, and parted, taking a respectful leave of the Chevalier.

Charles Edward then rode to the head of the Mac-Ivors, threw himself from his horse, begged a drink out of old Ballankeiroch's cantine, and marched about half a mile along with them, enquiring into the history and connections of Sliochd nan Ivor, adroitly using the few words of Gaelic he possessed, and affecting a great desire to learn it more thoroughly. He then mounted his horse once more, and galloped to the Baron's cavalry, which was in front, halted them, and examined their accoutrements and state of discipline; took notice of the principal gentlemen, and even of the cadets; enquired after their ladies, and commended their horses; rode about an hour with the Baron of Bradwardine, and endured three long stories about Field-Marshal the Duke of Berwick.

"Ah, Beaujeau, mon cher ami," said he, as he returned to his usual place in the line of march, "que mon metier de prince errant est ennuyant, par fois. Mais, courage! c'est le grand jeu, apres tout."

CHAPTER LIX.

A SKIRMISH.

THE reader need hardly be reminded, that, after a council of war held at Derby upon the 5th of December, the Highlanders relinquished their desperate attempt to penetrate farther into England, and, greatly to the dissatisfaction of their young and daring leader, positively determined to return northward. They commenced their retreat accordingly, and, by their extreme celerity of movement, outstripped, the motions of the Duke of Cumberland, who now pursued them with a very large body of cavalry.

This retreat was a virtual resignation of their towering hopes. None had been so sanguine as Fergus Mac-Ivor; none, consequently, were so cruelly mortified at the change of measures. He argued, or rather remonstrated, with the utmost vehemence at the council of war; and, when his opinion was rejected, shed tears of grief and indignation. From that moment his whole manner was so much altered, that he could scarcely have been recognised for the same soaring and ardent spirit, for whom the earth seemed too narrow but a week before. The retreat had continued for several days, when Edward, to his surprise, early upon the 12th of December, received a visit from the Chieftain, in his quarters in a hamlet, about half-way between Shap and Penrith.

Having had no intercourse with the Chieftain since their rupture, Edward waited with some anxiety an explanation of this unexpected visit; nor could he help being surprised, and somewhat shocked, with the change in his appearance. His eye had lost much of its fire; his cheek was hollow, his voice was languid, even his gait seemed less firm and elastic than it was wont; and his dress, to which he used to be particularly attentive, was now carelessly flung about him. He invited Edward to walk out with him by the little river in the vicinity; and smiled in a melancholy manner when he observed him take down and buckle on his sword.

As soon as they were in a wild sequestered path by the side of the stream, the Chief broke out,—“Our fine adventure is now totally ruined, Waverley, and I wish to know what you intend to do:—nay, never stare at me, man. I tell you I received a packet from my sister yesterday, and, had I got the information it contained sooner, it would have prevented a quarrel, which I am always vexed when I think of. In a letter written after our dispute, I acquainted her with the cause of it; and she now replies to me, that she never had, nor could have, any purpose of giving you encouragement; so that it seems I have acted like a madman.—Poor Flora! she writes in high spirits; what a change will the news of this unhappy retreat make in her state of mind!”

Waverley, who was really much affected by the deep tone of melan-

choly with which Fergus spoke, affectionately entreated him to banish from his remembrance any unkindness which had arisen between them, and they once more shook hands, but now with sincere cordiality. Fergus again enquired of Waverley what he intended to do. "Had you not better leave this luckless army, and get down before us into Scotland, and embark for the continent from some of the eastern ports that are still in our possession? When you are out of the kingdom, your friends will easily negotiate your pardon; and, to tell you the truth, I wish you would carry Rose Bradwardine with you as your wife, and take Flora also under your joint protection."—Edward looked surprised—"She loves you, and I believe you love her, though, perhaps, you have not found it out, for you are not celebrated for knowing your own mind very pointedly." He said this with a sort of smile.

"How," answered Edward, "can you advise me to desert the expedition in which we are all embarked?"

"Embarked? the vessel is going to pieces, and it is full time for all who can, to get into the long-boat to leave her."

"Why, what will other gentlemen do, and why did the Highland Chiefs consent to this retreat, if it is so ruinous?"

"O, they think that, as on former occasions, the heading, hanging, and forfeiting, will chiefly fall to the lot of the Lowland gentry; that they will be left secure in their poverty and their fastnesses, there, according to their proverb, 'to listen to the wind upon the hill till the waters abate.' But they will be disappointed; they have been too often troublesome to be so repeatedly passed over, and this time John Bull has been too heartily frightened to recover his good humour for some time. The Hanoverian ministers always deserved to be hanged for rascals, but now, if they get the power in their hands,—as soon or late they must, since there is neither rising in England nor assistance from France,—they will deserve the gallows as fools, if they leave a single clan in the Highlands in a situation to be again troublesome to government. Ay, they will make root and branch-work, I warrant them."

"And while you recommend flight to me,—a counsel which I will rather die than embrace,—what are your own views?"

"O, my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow."

"What do you mean by that? The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Remember Gladsmuir."

"What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned."

"Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?"

"On one which never failed a person of my house. I have seen," he said, lowering his voice, "the Bodach Glas."

"Bodach Glas?"

"Yes; Have you been so long at Glennaquoich, and never heard of

the Grey Spectre ! though indeed there is a certain reluctance among us to mention him."

"No, never."

"Ah ! it would have been a tale for poor Flora to have told you. Or if that hill were Benmore, and that long blue lake, which you see just winding towards yon mountainous country were loch Tay, or my own Loch an Ri, the tale would be better suited with scenery. However, let us sit down on this knoll ; even Saddleback and Ulswater will suit what I have to say better than the English hedgerows, inclosures, and farm-houses. You must know, then, that when my ancestor, Ian nan Chaistel, wasted Northumberland, there was associated with him in the expedition a sort of southland chief, or captain of a band of Lowlanders, called Halbert Hall. In their return through the Cheviots, they quarrelled about the division of the great booty they had acquired, and came from words to blows. The Lowlanders were cut off to a man, and their chief fell the last, covered with wounds by the sword of my ancestor. Since that time, his spirit has crossed the Vich Ian Vohr of the day when any great disaster was impending, but especially before approaching death. My father saw him twice ; once before he was made prisoner at Sheriff-Muir ; another time on the morning of the day on which he died."

"How can you, my dear Fergus, tell such nonsense with a grave face ?"

"I do not ask you to believe it ; but I tell you the truth, ascertained by three hundred years experience at least, and last night by my own eyes."

"The particulars, for heaven's sake !"

"I will, on condition you will not attempt a jest upon the subject. Since this unhappy retreat commenced, I have scarce ever been able to sleep for thinking of my clan, and of this poor Prince, whom they are leading back like a dog in a string, whether he will or no, and of the downfall of my family. Last night I felt so feverish that I left my quarters, and walked out, in hopes the keen frost air would brace my nerves—I cannot tell how much I dislike going on, for I know you will hardly believe me. However—I crossed a small foot bridge, and kept walking back and forwards, when I observed with surprise, by the clear moonlight, a tall figure in a grey plaid, such as shepherds wear in the south of Scotland, which, move at what pace I would, kept regularly about four yards before me."

"You saw a Cumberland peasant in his ordinary dress, probably."

"No : I thought so at first, and was astonished at the man's audacity in daring to dog me. I called to him, but received no answer. I felt an anxious throbbing at my heart, and to ascertain what I dreaded, I stood still and turned myself on the same spot successively to the four points of the compass—By Heaven, Edward, turn where I would,

the figure was instantly before my eyes at precisely the same distance! I was then convinced it was the Bodach Glas. My hair bristled, and my knees shook. I manned myself, however, and determined to return to my quarters. My ghastly visitant glided before me, (for I cannot say he walked,) until he reached the foot bridge: there he stopped, and turned full round. I must either wade the river, or pass him as close as I am to you. A desperate courage, founded on the belief that my death was near, made me resolve to make my way in despite of him. I made the sign of the cross, drew my sword, and uttered, 'In the name of God, Evil Spirit, give place!' 'Vich Ian Vohr,' it said, in a voice that made my very blood curdle, 'beware of tomorrow!' It seemed at that moment not half a yard from my sword's point; but the words were no sooner spoken than it was gone, and nothing appeared further to obstruct my passage. I got home, and threw myself on my bed, where I spent a few hours heavily enough; and this morning, as no enemy was reported to be near us, I took my horse, and rode forward to make up matters with you. I would not willingly fall, until I am in charity with a wronged friend."

Edward had little doubt that this phantom was the operation of an exhausted frame, and depressed spirits, working upon the belief common to all Highlanders in such superstitions. He did not the less pity Fergus, for whom, in his present distress, he felt all his former regard revive. With the view of diverting his mind from these gloomy images, he offered, with the Baron's permission, which he knew he could readily obtain, to remain in his quarters till Fergus's corps should come up, and march with them as usual. The Chief seemed much pleased, yet hesitated to accept the offer. "We are, you know, in the rear—the post of danger in a retreat."

"And therefore the post of honour."

"Well, let Alick have your horse in readiness, in case we should be over-matched, and I shall be delighted to have your company once more."

The rear-guard were late in making their appearance, having been delayed by various accidents, and by the badness of the roads. At length they entered the hamlet. When Waverley joined the clan Mac-Ivor, arm-in-arm with their Chieftain, all the resentment they had entertained against him seemed blown off at once. Evan Dhu received him with a grin of congratulation; and even Callum, who was running about as active as ever, pale indeed, and with a great patch upon his head, appeared delighted to see him.

"That gallows-bird's skull," said Fergus, "must be harder than marble: the lock of the pistol was actually broken."

"How could you strike so young a lad so hard?"

"Why, if I did not strike hard sometimes, the rascals would forget themselves,"

They were now in full march, every caution being taken to prevent surprise. Fergus's people, and a fine clan-regiment from Badenoch, commanded by Cluny Macpherson, had the rear. They had passed a large open moor, and were entering into the inclosures which surround a small village called Clifton. The winter sun had set, and Edward began to rally Fergus upon the false predictions of the Grey Spirit. "The ides of March are not past," said Mac-Ivor, with a smile: when, suddenly casting his eyes back on the moor, a large body of cavalry was indistinctly seen to hover upon its brown and dark surface. To line the inclosures facing the open ground, and the road by which the enemy must move from it upon the village, was the work of a short time. While these manœuvres were accomplishing, night sunk down, dark and gloomy, though the moon was at full. Sometimes, however, she gleamed forth a dubious light upon the scene of action.

The Highlanders did not long remain undisturbed in the defensive position they had adopted. Favoured by the night, one large body of dismounted dragoons attempted to force the inclosures, while another equally strong, strove to penetrate by the high-road. Both were received by such a heavy fire as disconcerted their ranks, and effectually checked their progress. Unsatisfied with the advantage thus gained, Fergus, to whose ardent spirit the approach of danger seemed to restore all its elasticity, drawing his sword, and calling out "Claymore!" encouraged his clan, by voice and example, to rush down upon the enemy. Mingling with the dismounted dragoons, they forced them, at the sword-point, to fly to the open moor, where a considerable number were cut to pieces. But the moon, which suddenly shone out, shewed to the English the small number of assailants, disordered by their own success. Two squadrons of horse moving to the support of their companions, the Highlanders endeavoured to recover the inclosures. But several of them, amongst others their brave Chieftain, were cut off and surrounded before they could effect their purpose. Waverley, looking eagerly for Fergus, from whom, as well as from the retreating body of his followers, he had been separated in the darkness and tumult, saw him, with Evan Dhu and Callum, defending themselves desperately against a dozen of horsemen, who were hewing at them with their long broad-swords. The moon was again at that moment totally overclouded, and Edward, in the obscurity, could neither bring aid to his friends, nor discover which way lay his own road to rejoin the rear-guard. After once or twice narrowly escaping being slain or made prisoner by parties of the cavalry whom he encountered in the darkness, he at length reached an inclosure, and clambering over it, concluded himself in safety, and on the way to the Highland forces, whose pipes he heard at some distance. For Fergus hardly a hope remained, unless that he might be made prisoner. Revolving his fate with sorrow and anxiety, the superstition of the Bodach Glas recurred to Edward's

recollection, and he said to himself, with internal surprise, "What, can the devil speak truth?"

CHAPTER LX.

CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

EDWARD was in a most unpleasant and dangerous situation. He soon lost the sound of the bagpipes; and what was yet more unpleasant, when, after searching long in vain, and scrambling through many inclosures, he at length approached the high road, he learned from the unwelcome noise of kettle-drums and trumpets, that the English cavalry now occupied it, and consequently were between him and the Highlanders. Precluded, therefore, from advancing in a straight direction, he resolved to avoid the English military, and endeavour to join his friends by making a circuit to the left, for which a beaten path, deviating from the main road in that direction, seemed to afford facilities. The path was muddy, and the night dark and cold; but even these inconveniences were hardly felt amidst the apprehensions which falling into the hands of the King's forces reasonably excited in his bosom.

After walking about three miles, he at length reached a hamlet. Conscious that the common people were in general unfavourable to the cause he had espoused, yet anxious, if possible, to procure a horse and guide to Penrith, where he hoped to find the rear, if not the main body of the Chevalier's army, he approached the ale-house of the place. There was a great noise within: He paused to listen. A round English oath or two, and the burden of a campaign song, convinced him the hamlet also was occupied by the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers. Endeavouring to retire from it as softly as possible, and blessing the obscurity which hitherto he had murmured against, Waverley groped his way the best he could along a small paling, which seemed the boundary of some cottage garden. As he reached the gate of this little inclosure, his outstretched hand was grasped by that of a female, whose voice at the same time uttered, "Edward, is't thou, man."

"Here is some unluckily mistake," thought Edward, struggling, but gently, to disengage himself.

"Naen o' thy foun, now, man, or the red coats will hear thee; they have been houlerying and poulerying every ane that past ale-house-door this noight to make them drive their waggon and sick loike. Come into feyther's, or they'll do ho a mischief."

"A good hint," thought Waverley, following the girl through the little garden into a brick-paved kitchen, where she set herself to kindle

a match at an expiring fire, and with the match to light a candle. She had no sooner looked on Edward, than she dropped the light, with a shrill scream of "O feyther, feyther!"

The father, thus invoked, speedily appeared—a sturdy old farmer, in a pair of leather breeches, and boots pulled on without stockings, having just started from his bed; the rest of his dress was only a Westmoreland statesman's robe-de-chambre, that is his shirt. His figure was displayed to advantage, by a candle which he bore in his left hand; in his right he brandished a poker.

"What hast ho here, wench?"

"O!" cried the poor girl, almost going off in hysterics, "I thought it was Ned Williams, and it is one of the plaid-men."

"And what was thee ganging to do wi' Ned Williams at this time o' noight?" To this, which was, perhaps, one of the numerous class of questions more easily asked than answered, the rosy-cheeked damsel made no reply, but continued sobbing and wringing her hands.

"And thee, lad, doest ho know that the dragoons be a-town? doest ho know that, mon? an they'll sliver thee loike a turnip, mon."

"I know my life is in great danger," said Waverley, "but if you can assist me, I will reward you handsomely. I am no Scotchman, but an unfortunate English gentleman."

"Be ho Scot or no," said the honest farmer, "I wish thou hadst kept the other side of the hallan; but since thou art here, Jacop Jopson will betray no man's bluid; and the plaids were gay canny, and did not do so much mischief when they were here yesterday." Accordingly, he set seriously about sheltering and refreshing our hero for the night. The fire was speedily rekindled, but with precaution against its light being seen from without. The jolly yeoman cut a rasher of bacon, which Cicely soon broiled, and her father added a swingeing tankard of his best ale. It was settled, that Edward should remain there till the troops marched in the morning, then hire or buy a horse from the farmer, and, with the best directions that could be obtained, endeavour to overtake his friends. A clean, though coarse bed, received him after the fatigues of this unhappy day.

With the morning arrived the news that the Highlanders had evacuated Penrith, and marched off towards Carlisle; that the Duke of Cumberland was in possession of Penrith, and that detachments of his army covered the roads in every direction. To attempt to get through undiscovered would be an act of the most frantic temerity. Ned Williams (the right Edward) was now called to council by Cicely and her father. Ned, who perhaps did not care that his handsome namesake should remain too long in the same house with his sweetheart, for fear of fresh mistakes, proposed that Edward, exchanging his uniform and plaid for the dress of the country, should go with him to his father's farm near Ulswater, and remain in that undisturbed retirement.

until the military movements in the country should have ceased to render his departure hazardous. A price was also agreed upon, at which the stranger might board with Farmer Williams, if he thought proper, till he could depart with safety. It was of moderate amount; the distress of his situation, among this honest and simple-hearted race, being considered as no reason for increasing their demand on this account.

The necessary articles of dress were accordingly procured, and, by following bypaths, known to the young farmer, they hoped to escape any unpleasant rencontre. A recompence for their hospitality was refused peremptorily by old Jopson and his cherry-cheeked daughter; a kiss paid the one, and a hearty shake of the hand the other. Both seemed anxious for their guest's safety, and took leave of him with kind wishes.

In the course of their route, Edward, with his guide, traversed those fields which the night before had been the scene of action. A brief gleam of December's sun shone sadly on the broad heath, which, towards the spot where the great north-west road entered the inclosures of Lord Lonsdale's property, exhibited dead bodies of men and horses, and the usual companions of war, a number of carrion-crows, hawks, and ravens.

"And this, then, was thy last field," thought Waverley, his eye filling at the recollection of the many splendid points of Fergus's character, and of their former intimacy, all his passions and imperfections forgotten—"here fell the last Vich Ian Vohr, on a nameless heath; and in an obscure night-skirmish was quenched that ardent spirit, who thought it little to cut a way for his master to the British throne! Ambition, policy, bravery, all far beyond their sphere, here learned the fate of mortals. The sole support, too, of a sister, whose spirit, as proud and unbending, was even more exalted than thine own; here ended all thy hopes for Flora, and the long and valued line which it was thy boast to raise yet more highly by thy adventurous valour!"

As these ideas pressed on Waverley's mind, he resolved to go upon the open heath, and search, if among the slain, he could discover the body of his friend, with the pious intention of procuring for him the last rites of sepulture. The timorous young man who accompanied him remonstrated upon the danger of the attempt, but Edward was determined. The followers of the camp had already stripped the dead of all they could carry away; but the country-people, unused to scenes of blood, had not yet approached the field of action, though some stood fearfully gazing at a distance. About sixty or seventy dragoons lay slain within the first inclosure, upon the high road, and upon the open moor. Of the Highlanders, not above a dozen had fallen, chiefly those who, venturing too far on the moor, could not regain the strong ground. He could not find the body of Fergus among the slain. On a little

knoll, separated from the others, lay the carcases of three English dragoons, two horses and the page Callum Beg, whose hard skull a trooper's broad-sword had, at length, effectually cloven. It was possible his clan had carried off the body of Fergus; but it was also possible he had escaped, especially as Evan Dhu, who would never leave his chief, was not found among the dead; or he might be prisoner, and the less formidable denunciation inferred from the appearance of the Bodach Glas might have proved the true one. The approach of a party, sent for the purpose of compelling the country-people to bury the dead, and who had already assembled several peasants for that purpose, now compelled Edward to rejoin his guide, who awaited him in great anxiety and fear under shade of the plantations.

After leaving this field of death, the rest of their journey was happily accomplished. At the house of farmer Williams, Edward passed for a young kinsman, bred a clergyman, who was come to reside there till the civil tumults permitted him to pass through the country. This silenced suspicion among the kind and simple yeomanry of Cumberland, and accounted sufficiently for the grave manners and retired habits of the new guest. The precaution became more necessary than Waverley had anticipated, as a variety of incidents prolonged his stay at Fasthwaite, as the farm was called.

A tremendous fall of snow rendered his departure impossible for more than ten days. When the roads began to become a little practicable, they successively received news of the retreat of the Chevalier into Scotland; then, that he had abandoned the frontiers, retiring upon Glasgow; and that the Duke of Cumberland had formed the siege of Carlisle. His army, therefore, barred all possibility of Waverley's escaping into Scotland in that direction. On the eastern border, Marshal Wade, with a large force was advancing upon Edinburgh, and all along the frontier, parties of militia, volunteers, and partizans, were in arms to suppress insurrection, and apprehend such stragglers from the Highland army as had been left in England. The surrender of Carlisle, and the severity with which the rebel garrison were threatened, soon formed an additional reason against venturing upon a solitary and hopeless journey through a hostile country and a large army, to carry the assistance of a single sword to a cause which seemed altogether desperate.

In this solitary and secluded situation, without the advantage of company or conversation with men of cultivated minds, the arguments of Colonel Talbot often recurred to the mind of our hero. A still more anxious recollection haunted his slumbers—it was the dying look and gesture of Colonel G——. Most devoutly did he hope, as the rarely occurring post brought news of skirmishes with various success, that it might never again be his lot to draw his sword in civil conflict. Then his mind turned to the supposed death of Fergus, to the desolate situation

of Flora, and, with yet more tender recollection, to that of Rose Bradwardine, who was destitute of the devoted enthusiasm of loyalty, which, to her friend, hallowed and exalted misfortune. These reveries he was permitted to enjoy, undisturbed by queries or interruption; and it was in many a winter walk by the shores of Ulswater, that he acquired a more complete mastery of a spirit tamed by adversity, than his former experience had given him; and that he felt himself entitled to say firmly, though perhaps with a sigh, that the romance of his life was ended, and that its real history had now commenced. He was soon called upon to justify his pretensions by reason and philosophy.

CHAPTER LXI.

A JOURNEY TO LONDON.

THE family at Fasthwaite were soon attached to Edward. He had, indeed, that gentleness and urbanity which almost universally attracts corresponding kindness; and to their simple ideas his learning gave him consequence, and his sorrows interest. The last he ascribed, evasively, to the loss of a brother in the skirmish near Clifton; and in that primitive state of society, where the ties of affection were highly deemed of, his continued depression excited sympathy, but not surprise.

In the end of January, his more lively powers were called out by the happy union of Edward Williams, the son of his host, with Cicely Jopson. Our hero would not cloud with sorrow the festivity attending the wedding of two persons to whom he was so highly obliged. He therefore exerted himself, danced, sung, played at the various games of the day, and was the blithest of the company. The next morning, however, he had more serious matters to think of.

The clergyman who had married the young couple was so much pleased with the supposed student of divinity, that he came next day from Penrith on purpose to pay him a visit. This might have been a puzzling chapter had he entered into any examination of our hero's supposed theological studies; but fortunately he loved better to hear and communicate the news of the day. He brought with him two or three old newspapers, in one of which Edward found a piece of intelligence that soon rendered him deaf to every word which the Reverend Mr Twigtythe was saying upon the news from the north, and the prospect of the Duke's speedily overtaking and crushing the rebels. This was an article in these, or nearly these words:

“Died at his house, in Hill Street, Berkley Square, upon the 10th inst., Richard Waverley, Esq., second son to Sir Giles Waverley of Waverley-Honour, &c., &c. He died of a lingering disorder, augmented by the unpleasant predicament of suspicion in which he stood, having

been obliged to find bail, to a high amount, to meet an impending accusation of high-treason. An accusation of the same grave crime hangs over his elder brother, Sir Everard Waverley, the representative of that ancient family; and we understand the day of his trial will be fixed early in the next month, unless Edward Waverley, son of the deceased Richard, and heir to the Baronet, shall surrender himself to justice. In that case, we are assured it is his Majesty's gracious purpose to drop further proceedings upon the charge against Sir Everard. This unfortunate young gentleman is ascertained to have been in arms in the Pretender's service, and to have marched along with the Highland troops into England. But he has not been heard of since the skirmish at Clifton upon 18th December last."

Such was this distracting paragraph.—"Good God! am I then a parricide?—Impossible! my father, who never showed the affection of a father while he lived, cannot have been so much affected by my supposed death as to hasten his own; no, I will not believe it,—it were distraction to entertain for a moment such a horrible idea. But, it were, if possible, worse than parricide to suffer any danger to hang over my noble and generous uncle, who has ever been more to me than a father, if such evil can be averted by any sacrifice on my part!"

While these reflections passed like the stings of scorpions through Waverley's sensorium, the worthy divine was startled in a long disquisition on the battle of Falkirk by the ghastliness which they communicated to his looks, and asked him if he was ill? Fortunately the bride, all smirk and blush, had just entered the room. Mrs Williams was none of the brightest of women, but she was good-natured, and readily concluding that Edward had been shocked by disagreeable news in the papers, interfered so judiciously, that, without exciting suspicion, she drew off Mr Twigtythe's attention, and engaged it until he soon after took his leave. Waverley immediately explained to his friends that he was under the necessity of going to London with as little delay as possible.

One cause of delay, however, did occur, to which Waverley had been very little accustomed. His purse, though well stocked when he first went to Tulley-Veolan, had not been reinforced since that period; and although his life since had not been of a nature to exhaust it hastily, for he had lived chiefly with his friends or with the army, yet he found, that, after settling with his kind landlord, he would be too poor to encounter the expence of travelling post. The best course, therefore, seemed to be, to get into the great north road about Borough-Bridge, and there take a place in the Northern Diligence, a huge old-fashioned tub, drawn by three horses, which completed the journey from Edinburgh to London (God willing, as the advertisement expressed it) in three weeks. Our hero, therefore, took an affectionate farewell of his Cumberland friends, whose kindness he promised never to forget,

and tacitly hoped one day to acknowledge, by substantial proofs of gratitude. After some petty difficulties and vexatious delays, and after putting his dress into a shape better befitting his rank, though perfectly plain and simple, he accomplished crossing the country, and found himself in the desired vehicle *vis-a-vis* to Mrs Nosebag, the lady of Lieutenant Nosebag, adjutant and riding-master of the ——— dragoons, a jolly woman of about fifty, wearing a blue habit, faced with scarlet, and grasping a silver-mounted horse-whip.

This lady was one of those active members of society who take upon them *faire le frais de conversation*. She was just returned from the north, and informed Edward how nearly her regiment had cut the petticoat people into ribbands at Falkirk, "only somehow there was one of those nasty 'awkward marshes that they are never without in Scotland, I think, and so our poor dear little regiment suffered something, as my Nosebag says, in that unsatisfactory affair. You, sir, have served in the dragoons?" Waverley was taken so much at un-awares, that he acquiesced.

"O, I knew it at once: I saw you were military from your air, and I was sure you could be none of the foot-wobblers, as my Nosebag calls them. What regiment, pray?" Here was a delightful question. Waverley, however, justly concluded that this good lady had the whole army-list by heart; and, to avoid detection by adhering to truth, answered, "G——'s dragoons, ma'am; but I have retired sometime."

"O, those as won the race at the battle of Preston, as my Nosebag says. Pray, sir, were you there?"

"I was so unfortunate, madam, as to witness that engagement."

"And that was a misfortune that few of G——'s stood to witness, I believe, sir—ha! ha! ha! I beg your pardon; but a soldier's wife loves a joke."

Devil confound you, thought Waverley; what infernal luck has penned me up with this inquisitive hag!

Fortunately the good lady did not stick long to one subject. "We are coming to Ferrybridge, now," she said, "where there was a party of *ours* left to support the beadles, and constables, and justices, and these sort of creatures that are examining papers and stopping rebels, and all that." They were hardly in the inn before she dragged Waverley to the window, exclaiming "Yonder comes Corporal Bridoon, of our poor dear troop; he's coming with the constable man; Bridoon's one of my lambs, as Nosebag calls 'em. Come, Mr A—a—a,—Pray, what's your name, sir?"

"Butler, ma'am," said Waverley, resolved rather to make free with the name of a former fellow-officer, than run the risk of detection by inventing one not to be found in the regiment.

"O, you got a troop lately, when that shabby fellow, Waverley, went over to the rebels. Lord, I wish our old cross Captain Crump

would go over to the rebels, that Nosebag might get the troop!—Lord, what can Bridoon be standing swinging on the bridge for? I'll be hanged if he a'nt hazy, as Nosebag says.—Come, sir, as you and I belong to the service, we'll go put the rascal in mind of his duty."

Waverley, with feelings more easily conceived than described, saw himself obliged to follow this doughty female commander. The gallant corporal was as like a lamb as a drunk corporal of dragoons, about six feet high, with very broad shoulders and very thin legs, not to mention a great scar across his nose, could well be. Mrs Nosebag addressed him with something which, if not an oath, sounded very like one, and commanded him to attend to his duty. "You be d—d for a ——," commenced the gallant cavalier; but, looking up in order to suit the action to the words, and also to enforce the epithet which he meditated, with an adjective applicable to the party, he recognised the speaker, made his military salam and altered his tone.—"Lord love your handsome face, Madam Nosebag, is it you? why, if a poor fellow does happen to fire a slug of a morning, I am sure you were never the lady to bring him to harm."

"Well, you rascallion, go, mind your duty; this gentleman and I belong to the service; but be sure you look after that shy cock in the slouched hat that sits in the corner of the coach. I believe he's one of the rebels in disguise."

"D—n her gooseberry wig," said the corporal, when she was out of hearing, "that gimlet-eyed jade,—mother-adjutant, as we call her,—is a greater plague to the regiment than prevot-marshal, serjeant-major, and old Hubble-de-Shuff, the colonel, into the bargain.—Come, Master Constable, let's see if this shy cock, as she calls him, (who, by the way, was a Quaker, from Leeds, with whom Mrs Nosebag had had some tart argument on the legality of bearing arms,) will stand godfather to a sup of brandy, for your Yorkshire ale is cold on my stomach."

The vivacity of this good lady, as it helped Edward out of this scrape, was like to have drawn him into one or two others. In every town where they stopped, she wished to examine the corps de garde, if there was one, and once very narrowly missed introducing Waverley to a recruiting serjeant of his own regiment. Then she Captain'd and Butler'd him till he was almost mad with vexation and anxiety; and never was he more rejoiced in his life at the termination of a journey, than when the arrival of the coach in London freed him from the attentions of Madam Nosebag.

CHAPTER LXII.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE NEXT?

It was twilight when they arrived in town; and having shaken off his companions, and walked through a good many streets, to avoid the possibility of being traced by them, Edward took a hackney-coach and drove to Colonel Talbot's house, in one of the principal squares at the west-end of the town. That gentleman, by the death of relations, had succeeded since his marriage to a large fortune, possessed considerable political interest, and lived in what is called great style.

When Waverley knocked at his door, he found it at first difficult to procure admittance, but at length was shewn into an apartment where the Colonel was at table. Lady Emily, whose very beautiful features were still pallid from indisposition, sat opposite to him. The instant he heard Waverley's voice, he started up and embraced him. "Frank Stanley, my dear boy, how d'ye do?—Emily, my love, this is young Stanley."

The blood started to the lady's cheek as she gave Waverley a reception, in which courtesy was mingled with kindness, while her trembling hand and faltering voice shewed how much she was startled and discomposed. Dinner was hastily replaced, and while Waverley was engaged in refreshing himself, the Colonel proceeded—"I wonder you have come here, Frank; the Doctors tell me the air of London is very bad for your complaints. You should not have risked it. But I am delighted to see you, and so is Emily, though I fear we must not reckon upon your staying long."

"Some particular business brought me up," muttered Waverley.

"I supposed so, but I sha'n't allow you to stay long.—Spontoon, (to an elderly military looking servant out of livery) take away these things and answer the bell yourself, if I ring. Don't let any of the other fellows disturb us—My nephew and I have business to talk of."

When the servants had retired, "In the name of God, Waverley, what has brought you here? It may be as much as your life is worth."

"Dear Mr Waverley," said Lady Emily, "to whom I owe so much more than acknowledgments can ever pay, how could you be so rash?"

"My father—my uncle—this paragraph," he handed the paper to Colonel Talbot.

"I wish to Heaven these scoundrels were condemned to be squeezed to death in their own presses," said Talbot. "I am told there are not less than a dozen of their papers now published in town, and no wonder that they are obliged to invent lies to find sale for their journals. It is true, however, my dear Edward, that you have lost your father; but as to this flourish of his unpleasant situation having grated upon his spirits, and hurt his health—the truth is—for though it is harsh to

say so now, yet it will relieve your mind from the idea of weighty responsibility—the truth then is, that Mr Richard Waverley, through this whole business, showed great want of sensibility, both to your situation and that of your uncle; and the last time I saw him, he told me with great glee, that as I was so good as take charge of your interests, he had thought it best to patch up a separate negociation for himself, and make his peace with government through some channels which former connections left still open to him.”

“And my uncle, my dear uncle?”

“Is in no danger whatever. It is true (looking at the date of the paper) there was a foolish report some time ago to the purport here quoted, but it is entirely false. Sir Everard is gone down to Waverley-Honour, freed from all uneasiness, unless upon your own account. But you are in peril yourself—your name is in every proclamation—warrants are out to apprehend you. How and when did you come here?”

Edward told his story at length, suppressing his quarrel with Fergus; for, being himself partial to Highlanders, he did not wish to give any advantage to the Colonel's national prejudice against them.

“Are you sure it was your friend Glen's foot-boy you saw dead in Clifton-Moor?”

“Quite positive.”

“Then that little limb of the devil has cheated the gallows, for cut-throat was written in his face, though (turning to Lady Emily) it was a very handsome face too. But for you, Edward, I wish you would go down again to Cumberland, or rather I wish you had never stirred from thence, for there is an embargo in all the sea-ports, and a strict search for adherents of the Pretender; and the tongue of that confounded woman will wag in her head like the clack of a mill, till somehow or other she will detect Lieutenant Butler to be a feigned personage.”

“Do you know any thing,” asked Waverley, “of my fellow-traveller?”

“Her husband was my serjeant-major for six years; she was a buxom widow, with a little money—he married her—was steady, and got on by being a good drill. I must send Spontoon to see what she is about; he will find her out among the old regimental connections. To-morrow you must be indisposed, and keep your room from fatigue. Lady Emily is to be your nurse, and Spontoon and I your attendants. You bear the name of a near relation of mine, whom none of my present people ever saw, except Spontoon, so there will be no immediate danger. So pray feel your head ache and your eyes grow heavy as soon as possible, that you may be put upon the sick list; and, Emily, do you order an apartment for Frank Stanley, with all the attentions which an invalid may require.”

In the morning the Colonel visited his guest. “Now,” said he, “I

have some good news for you. Your reputation as a gentleman and officer is effectually cleared of neglect of duty and accession to the mutiny in G——'s regiment. I have had a correspondence on this subject with a very zealous friend of yours, your Scotch parson, Morton; his first letter was addressed to Sir Everard; but I relieved the good Baronet of the trouble of answering it. You must know, that your free-booting acquaintance, Donald of the Cave, has at length fallen into the hands of the Philistines. He was driving off the cattle of a certain proprietor, called Killan—something or other—”

“Killancureit?”

“The same—now the gentleman being, it seems, a great farmer, and having a special value for his breed of cattle; being, moreover, rather of a timid disposition, had got a party of soldiers to protect his property. So Donald run his head unawares into the lion's mouth, and was defeated and made prisoner. Being ordered for execution, his conscience was assailed on the one hand by a catholic priest, on the other by your friend Morton. He repulsed the catholic chiefly on account of the doctrine of extreme unction, which this economical gentleman considered as an excessive waste of oil. So his conversion from a state of impenitence fell to Mr Morton's share, who, I dare say, acquitted himself excellently, though, I suppose, Donald made but a queer kind of Christian after all. He confessed, however, before a magistrate, one Major Melville, who seems to have been a correct friendly sort of person, his full intrigue with Houghton, explaining particularly how it was carried on, and fully acquitting you of the least accession to it. He also mentioned his rescuing you from the hands of the volunteer officer, and sending you, by orders of the Pret—Chevalier I mean—as a prisoner to Doune, from whence he understood you were carried prisoner to Edinburgh. These are particulars which cannot but tell in your favour. He hinted that he had been employed to deliver and protect you, and rewarded for doing so; but he would not confess by whom, alleging, that though he would not have minded breaking any ordinary oath to satisfy the curiosity of Mr Morton, to whose pious admonitions he owed so much, yet, in the present case, he had been sworn to silence upon the edge of his dirk; which, it seems, constituted, in his opinion, an inviolable obligation.”

“And what is become of him?”

“O, he was hanged at Stirling after the rebels raised the siege, with his lieutenant, and four plaids beside; he having the advantage of a gallows more lofty than his friends.”

“Well, I have little cause either to regret or rejoice at his death; and yet he has done me both good and harm to a very considerable extent.”

“His confession, at least, will serve you materially, since it wipes from your character all those suspicions which gave the accusation

against you a complexion of a nature different from that with which so many unfortunate gentlemen, now, or lately, in arms against the government, may be justly charged. Their treason—I must give it its name, though you participate in its guilt—is an action arising from mistaken virtue, and therefore cannot be classed as a disgrace, though it be doubtless highly criminal. Where the guilty are so numerous, clemency must be extended to far the greater number: and I have little doubt of procuring a remission for you, providing we can keep you out of the claws of justice till she has selected and gorged upon her victims; for in this, as in other cases, it will be according to the vulgar proverb, First come first served. Besides, government are desirous at present to intimidate the English Jacobites, among whom they can find few examples for punishment. This is a vindictive and timid feeling which will soon wear off, for, of all nations, the English are least bloodthirsty by nature. But it exists at present, and you must, therefore, be kept out of the way in the mean time.”

Now entered Spontoon with an anxious countenance. By his regimental acquaintances he had traced out Madam Nosebag, and found her full of ire, fuss, and fidget, at discovery of an impostor, who had travelled from the north with her under the assumed name of Captain Butler of G——’s dragoons. She was going to lodge an information on the subject, to have him sought for as an emissary of the Pretender; but Spontoon, (an old soldier,) while he pretended to approve, contrived to make her delay her intention. No time, however, was to be lost: the accuracy of this good dame’s description might probably lead to the discovery that Waverley was the pretended Captain Butler; an identification fraught with danger to Edward, perhaps to his uncle, and even to Colonel Talbot. Which way to direct his course was now the question.

“To Scotland,” said Waverley.

“To Scotland?” said the Colonel; “with what purpose?—Not to engage again with the rebels, I hope,”

“No—I considered my campaign ended, when, after all my efforts, I could not rejoin them: and now, by all accounts, they are gone to make a winter campaign in the Highlands, where such adherents as I am would rather be burdensome than useful. Indeed, it seems likely that they only prolong the war to place the Chevalier’s person out of danger, and then to make some terms for themselves. To burden them with my presence would merely add another party, whom they would not give up, and could not defend. I understand they left almost all their English adherents in garrison at Carlisle, for that very reason:—and on a more general view, Colonel, to confess the truth, though it may lower me in your opinion, I am heartily tired of the trade of war, and am, as Fletcher’s humorous Lieutenant says, ‘even as weary of this fighting’”——

"Fighting! pooh, what have you seen but a skirmish or two?—Ah! if you saw war on the grand scale—sixty or a hundred thousand men in the field on each side!"

"I am not at all curious, Colonel—Enough, says our homely proverb, is as good as a feast. The plumed troops and the big war used to enchant me in poetry, but the night marches, vigils, couches under the wintry sky, and such accompaniments of the glorious trade, are not at all to my taste in practice:—then for dry blows, I had *my* fill of fighting at Clifton, where I escaped by a hair's-breadth half a dozen times; and you, I should think"—— He stopped.

"Had enough at Preston? you mean to say," said the Colonel, laughing; "but 'tis my vocation, Hal."

"It is not mine though," said Waverley; "and, having honourably got rid of the sword which I drew only as a volunteer, I am quite satisfied with my military experience, and shall be in no hurry to take it up again."

"I am very glad you are of that mind,—but then what would you do in the north?"

"In the first place, there are some seaports on the eastern coast of Scotland still in the hands of the Chevalier's friends; should I gain any of them, I can easily embark for the continent."

"Good—your second reason."

"Why, to speak the very truth, there is a person in Scotland upon whom I now find my happiness depends more than I was always aware, and about whose situation I am very anxious."

"Then Emily was right, and there is a love affair in the case after all?—And which of these two pretty Scotchwomen, whom you insisted upon my admiring, is the distinguished fair? not Miss Glen—— I hope."

"No."

"Ah, pass for the other; simplicity may be improved, but pride and conceit never. Well, I don't discourage you; I think it will please Sir Everard, from what he said when I jested with him about it; only I hope that intolerable papa, with his brogue, and his snuff, and his Latin, and his insufferable long stories about the Duke of Berwick, will find it necessary hereafter to be an inhabitant of foreign parts. But as to his daughter, though I think you might find as fitting a match in England, yet if your heart be really set upon this Scotch rose-bud, why the Baronet has a great opinion of her father and of his family, and he wishes much to see you married and settled, both for your own sake and for that of the three ermines passant, which may otherwise pass away altogether. But I will bring you his mind fully upon the subject, since you are debarred correspondence for the present, for I think you will not be long in Scotland before me."

"Indeed! and what can induce you to think of returning to Scotland?"

No relenting longings towards the land of mountains and floods, I am afraid."

"None, on my word; but Emily's health is now, thank God, re-established, and, to tell you the truth, I have little hopes of concluding the business which I have at present most at heart, until I can have a personal interview with his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief; for, as Fluellen says, 'the duke doth love me well, and I thank heaven I have deserved some love at his hands.' I am now going out for an hour or two to arrange matters for your departure; your liberty extends to the next room, Lady Emily's parlour, where you will find her when you are disposed for music, reading, or conversation. We have taken measures to exclude all servants, but Spontoon, who is as true as steel."

In about two hours Colonel Talbot returned, and found his young friend conversing with his lady; she, pleased with his manners and information, and he delighted at being restored, though but for a moment, to the society of his own rank, from which he had been for some time excluded.

"And now," said the Colonel, "hear my arrangements, for there is little time to lose. This youngster, Edward Waverley, alias Williams, alias Captain Butler, must continue to pass by his fourth *alias* of Francis Stanley, my nephew; he shall set out to-morrow for the North, and the chariot shall take him the first two stages. Spontoon shall then attend him; and they shall ride post as far as Huntingdon; and the presence of Spontoon, well known on the road as my servant, will check all disposition to enquiry. At Huntingdon you will meet the real Frank Stanley. He is studying at Cambridge; but, a little while ago, doubtful if Emily's health would permit me to go down to the North myself, I procured him a passport from the secretary of state's office to go in my stead. As he went chiefly to look after you, his journey is now unnecessary. He knows your story; you will dine together at Huntingdon; and perhaps your wise heads may hit upon some plan for removing or diminishing the danger of your farther progress northward. And now, (taking out a morocco case,) let me put you in funds for the campaign."

"I am ashamed, my dear Colonel"—

"Nay, you should command my purse in any event; but this money is your own. Your father, considering the chance of your being attainted, left me his trustee for your advantage. So that you are worth above £15,000, besides Brerewood-Lodge—a very independent person, I promise you. There are bills here for £200; any larger sum you may have, or credit abroad as soon as your motions require it."

The first use which occurred to Waverley of his newly-acquired wealth, was to write to honest Farmer Jopson, requesting his acceptance of a silver tankard on the part of his friend Williams, who had not

forgotten the night of the eighteenth December last. He begged him at the same time carefully to preserve for him his Highland garb and accoutrements, particularly the arms, curious in themselves, and to which the friendship of the donors gave additional value. Lady Emily undertook to find some suitable token of remembrance, likely to flatter the vanity and please the taste of Mrs Williams; and the Colonel, who was a kind of farmer, promised to send the Ulswater patriarch an excellent team of horses for cart and plough.

One happy day Waverley spent in London; and, travelling in the manner projected, he met with Frank Stanley at Huntingdon. The two young men were acquainted in a minute.

"I can read my uncle's riddle," said Stanley; "the cautious old soldier did not care to hint to me that I might hand over to you this passport, which I have no occasion for; but if it should afterwards come out as the rattle-pated trick of a young Cantab, *cela ne tire a rien*. You are therefore to be Francis Stanley, with his passport." This proposal appeared in effect to alleviate a great part of the difficulties which Edward must otherwise have encountered at every turn; and accordingly he scrupled not to avail himself of it, the more especially as he had discarded all political purposes from his present journey, and could not be accused of furthering machinations against the government while travelling under the protection of the secretary's passport.

The day passed merrily away. The young student was inquisitive about Waverley's campaigns, and the manners of the Highlands, and Edward was obliged to satisfy his curiosity by whistling a pibroch, dancing a strathspey, and singing a Highland song. The next morning Stanley rode a stage northwards with his new friend, and parted from him with great reluctance, upon the remonstrances of Spontoon, who, accustomed to submit to discipline, was rigid in enforcing it.

CHAPTER LXIII.

DESOLATION.

WAVERLEY riding post, as was the usual fashion of the period, without any adventure save one or two queries, which the talisman of his passport sufficiently answered, reached the borders of Scotland. Here he heard the tidings of the decisive battle of Culloden. It was no more than he had long expected, though the success at Falkirk had thrown a faint and setting gleam over the arms of the Chevalier. Yet it came upon him like a shock, by which he was for a time altogether

unmanned. The generous, the courteous, the noble-minded Adventurer was then a fugitive, with a price upon his head; his adherents, so brave, so enthusiastic, so faithful, were dead, imprisoned, or exiled. Where, now, was the exalted and high-souled Fergus, if, indeed, he had survived the night at Clifton? Where the pure-hearted and primitive Baron of Bradwardine, whose foibles seemed foils to set off the disinterestedness of his disposition, his genuine goodness of heart, and unshaken courage? Those who clung for support to their fallen columns, Rose and Flora, where were they to be sought, and in what distress must not the loss of their natural protectors have involved them? Of Flora, he thought with the regard of a brother for a sister; of Rose, with a sensation yet more deep and tender. It might be still his fate to supply the want of those guardians they had lost. Agitated by these thoughts he precipitated his journey.

When he arrived at Edinburgh, where his enquiries must necessarily commence, he felt the full difficulty of his situation. Many inhabitants of that city had seen and known him as Edward Waverley; how, then, could he avail himself of a passport as Francis Stanley? He resolved, therefore, to avoid all company, and to move northward as soon as possible. He was, however, obliged to wait a day or two in expectation of a letter from Colonel Talbot, and he was also to leave his own address, under his feigned character, at a place agreed upon. With this latter purpose he sallied out in the dusk through the well-known streets, carefully shunning observation, but in vain; one of the first persons whom he met at once recognized him. It was Mrs Flockhart, Fergus Mac-Ivor's good-humoured landlady.

"Gude guide us, Mr Waverley, is this you? na, ye need-na be feared for me. I wad betray nae gentleman in your circumstance—eh, lack a-day! lack a-day! here's a change o' markets; how merry Colonel Mac-Ivor and you used to be in our house!" And the good-natured widow shed a few natural tears. As there was no resisting her claim of acquaintance, Waverley acknowledged it with a good grace, as well as the danger of his own situation. "As it is nigh the darkening, sir, wad ye just step in bye to our house, and tak a dish o' tea? and I am sure if ye like to sleep in the little room, I wad tak care ye are no disturbed, and naebody wad ken ye; for Kate and Matty, the limmers, gaed aff wi' twa o' Hawley's dragoons, and I hae twa new queans instead o' them."

Waverley accepted her invitation, and engaged her lodging for a night or two, satisfied he would be safer in the house of this simple creature than any where else. When he entered the parlour, his heart swelled to see Fergus's bonnet, with the white cockade, hanging beside the little mirror.

"Ay," said Mrs Flockhart, sighing, as she observed the direction of his eyes, "the poor Colonel bought a new ane just the day before they

marched, and I winna let them tak that ane doun, but just to brush it ilka day mysel, and whiles I look at it till I just think I hear him cry to Callum to bring him his bonnet, as he used to do when he was ganging out.—It's unco silly—the neighbours ca' me a Jacobite—but they may say their say—I am sure it's no for that—but he was as kind-hearted a gentleman as ever lived, and as weel-fa'rd too. Oh, d'ye ken, sir, whan he is to suffer?"

"Suffer! why, where is he?"

"Eh, Lord's sake! d'ye no ken? The poor Hieland body, Dougald Mahony, cam here a while syne wi' ane o' his arms cuttit off, and a sair clour in the head—ye'll mind Dougald, he carried aye an axe on his shoulder—and he cam here just begging, as I may say, for something to eat. A-weel, he tauld us the Chief, as they ca'd him, (but I aye ca' him the Colonel,) and Ensign Maccombich, that ye mind weel, were ta'en somewhere beside the English border, when it was sae dark that his folk never missed him till it was ower late, and they were like to gang clean daft. And he said that little Callum Beg, (he was a bauld mischievous callant that,) and your honour, were killed that same night in the tuilzie, and mony mae bra' men. But he grat when he spak o' the Colonel, ye never saw the like. And now the word gangs the Colonel is to be tried, and to suffer wi' them that were ta'en at Carlisle."

"And his sister?"

"Ay, that they ca'd the Lady Flora—weel, she's away up to Carlisle to him, and lives wi' some grand papist lady thereabouts to be near him."

"And," said Edward, "the other young lady?"

"Whilk other? I ken only of ae sister the Colonel had."

"I mean Miss Bradwardine," said Edward.

"Ou, ay; the laird's daughter. She was a very bonnie lassie, poor thing, but far shyder than lady Flora."

"Where is she, for God's sake?"

"Ou, wha kens where ony o' them is now? Puir things, they're sair ta'en doun for their white cockades and their white roses; but she gaed north to her father's in Perthshire, when the government troops cam back to Edinbro'. There was some pretty men among them, and ane Major Whacker was quartered on me, a very civil gentleman,—but O, Mr. Waverley, he was naething sae weel fa'rd as the puir Colonel."

"Do you know what is become of Miss Bradwardine's father?"

"The auld laird? na, naebody kens that; but they say he fought very hard in that bluidy battle at Inverness; and Deacon Clank, the white-iron smith, says, that the government folk are sair agane him for having been *out* twice; and troth he might hae ta'en warning, but there's nae fule like an auld fule—the puir Colonel was only *out* ance."

Such conversation contained almost all the good-natured widow knew of the fate of her late lodgers and acquaintances; but it was enough to determine Edward, at all hazards, to proceed instantly to Tully-Veolan, where he concluded he should see, or at least hear something of Rose. He therefore left a letter for Colonel Talbot at the place agreed upon, signed by his assumed name, and giving for his address the post town next to the Baron's residence.

From Edinburgh to Perth he took post-horses, resolving to make the rest of his journey on foot; a mode of travelling to which he was partial, and which had the advantage of permitting a deviation from the road when he saw parties of military at a distance. His campaign had considerably strengthened his constitution, and improved his habits of enduring fatigue. His baggage he sent before him as opportunity occurred.

As he advanced northward, the traces of war became visible. Broken carriages, dead horses, unroofed cottages, trees felled for palisades, and bridges destroyed, or only partially repaired,—all indicated the movements of hostile armies. In those places where the gentry were attached to the Stuart cause, their houses seemed dismantled or deserted, the usual course of what may be called ornamental labour was totally interrupted, and the inhabitants were seen gliding about, with fear, sorrow, and dejection in their faces.

It was evening when he approached the village of Tully-Veolan, with feelings and sentiments—how different from those which attended his first entrance! Then, life was so new to him, that a dull or disagreeable day was one of the greatest misfortunes which his imagination anticipated, and it seemed to him that his time ought only to be consecrated to elegant or amusing study, and relieved by social or youthful frolic. Now, how changed! how saddened, yet how elevated was his character, within the course of a very few months! Danger and misfortune are rapid, though severe teachers. “A sadder and a wiser man,” he felt, in internal confidence and mental dignity, a compensation for the gay dreams which, in his case, experience had so rapidly dissolved.

As he approached the village, he saw, with surprise and anxiety, that a party of soldiers were quartered near it, and, what was worse, that they seemed stationary there. This he conjectured from a few tents which he beheld glimmering upon what was called the Common Moor. To avoid the risk of being stopped and questioned in a place where he was so likely to be recognized, he fetched a large circuit, altogether avoiding the hamlet, and approaching the upper gate of the avenue by a bye-path well known to him. A single glance announced that great changes had taken place. One half of the gate, entirely broken down, and split up for fire-wood, lay in piles, ready to be taken away; the other swung uselessly about upon its loosened

hinges. The battlements above the gate were broken and thrown down, and the carved Bears, which were said to have done sentinel's duty upon the top for centuries, now, hurled from their posts, lay among the rubbish. The avenue was cruelly wasted. Several large trees were felled and left lying across the path; and the cattle of the villagers, and the more rude hoofs of dragoon horses, had poached into black mud the verdant turf which Waverley had so much admired.

Upon entering the court-yard, Edward saw the fears realized which these circumstances had excited. The place had been sacked by the King's troops, who, in wanton mischief, had even attempted to burn it; and though the thickness of the walls had resisted the fire, unless to a partial extent, the stables and out-houses were totally consumed. The towers and pinnacles of the main building were scorched and blackened; the pavement of the court broken and shattered; the doors torn down entirely, or hanging by a single hinge; the windows dashed in and demolished, and the court strewn with articles of furniture broken into fragments. The accessories of ancient distinction, to which the Baron, in the pride of his heart, had attached so much importance and veneration, were treated with peculiar contumely. The fountain was demolished, and the spring, which had supplied it, now flooded the court-yard. The stone-basin seemed to be destined for a drinking-trough for cattle, from the manner in which it was arranged upon the ground. The whole tribe of Bears, large and small, had experienced as little favour as those at the head of the avenue, and one or two of the family pictures, which seemed to have served as targets for the soldiers, lay on the ground in tatters. With an aching heart, as may well be imagined, Edward viewed these wrecks of a mansion so respected. But his anxiety to learn the fate of the proprietors, and his fears as to what that fate might be, increased with every step. When he entered upon the terrace, new scenes of desolation were visible. The ballustrade was broken down, the walls destroyed, the borders overgrown with weeds, and the fruit-trees cut down or grubbed up. In one copartment of this old-fashioned garden were two immense horse-chestnut trees, of whose size the Baron was particularly vain: too lazy, perhaps; to cut them down, the spoilers, with malevolent ingenuity, had mined them, and placed a quantity of gunpowder in the cavity. One had been shivered to pieces by the explosion, and the wreck lay scattered around, encumbering the ground it had so long shadowed. The other mine had been more partial in its effect. About one-fourth of the trunk of the tree was torn from the mass, which, mutilated and defaced on the one side, still spread on the other its ample and undiminished boughs.

Amid these general marks of ravage, there were some which more particularly addressed the feelings of Waverley. Viewing the front of the building, thus wasted and defaced, his eyes naturally sought the

little balcony which more properly belonged to Rose's apartment—her *troisieme*, or rather *cinquieme etage*. It was easily discovered, for beneath it lay the stage-flowers and shrubs, with which it was her pride to decorate it, and which had been hurled from the bartizan : several of her books were mingled with broken flower-pots and other remnants. Among these, Waverley distinguished one of his own, a small copy of Ariosto, and gathered it as a treasure, though wasted by the wind and rain.

While, plunged in the sad reflections which the scene excited, he was looking around for some one who might explain the fate of the inhabitants, he heard a voice from the interior of the building, singing, in well-remembered accents, an old Scottish song :

“ They came upon us in the night,
And brake my bower and slew my knight :
My servants a' for life did flee,
And left us in extremitie.
They slew my knight, to me sae dear ;
They slew my knight, and drave his gear ;
The moon may set, the sun may rise,
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes.”

Alas, thought Edward, is it thou ? Poor helpless being, art thou alone left, to gibber and moan, and fill with thy wild and unconnected scraps of minstrelsy the halls that protected thee ?—He then called, first low, and then louder, “ Davie—Davie Gellatley !”

The poor simpleton shewed himself from among the ruins of a sort of green-house, that once terminated what was called the Terrace-walk, but at first sight of a stranger, retreated, as if in terror. Waverley, remembering his habits, began to whistle a tune to which he was partial, which Davie had expressed great pleasure in listening to, and had picked it up from him by the ear. Our hero's minstrelsy no more equalled that of Blondel, than poor Davie resembled Cœur de Lion ; but the melody had the same effect, of producing recognition. Davie again stole from his lurking place, but timidly, while Waverley, afraid of frightening him, stood making the most encouraging signals he could devise.—“ It's his ghaist,” muttered Davie ; yet, coming nearer, he seemed to acknowledge his living acquaintance. The poor fool himself seemed the ghost of what he had been. The peculiar dress in which he had been attired in better days, shewed only miserable rags of its whimsical finery, the lack of which was oddly supplied by the remnants of tapestried hangings, window-curtains, and shreds of pictures, with which he had bedizened his tatters. His face, too, had lost its vacant and careless air, and the poor creature looked hollow-eyed, meagre, half-starved, and nervous to a pitiable degree. After long hesitation, he at length approached Waverley with some confidence, stared him sadly in the face, and said, “ A' dead and gane—a' dead and gane.”

“Who are dead?” said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

“Baron—and Baillie—and Sanders Sanderson—and Lady Rose, that sang sae sweet—A’ dead and gane—dead and gane.

But follow, follow me,
While glow worms light the lea,
I’ll shew ye where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.
Follow, follow me;
Brave should he be
That treads by the night the dead man’s lea.”

With these words, chaunted in a wild and earnest tone, he made a sign to Waverley to follow him, and walked rapidly toward the bottom of the garden, tracing the bank of the stream, which, it may be remembered, was its eastern boundary. Edward, over whom an involuntary shuddering stole at the import of his words, followed him in some hope of an explanation. As the house was evidently deserted, he could hope to find among the ruins no more rational informer.

Davie, walking very fast, soon reached the extremity of the garden, and scrambled over the ruins of the wall that once had divided it from the wooded glen in which the old Tower of Tully-Veolan was situated. He then jumped down into the bed of the stream, and, followed by Waverley, proceeded at a great pace, climbing over some fragments of rock, and turning with difficulty round others. They passed beneath the ruins of the castle; Waverley followed, keeping up with his guide with difficulty, for the twilight began to fall. Following the descent of the stream a little lower, he totally lost him, but a twinkling light, which he now discovered among the tangled copse-wood and bushes, seemed a surer guide. He soon pursued a very uncouth path; and by its guidance at length reached the door of a wretched hut. A fierce barking of dogs was at first heard, but it stilled at his approach. A voice scounded from within, and he held it most prudent to listen before he advanced.

“Wha hast thou brought here, thou unsensy villain, thou?” said an old woman, apparently in great indignation. He heard Davie Gellatley, in answer, whistle a part of the tune by which he had recalled himself to the simpleton’s memory, and had now no hesitation to knock at the door. There was a dead silence instantly within, except the deep growling of the dogs; and he next heard the mistress of the hut approach the door, not probably for the sake of undoing a latch, but of fastening a bolt. To prevent this, Waverley lifted the latch himself.

In front was an old wretched-looking woman, exclaiming, “Wha comes into folks houses in this gait, at this time o’ the night?” On

one side, two grim and half-starved deer greyhounds laid aside their ferocity at his appearance, and seemed to recognize him. On the other side, half concealed by the opened door, yet apparently seeking that concealment reluctantly, with a cocked pistol in his right hand, and his left in the act of drawing another from his belt, stood a tall boney gaunt figure in the remnants of a faded uniform, and a beard of three weeks' growth.

It was the Baron of Bradwardine.—It is unnecessary to add, that he threw aside his weapon, and greeted Waverley with a hearty embrace.

CHAPTER LXIV.

COMPARING OF NOTES.

THE Baron's story was short, when divested of the adages and common-places, Latin, English, and Scotch, with which his erudition garnished it. He insisted much upon his grief at the loss of Edward and of Glennaquoich, fought the fields of Falkirk and Culloden, and related how, after all was lost in the last battle, he had returned home, under the idea of more easily finding shelter among his own tenants, and on his own estate, than elsewhere. A party of soldiers had been sent to lay waste his property, for clemency was not the order of the day. Their proceedings, however, were checked by an order from the civil court. The estate, it was found, might not be forfeited to the crown, to the prejudice of Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, the heir-male, whose claim could not be prejudiced by the Baron's attainder, as deriving no right through him, and who, therefore, like other heirs of entail in the same situation, entered upon possession. But, unlike many in similar circumstances, the new laird speedily shewed that he intended utterly to exclude his predecessor from all benefit or advantage in the estate, and that it was his purpose to avail himself of the old Baron's evil fortune, to the full extent. This was the more ungenerous, as it was generally known, that, from a romantic idea of not prejudicing this young man's right as heir-male, the Baron had refrained from settling his estate on his daughter. In the Baron's own words, "The matter did not coincide with the feelings of the commons of Bradwardine, Mr. Waverley; and the tenants were slack and repugnant in payment of their mails and duties; and when my kinsman came to the village wi' the new factor, Mr James Howie, to lift the rents, some wan-chancy person—I suspect John Heatherblutter, the auld game-keeper, that was out wi' me in the year fifteen—fired a shot at him in the gloaming, whereby he was

so affrighted, that I may say with Tullius in Catilinam, *Abiit, evasit, erupit, effugit*. He fled, sir, as one may say, incontinent to Stirling. And now he hath advertised the estate for sale, being himself the last substitute in the entail.—And if I were to lament about sic matters, this would grieve me mair than its passing from my immediate possession, whilk, by the course of nature, must have happened in a few years. Whereas now it passes from the lineage that should have possessed it in *sæcula sæculorum*. But God's will be done, *humana perpassi sumus*. Sir John of Bradwardine—Black Sir John as he is called—who was the common ancestor of our house and the Inch-Grabbits, little thought such a person would have sprung from his loins. Meantime, he has accused me to some of the *primates*, the rulers for the time, as if I were a cut-throat, and an abettor of bravoos and assassins, and Coupe-jarrets. And they have sent soldiers here to abide on the estate, and hunt me like a partridge upon the mountains, as Scripture says of good King David, or like our valiant Sir William Wallace,—not that I bring myself into comparison with either.—I thought when I heard you at the door, they had driven the auld deer to his den at last; and so I e'en proposed to die at bay, like a buck of the first head.—But now, Janet, canna ye gie us something for supper.

“Ou, ay, sir, I'll brander the moor-fowl that John Heatherblutter brought in this morning; and ye see puir Davie's roasting the black hen's eggs.—I dare say, Mr Wauverley, ye never kend that a' the eggs that were sae weel roasted at supper in the Ha'-house were aye turned by our Davie;—there's no the like o' him ony gate for powtering wi' his fingers amang the het peat-ashes, and roasting eggs.” Davie all this while lay with his nose almost in the fire, nuzzling among the ashes, kicking his heels, mumbling to himself, and turning the eggs as they lay in the hot embers, as if to confute the proverb, that “there goes reason to roasting of eggs,” and justify the eulogium which poor Janet poured out upon

“Him whom she loved, her idiot boy.”

“Davie's no sae silly as folks tak him for, Mr Wauverley; he wadna hae brought you here unless he had kend ye was a friend to his honour—indeed the very dogs kend ye, Mr Wauverley, for ye was aye kind to beast and body.—I can tell you a story o' Davie, wi' his Honour's leave: His Honour, ye see, being under hiding in thae sair times—the mair's the pity—he lies a' day, and whiles a' night, in the cove in the dern hag; but though it's a bieldy eneugh bit, and the auld gudeman o' Corse Cleugh has panged it wi' a kemple o' strae amais, yet when the country's quiet, and the night very cauld, his Honour whiles creeps down here to get a warm at the ingle, and a sleep among

the blankets, and gangs awa' in the morning. And so, ae morning, siccan a fright as I got! Twa unlucky red-coats were up for black-fishing, or some siccan ploy—for the neb o' them's never out o' mischief—and they just got a glisk o' his honour as he gaed into the wood, and banged aff a gun at him. I out like a jer-falcon, and cried,—‘Wad they shoot an honest woman's poor innocent bairn?’ And I fleyt at them, and threepit it was my son; and they damned and swuir at me that it was the auld rebel, as the villains ca'd his Honour; and Davie was in the wood, and heard the tuilzie, and he, just out of his ain head, got up the auld grey mantle that his Honour had flung off him to gang the faster, and he cam out o' the very same bit o' the wood, majoring and looking about sae like his Honour, that they were cleaned beguiled, and thought they had letten aff their gun at crack-brained Sawney, as they ca' him; and they gae me sixpence, and twa saumon fish, to say naething about it.—Na, na, Davie's no just like other folk, puir fallow; but he's no sae silly as folk tak him for.—But to be sure, how can we do enough for his Honour, when we and ours have lived on his ground this twa hundred years; and when he keepit my puir Jamie at school and college, and even at the Ha'-house, till he gaed to a better place; and when he saved me frae being ta'en to Perth as a witch—Lord forgie them that would touch sic a puir silly auld body! and has maintained puir Davie at heck and manger maist feck o' his life?”

Waverley at length found an opportunity to interrupt Janet's narrative, by an enquiry after Miss Bradwardine.

“She's weel and safe, thank God! at the Duchran,” answered the Baron; “the laird's distantly related to us, and more nearly to my chaplain, Mr Rubrick; and, though he be of whig principles, yet he's not forgetful of auld friendship at this time. The Baillie's doing what he can to save something out of the wreck for puir Rose; but I doubt, I doubt, I shall never see her again, for I maun lay my banes in some far country.”

“Hout na, your honour,” said old Janet, “ye were just as ill aff in the feifteen, and got the bonnie baronie back, an' a'; and now the eggs is ready, and the muir-cock's brandered, and there's ilk ane a trencher and some saut, and the heel o' the white loaf that cam frae the Baillie's; and there's plenty o' brandy in the greybeard that Lucky Maclearie sent down, and winna ye be suppered like princes?”

“I wish one Prince, at least, of our acquaintance may be no worse off,” said the Baron to Waverley, who joined him in cordial hopes for the safety of the unfortunate Chevalier.

They then began to talk of their future prospects. The Baron's plan was very simple. It was, to escape to France, where, by the interest of his old friends, he hoped to get some military employment, of which he still conceived himself capable. He invited Waverley to go

with him, a proposal in which he acquiesced, providing the interest of Colonel Talbot should fail in procuring his pardon. Tacitly he hoped the Baron would sanction his addresses to Rose, and give him a right to assist him in his exile; but he forebore to speak on this subject until his own fate should be decided. They then talked of Glennaquoich, for whom the Baron expressed great anxiety, although, he observed, he was "the very Achilles of Horatius Flaccus,—

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.

Which," he continued, "has been thus rendered vernacularly by Struan Robertson:

*A fiery etter-cap, a fractious chiel,
As het as ginger, and as stieve as steel."*

Flora had a large and unqualified share of the good old man's sympathy.

It was now wearing late. Old Janet got into some kind of kennel behind the hallan; Davie had been long asleep and snoring between Ban and Buscar. These dogs had followed him to the hut after the mansion-house was deserted, and there constantly resided; and their ferocity, with the old woman's reputation of being a witch, contributed a good deal to keep visitors from the glen. With this view, Baillie Macwhibble supplied Janet underhand with meal for their maintenance, and also with little articles of luxury for his patron's use, in supplying which much precaution was necessarily used. After some compliments, the Baron occupied his usual couch, and Waverley reclined in an easy chair of tattered velvet, which had once garnished the state bed-room of Tully-Veolan, (for the furniture of this mansion was now scattered through all the cottages in the vicinity,) and went to sleep as comfortably as in a bed of down.

CHAPTER LXV.

MORE EXPLANATION.

WITH the first dawn of day, old Janet was scuttling about the house to wake the Baron, who usually slept sound and heavily.

"I must go back," he said to Waverley, "to my cove; will you walk down the glen wi' me?" They went out together, and followed a narrow and entangled foot-path, which the occasional passage of anglers, or wood-cutters, had traced by the side of the stream. On their way, the Baron explained to Waverley, that he would be under no danger in remaining a day or two at Tully-Veolan, and even in being seen walking about, if he used the precaution of pretending that he was

looking at the estate as agent or surveyor for an English gentleman, who designed to be purchaser. With this view, he recommended to him to visit the Baillie, who still lived at the factor's house, called Little Veolan, about a mile from the village, though he was to remove at next term. Stanley's passport would be an answer to the officer who commanded the military; and as to any of the country people who might recognise Waverley, the Baron assured him he was in no danger of being betrayed by them.

"I believe," said the old man, "half the people of the barony know that the auld laird is somewhere hereabout; for I see they do not suffer a single bairn to come here a bird-nesting; a practice, whilk, when I was in full possession of my power as baron, I was unable totally to inhibit. Nay, I often find bits of things in my way, that the poor bodies, God help them! leave there, because they think they may be useful to me. I hope they will get a wiser master, and as kind a one as I was."

A natural sigh closed the sentence; but the quiet equanimity with which the Baron endured his misfortunes, had something in it venerable and even sublime. There was no fruitless repining, no turbid melancholy; he bore his lot, and the hardships which it envolved, with a good-humoured, though serious composure, and used no violent language against the prevailing party.

"I did what I thought my duty," said the good old man, "and questionless they are doing what they think theirs. It grieves me sometimes to look upon these blackened walls of the house of my ancestors; but doubtless officers cannot always keep the soldiers' hand from depredation and spuilzie; and Gustavus Adolphus himself, as ye may read in Colonel Munro his expedition with the worthy Scots regiment, called Mackay's regiment, did often permit it.—Indeed I have myself seen as sad sights as Tully-Veolan now is, when I served with the Marechal Duke of Berwick. To be sure we may say with Virgilius Maro, *Fuimus Troes*—and there's the end of an auld sang. But houses and families and men have a' stood lang eneugh when they have stood till they fall wi' honour; and now I hae gotten a house that is not unlike a *domus ultima*"—they were now standing below a steep rock. "We poor Jacobites," continued the Baron, looking up, "are now like the conies in Holy Scripture, (which the great traveller Pockocke calleth Jerboa,) a feeble people, that make our abode in the rocks. So, fare you well, my good lad, till we meet at Janet's in the even, for I must get into my Patmos, which is no easy matter for my auld stiff limbs."

With that he began to ascend the rock, striding, with the help of his hands, from one precarious footstep to another, till he got about half way up, where two or three bushes concealed the mouth of a hole resembling an oven, into which the Baron insinuated first his head

and shoulders, and then, by slow gradation, the rest of his long body; his legs and feet finally disappearing, coiled up like a huge snake entering his retreat, or a long pedigree introduced with care and difficulty into the narrow pigeon-hole of an old cabinet. Waverley had the curiosity to clamber up and look in upon him in his den, as the lurking-place might well be termed. Upon the whole, he looked not unlike that ingenious puzzle, called *a reel in a bottle*, the marvel of children, (and of some grown people too, myself for one,) who can neither comprehend the mystery how it has got in, or how it is to be taken out. The cave was very narrow, too low in the roof to admit of his standing, or almost of his sitting up, though he made some awkward attempts at the latter posture. His sole amusement was the perusal of his old friend Titus Livius, varied by occasionally scratching Latin proverbs and texts of Scripture with his knife on the roof and walls of his fortalice, which were of sand-stone. As the cave was dry, and filled with clean straw and withered fern, "it made," as he said, coiling himself up with an air of snugness and comfort which contrasted strangely with his situation, "unless when the wind was due north, a very passable *gite* for an old soldier." Neither, as he observed, was he without sentries for the purpose of recognizing. Davie and his mother were constantly on the watch, to discover and avert danger; and it was singular what instances of address seemed dictated by the instinctive attachment of the poor simpleton, when his patron's safety was concerned.

With Janet, Edward now sought an interview. He had recognized her at first sight as the old woman who had nursed him during his sickness after his delivery from Gifted Gilfillan. The hut also, though a little repaired, and somewhat better furnished, was certainly the place of his confinement; and he now recollected on the common moor of Tully-Veolan the trunk of a large decayed tree, called the *trysting-tree*, which he had no doubt was the same at which the Highlanders rendezvoused on that memorable night. All this he had combined in his imagination the night before; but reasons, which may probably occur to the reader, prevented him from catechising Janet in presence of the Baron.

He now commenced the task in good earnest; and the first question was, Who was the young lady that visited the hut during his illness? Janet paused for a little; and then observed, that, to keep the secret now, would neither do good or ill to any body.

"It was just a leddy, that has na her equal in the world—Miss Rose Bradwardine!"

"Then Miss Rose was probably also the author of my deliverance," inferred Waverley, delighted at the confirmation of an idea which local circumstances had already induced him to entertain.

"I wot weel, Mr Wauverley, and that was she e'en; but sair, sair

angry and affronted wad she hae been, puir thing, if she had thought ye had been ever to ken a word about the matter; for she gar'd me speak aye Gaelic when ye was in hearing, to mak ye trow we were in the Hielands. I can speak it weil enough, for my mother was a Hieland woman."

A few more questions now brought out the whole mystery respecting Waverley's deliverance from the bondage in which he left Cairnvreckan. Never did music sound sweeter to an amateur, than the drowsy tautology with which old Janet detailed every circumstance thrilled upon the ears of Waverley. But my reader is not a lover, and I must spare his patience, by attempting to condense, within reasonable compass, the narrative which old Janet spread through a harrangue of nearly two hours.

When Waverley communicated to Fergus the letter he had received from Rose Bradwardine, by Davie Gellatley, giving an account of Tully-Veolan being occupied by a small party of soldiers, that circumstance had struck upon the busy and active mind of the Chieftain. Eager to distress and narrow the posts of the enemy, desirous to prevent their establishing a garrison so near him, and willing also to oblige the Baron—for he often had the idea of marriage with Rose floating through his brain,—he resolved to send some of his people to drive out the red-coats, and to bring Rose to Glennaquoich. But just as he had ordered Evan with a small party on this duty, the news of Cope's having marched into the Highlands to meet and disperse the forces of the Chevalier, ere they came to a head, obliged him to join the standard with his whole forces.

He sent to order Donald Bean to attend him; but that cautious freebooter, who well understood the value of a separate command, instead of joining, sent various apologies which the pressure of the times compelled Fergus to admit as current, though not without the internal resolution of being revenged on him for his procrastination, time and place convenient. However, as he could not amend the matter, he issued orders to Donald to descend into the low country, drive the soldiers from Tully-Veolan, and, paying all respect to the mansion of the Baron, to take his abode somewhere near it, for protection of his daughter and family, and to harass and drive away any of the armed volunteers, or small parties of military, which he might find moving about in the vicinity.

As this charge formed a sort of roving commission, which Donald proposed to interpret in the way most advantageous to himself, as he was relieved from the immediate terror of Fergus, and as he had, from former secret services, some interest in the councils of the Chevalier, he resolved to make hay while the sun shone. He achieved, without difficulty, the task of driving the soldiers from Tully-Veolan; but, although he did not venture to encroach upon the interior of the

family, or to disturb Miss Rose, being unwilling to make himself a powerful enemy in the Chevalier's army,

"For well he knew the Baron's wrath was deadly;"

yet he set about to raise contributions and exactions upon the tenantry, and otherwise to turn the war to his own advantage. Meanwhile he mounted the white cockade, and waited upon Rose with a pretext of great devotion for the service in which her father was engaged, and many apologies for the freedom he must necessarily use for the support of his people. It was at this moment that Rose learned, by open-mouthed fame, with all sort of exaggeration, that Waverley had killed the smith at Cairnvreckan, in an attempt to arrest him; had been cast into a dungeon by Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, and was to be executed by martial law within three days. In the agony which these tidings excited, she proposed to Donald Bean the rescue of the prisoner. It was the very sort of service which he was desirous to undertake, judging it might constitute a merit of such a nature as would make amends for any peccadilloes which he might be guilty of in the country. He had the art, however, pleading all the while duty and discipline, to hold off until poor Rose, in the extremity of her distress, offered to bribe him to the enterprize with some valuable jewels which had been her mother's.

Donald Bean, who had served in France, knew, and perhaps overestimated, the value of these trinkets. But he also perceived Rose's apprehensions of its being discovered that she had parted with her jewels for Waverley's liberation. Resolved this scruple should not part him and the treasure, he voluntarily offered to take an oath that he would never mention Miss Rose's share in the transaction; and, foreseeing convenience in keeping the oath, and no probable advantage in breaking it, he took the engagement—in order, as he told his lieutenant, to deal handsomely by the young lady,—in the only mode and form which, by a mental paction with himself, he considered as binding—he swore secrecy upon his drawn dirk. He was the more especially moved to this act of good faith by some attentions that Miss Bradwardine shewed to his daughter Alice, which, while they gained the heart of that mountain damsel, highly gratified the pride of her father. Alice, who could now speak a little English, was very communicative in return for Rose's kindness, readily confided to her the whole papers respecting the intrigue with G——'s regiment, of which she was the depositary, and as readily undertook, at her instance, to restore them to Waverley without her father's knowledge. "For they may oblige the bonnie young lady and the handsome young gentleman," thought Alice, "and what use has my father for a whin bits o' scared paper?"

The reader is aware that she took an opportunity of executing this purpose on the eve of Waverley's leaving the glen.

How Donald executed his enterprise, the reader is aware. But the expulsion of the military from Tully-Veolan had given alarm, and, while he was lying in wait for Gilfillan, a strong party, such as Donald did not care to face, was sent to drive back the insurgents in their turn, to encamp there, and to protect the country. The officer, a gentleman and a disciplinarian, neither intruded himself on Miss Bradwardine, whose unprotected situation he respected, nor permitted his soldiers to commit any breach of discipline. He formed a little camp, upon an eminence near the house of Tully-Veolan, and placed proper guards at the passes in the vicinity. This unwelcome news reached Donald Bean Lean as he was returning to Tully-Veolan. Determined, however, to obtain the guerdon of his labour, he resolved, since approach to Tully-Veolan was impossible, to deposit his prisoner in Janet's cottage, a place, the very existence of which could hardly have been suspected even by those who had long lived in the vicinity, unless they had been guided thither, and which was utterly unknown to Waverley himself. This effected, he claimed and received his reward. The illness of Waverley was an event which deranged all their calculations. Donald was obliged to leave the neighbourhood with his people, and to seek more free course for his adventures elsewhere. At Rose's earnest entreaty, he left an old man, an herbalist, who was supposed to understand a little of medicine, to superintend Waverley during his illness.

In the meanwhile, new and fearful doubts started in Rose's mind. They were suggested by old Janet, who insisted, that a reward having been offered for the apprehension of Waverley, and his own personal effects being so valuable, there was no saying to what breach of faith Donald might be tempted. In an agony of grief and terror, Rose took the daring resolution of explaining to the Prince himself the danger in which Mr Waverley stood, judging that, both as a politician, and a man of honour and humanity, Charles Edward would interest himself to prevent his falling into the hands of the opposite party. This letter she at first thought of sending anonymously, but naturally feared it would not, in that case, be credited. She therefore subscribed her name, though with reluctance and terror, and consigned it in charge to a young man, who, at leaving his farm to join the Chevalier's army, made it his petition to her to have some sort of credentials to the Adventurer, from whom he hoped to obtain a commission.

The letter reached Charles Edward on his descent to the Low Country, and, aware of the political importance of having it supposed that he was in correspondence with the English Jacobites, he caused the most positive orders to be transmitted to Donald Bean Lean, to transmit Waverley, safe and uninjured, in person or effects, to the governor of Doune Castle. The freebooter durst not disobey, for the army of the Prince was now so near him that punishment might have followed; besides, he was a politician as well as a robber, and was

unwilling to cancel the interest created through former secret services, by being refractory on this occasion. He therefore made virtue of necessity, and transmitted orders to his lieutenant to convey Edward to Doune, which was safely accomplished in the mode mentioned in a former chapter. The governor of Doune was directed to send him to Edinburgh as a prisoner, because the Prince was apprehensive that Waverley, if set at liberty, might have resumed his purpose of going into England, without affording him an opportunity of a personal interview. In this, indeed, he acted by advice of the Chieftain of Glen-naquoich, with whom it may be remembered the Chevalier communicated upon the mode of disposing of Edward, though without telling him how he came to learn the place of his confinement.

This, indeed, Charles Edward considered as a lady's secret; for although Rose's letter was couched in the most cautious and general terms, and professed to be written merely from motives of humanity, and zeal for the Prince's service, yet she expressed so anxious a wish that she should not be known to have interfered, that the Chevalier was induced to suspect the deep interest which she took in Waverley's safety. This conjecture, which was well-founded, led, however, to false inferences. For the emotion which Edward displayed on approaching Flora and Rose, at the ball of Holyrood, was placed by the Chevalier to the account of the latter; and he concluded that the Baron's views about the settlement of his property, or some such obstacle, thwarted their mutual inclinations. Common fame, it is true, frequently gave Waverley to Miss Mac-Ivor; but the Prince knew that common fame is very prodigal in such gifts; and, watching attentively the behaviour of the ladies toward Waverley, he had no doubt that the young Englishman had no interest with Flora, and was beloved by Rose Bradwardine. Desirous to bind Waverley to his service, and wishing also to do a kind and friendly action, the Prince next assailed the Baron on the subject of settling his estate upon his daughter. Mr Bradwardine acquiesced; but the consequence was, that Fergus was immediately induced to prefer his double suit for a wife and an earldom, which the Prince rejected, in the manner we have seen. The Chevalier, constantly engaged in his own multiplied affairs, had not hitherto sought any explanation with Waverley, though often meaning to do so. But after Fergus's declaration, he saw the necessity of appearing neutral between the rivals, devoutly hoping that the matter, which now seemed fraught with the seeds of strife, might be permitted to lie over till the termination of the expedition. When on the march to Derby, Fergus, being questioned concerning his quarrel with Waverley, alleged as the cause, that Edward was desirous of retracting the suit he had made to his sister, the Chevalier plainly told him that he had himself observed Miss Mac-Ivor's behaviour to Waverley, and that he was convinced Fergus

was under the influence of a mistake in judging of Waverley's conduct, who, he had every reason to believe, was engaged to Miss Bradwardine. The quarrel which ensued between Edward and the Chieftain, is, I hope, still in the remembrance of the reader. These circumstances will serve to explain such points of our narrative as, according to the custom of story-tellers, we deemed it fit to leave unexplained, for the purpose of exciting the reader's curiosity.

When Janet had once furnished the leading facts of this narrative, Waverley was easily enabled to apply the clue which they afforded, to other mazes of the labyrinth in which he had been engaged. To Rose Bradwardine, then, he owed the life which he now thought he could willingly have laid down to serve her. A little reflection convinced him, however, that to live for her sake was more convenient and agreeable, and that, being possessed of independence, she might share it with him either in foreign countries or in his own. The pleasure of being allied to a man of the Baron's high worth, and who was so much valued by his uncle Sir Everard, was also an agreeable consideration, had any thing been wanting to recommend the match. His absurdities, which had appeared grotesquely ludicrous during his prosperity, seemed, in the sun-set of his fortune, to be harmonized and assimilated with the noble features of his character, so as to add peculiarity without exciting ridicule. His mind occupied with such projects of future happiness, Edward sought Little-Veolan, the habitation of Mr Duncan Macwheeble.

CHAPTER LXVI.

NOW IS CUPID A CHILD OF CONSCIENCE—HE MAKES
RESTITUTION.—*Shakspeare.*

MR DUNCAN MACWHEEBLE, no longer Commissary or Baillie, though still enjoying the empty name of the latter dignity, had escaped proscription by an early secession from the insurgent party, and by his insignificance.

Edward found him in his office, immersed among papers and accounts. Before him was a large bicker of oatmeal-porridge, and at the side thereof, a horn-spoon and a bottle of two-penny. Eagerly running his eye over a voluminous law-paper, he from time to time shovelled an immense spoonful of these nutritive viands into his capacious mouth. A pot-bellied Dutch bottle of brandy, which stood by, intimated either that this honest limb of the law had taken his *morning* already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive, or perhaps both circumstances might reasonably be inferred. His night-cap and morning gown had whilome been of tartan, but,

equally cautious and frugal, the honest Baillie had got them dyed black, lest their original ill-omened colour might remind his visitors of his unlucky excursion to Derby. To sum up his picture, his face was daubed with snuff up to the eyes, and his fingers with ink up to the knuckles. He looked dubiously at Waverley as he approached the little green rail which fenced his desk and stool from the approach of the vulgar. Nothing could give the Baillie more annoyance than the idea of acquaintance being claimed by any of the unfortunate gentlemen, who were now so much more likely to need assistance than to afford profit. But this was the rich young Englishman—who knew what might be his situation?—he was the Baron's friend too—what was to be done?

While these reflections gave an air of absurd perplexity to the poor man's visage, Waverley, reflecting on the communication he was about to make to him, of a nature so ridiculously contrasted with the appearance of the individual, could not help bursting out a-laughing, as he checked the propensity to exclaim, with Syphax,—

“Cato's a proper person to entrust
A love-tale with.”

As Mr Macwheeble had no idea of any person laughing heartily, who was either encircled by peril or oppressed by poverty, the hilarity of Edward's countenance greatly relieved the embarrassment of his own; and, giving him a tolerably hearty welcome to Little-Veolan, he asked what he would chuse for breakfast. His visitor had, in the first place, something for his private ear, and begged leave to bolt the door. Duncan by no means liked this precaution, which savoured of danger to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

Convinced he might trust this man, as he could make it his interest to be faithful, Edward communicated his present situation and future schemes to Macwheeble. The wily agent listened with apprehension when he found Waverley was still in a state of proscription—was somewhat comforted by learning that he had a passport—rubbed his hands with glee when he mentioned the amount of his present fortune—opened huge eyes when he heard the brilliancy of his future expectations—but when he expressed his intention to share them with Miss Rose Bradwardine, ecstasy had almost deprived the honest man of his senses. The Baillie started from his three-footed stool like the Pythoness from her tripod; flung his best wig out of the window, because the block on which it was placed stood in the way of his career; chucked his cap to the ceiling, caught it as it fell; whistled Tullochgorum; danced a Highland fling with inimitable grace and agility, and then threw himself exhausted into a chair, exclaiming, “Lady Wauverley!—ten thousand a-year, the least penny!—Lord preserve my poor understanding!”—

“Amen, with all my heart,” said Waverley; “but now, Mr Macwheeble, let us proceed to business.” This word had somewhat a sedative effect, but the Baillie’s head, as he expressed himself, was still “in the bees.” He mended his pen, however, marked half a dozen sheets of paper with an ample marginal fold, whipped down Dallas of St Martin’s Styles from a shelf, where that venerable work roosted with Stair’s Institutions, Dirleton’s Doubts, Balfour’s Practiques, and a parcel of old account books—opened the volume at the article Contract of Marriage, and prepared to make what he called a “sma’ minute, to prevent parties frae resiling.”

With some difficulty, Waverley made him comprehend that he was going a little too fast. He explained to him that he should want his assistance, in the first place, to make his residence safe for the time, by writing to the officer at Tully-Veolan, that Mr Stanley, an English gentleman, nearly related to Colonel Talbot, was upon a visit of business at Mr Macwheeble’s, and, knowing the state of the country, had sent his passport for Captain Foster’s inspection. This produced a polite answer from the officer, with an invitation to Mr Stanley to dine with him, which was declined, (as may easily be supposed,) under pretence of business.

Waverley’s next request was, that Mr Macwheeble would despatch a man and horse to ———, the post-town at which Colonel Talbot was to address him, with directions to wait there until the post should bring a letter for Mr Stanley, and then to forward it to Little-Veolan with all speed. In a moment the Baillie was in search of his apprentice (or servitor, as he was called Sixty Years since,) Jock Scriever, and in not much greater space of time, Jock was on the back of the white poney.

“Tak care ye guide him weel, sir, for he’s aye been short in the wind since—a-hem—Lord be gude to me! (in a low voice,) I was gaun to come out wi’—since I rode whip and spur to fetch the Chevalier to redd Mr Wauverley and Vich Ian Vohr; and an uncanny coup I gat for my pains.—Lord forgie your honour! I might hae broken my neck—but troth it was in a venture, mae ways nor ane; but this maks amends for a’. Lady Wauverley!—ten thousand a-year!—Lord be gude unto me!”

“But you forget, Mr Macwheeble, we want the Baron’s consent—the lady’s—”

“Never fear, I’se be caution for them—I’se gie you my personal warrandice—ten thousand a-year! it dings Balmawhapple out and out—a year’s rent’s worth a’ Balmawhapple, fee and life-rent! Lord make us thankful!”

To turn the current of his feelings, Edward enquired if he had heard anything lately of the Chieftain of Glennaquoich?

“Not one word,” answered Macwheeble, “but that he was still in

Carlisle Castle, and was soon to be pannelled for his life. I dinna wish the young gentleman ill," he said, "but I hope that they that hae got him will keep him, and no let him back to this Hieland border to plague us wi' black-mail, and a' manner o' violent, wrongous, and masterfu' oppression and spoliation, both by himself and others of his causing, sending, and hounding out; and he couldna tak care o' the siller when he had gotten it neither, but flang it a' into yon idle quean's lap at Edinburgh—but light come light gane. For my part, I never wish to see a kilt in the country again, nor a red coat, nor a gun, for that matter, unless it were to shoot a paitrick;—they're a' tarr'd wi' ae stick; and when they've done ye wrang, even when ye hae gotten decreet of spuilzie, oppression, and violent profits against them, what better are ye?—they hae na a plack to pay you; ye need never extract it."

With such discourse, and the intervening topics of business, the time passed until dinner, Macwheeble meanwhile promising to devise some mode of introducing Edward at the Duchran, where Rose at present resided, without risk of danger or suspicion; which seemed no very easy task, since the laird was a very zealous friend to government. The poultry-yard had been laid under requisition, and cocky-leeky and Scotch collops soon reeked in the Baillie's little parlour. The landlord's corkscrew was just introduced into the muzzle of a pint-bottle of claret, (cribbed possibly from the cellars of Tully-Veolan,) when the sight of the grey poney passing the window at full trot, induced the Baillie, but with due precaution, to place it aside for the moment. Enter Jock Scriever with a packet for Mr Stanley; it is Colonel Talbot's seal; and Edward's fingers tremble as he undoes it. Two official papers, folded, signed, and sealed in all formality, dropt out. They were hastily picked up by the Baillie, who had a natural respect for everything resembling a deed, and, glancing slyly on their titles, his eyes, or rather spectacles, are greeted with "Protection by his Royal Highness to the person of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine Esq., of that ilk, commonly called Baron of Bradwardine, forfeited for his accession to the late rebellion." The other proves to be a protection of the same tenor in favour of Edward Waverley, Esq. Colonel Talbot's letter was in these words:

"MY DEAR EDWARD,

I am just arrived here, and yet I have finished my business; it has cost me some trouble though, as you shall hear. I waited upon his Royal Highness immediately upon my arrival, and found him in no very good humour for my purpose. Three or four Scotch gentlemen were just leaving his levee. After he had expressed himself to me very courteously: 'Would you think it,' he said, 'Talbot, here have been half a dozen of the most respectable gentlemen, and best friends to

government north of the Forth, Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, Rubrick of Duchran, and others, who have fairly wrung from me, by their downright importunity, a present protection, and the promise of a future pardon, for that stubborn old rebel whom they call Baron of Bradwardine. They allege that his high personal character, and the clemency which he shewed to such of our people as fell into the rebels' hands, should weigh in his favour; especially as the loss of his estate is likely to be a severe enough punishment. Rubrick has undertaken to keep him at his own house till things are settled in the country; but it's a little hard to be forced in a manner to pardon such a mortal enemy to the House of Brunswick.' This was no favourable moment for opening my business; however, I said I was rejoiced to learn that his Royal Highness was in the course of granting such requests, as it emboldened me to present one of the like nature in my own name. He was very angry, but I persisted; I mentioned the uniform support of our three votes in the house, touched modestly on services abroad, though valuable only in his Royal Highness's having been pleased kindly to accept them, and founded pretty strongly on his own expressions of friendship and good-will. He was embarrassed, but obstinate. I hinted the policy of detaching, on all future occasions, the heir of such a fortune as your uncle's from the machinations of the disaffected. But I made no impression. I mentioned the obligations which I lay under to Sir Everard, and to you personally, and claimed, as the sole reward of my services, that he would be pleased to afford me the means of evincing my gratitude. I perceived that he still meditated a refusal, and, taking my commission from my pocket, I said, as a last resource, that as his Royal Highness did not, under these pressing circumstances, think me worthy of a favour which he had not scrupled to grant to other gentlemen, whose services I could hardly judge more important than my own, I must beg leave to deposit, with all humility, my commission in his Royal Highness's hands, and to retire from the service. He was not prepared for this; he told me to take up my commission; said some very handsome things of my services, and granted my request. You are therefore once more a free man, and I have promised for you that you will be a good boy in future, and remember what you owe to the lenity of government. Thus you see *my* prince can be as generous as *yours*. I do not pretend, indeed, that he confers a favour with all the foreign graces and compliments of your Chevalier errant; but he has a plain English manner, and the evident reluctance with which he grants your request, indicates the sacrifice which he makes of his own inclination to your wishes. My friend, the adjutant-general, has procured me a duplicate of the Baron's protection, (the original being in Major Melville's possession,) which I send to you, as I know that if you can find him you will have pleasure in being the first to communicate the joyful

intelligence. He will of course repair to Duchran without loss of time, there to ride quarantine for a few weeks. As for you, I give you leave to escort him thither, and to stay a week there, as I understand a certain fair lady is in that quarter. And I have the pleasure to tell you, that whatever progress you can make in her good graces will be highly agreeable to Sir Everard and Mrs Rachael, who will never believe your views and prospects settled, and the three ermines passant in actual safety, until you present them with a Mrs Edward Waverley. Now, certain love-affairs of my own—a good many years since—interrupted some measures which were then proposed in favour of the three ermines passant; so I am bound in honour to make them amends. Therefore make good use of your time, for, when your week is expired, it will be necessary that you go to London to plead your pardon in the law court. Ever, dear Waverley, your's most truly,

“PHILIP TALBOT.”

CHAPTER LXVII.

HAPPY'S THE WOONG
THAT'S NOT LONG A-DOING.

WHEN the first rapturous sensation occasioned by these excellent tidings had somewhat subsided, Edward proposed instantly to go down to the glen to acquaint the Baron with their import. But the cautious Baillie justly observed, that if the Baron were to appear instantly in public, the tenantry and villagers might become riotous in expressing their joy, and give offence to “the powers that be,” a sort of persons for whom the Baillie always had unlimited respect. He therefore proposed that Mr Waverley should go to Janet Gellatley's, and bring the Baron up under cloud of night to Little-Veolan, where he might once more enjoy the luxury of a good bed. In the meanwhile, he said, he himself would go to Captain Foster, and shew him the Baron's protection, and obtain his countenance for harbouring him that night, and he would have horses ready on the morrow to set him on his way to the Duchran along with Mr Stanley,” whilk denomination, I apprehend, your honour will for the present retain,” said the Baillie.

“Certainly, Mr Macwheeble; but will you not go down to the glen yourself in the evening to meet your patron?”

“That I wad wi' a' my heart; and mickle obliged to your honour for putting me in mind o' my bounden duty. But it will be past sunset afore I get back frae the Captain's, and at these unsonsy hours the glen has a bad name—there's something no that canny about auld Janet Gellatley. The laird he'll no believe thae things, but he was

aye ower rash and venturesome—and feared neither man nor devil—and sae’s seen o’t. But right sure am I Sir George Mackenzie says that no divine can doubt there are witches, since the Bible says thou shalt not suffer them to live; and that no lawyer in Scotland can doubt it, since it is punishable by death by our law. So there’s baith law and gospel for it. An his honour winna believe the Leviticus, he might aye believe the Statute book—but he may tak his ain way o’t; it’s a’ ane to Duncan Macwheele. However, I shall send to ask up auld Janet this e’en; it’s best no to lightly them that have that character—and we’ll want Davie to turn the spit, for I’ll gar Eppie put down a fat goose to the fire for your honours to your supper.”

When it was near sun-set, Waverley hastened to the hut, and he could not but allow that superstition had chosen no improper locality, or unfit object, for the foundation of her fantastic terrors. It resembled exactly the description of Spenser :

“There, in a gloomy hollow glen, she found
A little cottage built of sticks and reeds,
In homely wise, and wall’d with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds,
And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
So chusing solitary to abide
Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds,
And hellish arts, from people she might hide,
And hurt far off, unknown, whomever she espied.”

He entered the cottage with these verses on his memory. Poor old Janet, bent double with age, and bleared with peat-smoke, was tottering about the hut with a birch broom, muttering to herself as she endeavoured to make her hearth and floor a little clean for the reception of her expected guests. Waverley’s step made her start, look up, and fall a trembling, so much had her nerves been on the rack for her patron’s safety. With difficulty Waverley made her comprehend that the Baron was now safe from personal danger; and when her mind had admitted that joyful news, it was equally hard to make her believe that he was not to enter again upon possession of his estate. “It behoved to be,” she said, “he wad get it back again; naeboddy wad be sae grippie as to tak his gear after they had gi’en him a pardon; and for that Inch-Grabbit, I could whiles wish mysel a witch for his sake, if I werena feared the enemy wad tak me at my word.” Waverley then gave her some money, and promised that her fidelity should be rewarded. “How can I be rewarded, sir, sae weel, as just to see my auld master and Miss Rose come back and bruck their ain?”

Waverley now took leave of Janet, and soon stood beneath the Baron’s Patmos. At a low whistle, he observed the veteran peeping out to reconnoitre, like an old badger with his head out of his hole. “Ye hae come rather early, my good lad,” said he, descending; “I question if the red-coats hae beat the tattoo yet, and we’re not safe till then.”

"Good news cannot be told too soon," said Waverley; and with infinite joy communicated to him the happy tidings. The old man stood for a moment in silent devotion, then exclaimed, "Praise be to God! —I shall see my bairn again."

"And never, I hope, to part with her more," said Waverley.

"I trust in God, not, unless it be to win the means of supporting her; for my things are but in a bruckle state;—but what signifies world's gear?"

"And if," said Waverley, modestly, "there were a situation in life which would put Miss Bradwardine beyond the uncertainty of fortune, and in the rank to which she was born, would you object to it, my dear Baron, because it would make one of your friends the happiest man in the world?" The Baron turned, and looked at him with great earnestness. "Yes," continued Edward, "I shall not consider my sentence of banishment as repealed, unless you will give me permission to accompany you to the Duchran."—

The Baron seemed collecting all his dignity to make a suitable reply to what, at another time, he would have treated as the propounding a treaty of alliance between the houses of Bradwardine and Waverley. But his efforts were in vain; the father was too mighty for the Baron; the pride of birth and rank were swept away;—in the joyful surprise, a slight convulsion passed rapidly over his features as he gave way to the feelings of nature, threw his arms around Waverley's neck, and sobbed out,—“My son, my son! if I had been to search the world, I would have made my choice here.” Edward returned the embrace with great sympathy of feeling, and for a little while they both kept silence. At length it was broken by Edward. “But Miss Bradwardine?”

“She had never a will but her old father's; besides, you are a likely youth, of honest principles, and high birth:—no, she never had any other will than mine, and in my proudest days I could not have wished a mair eligible espousal for her than the nephew of my excellent old friend, Sir Everard.—But I hope, young man, ye deal na rashly in this matter; I hope ye hae secured the approbation of your ain friends and allies, particularly of your uncle, who is *in loco parentis*? Ah! we maun tak heed o' that.” Edward assured him that Sir Everard would think himself highly honoured in the flattering reception his proposal had met with, and that it had his entire approbation; in evidence of which, he put Colonel Talbot's letter into the Baron's hand. The Baron read it with great attention. “Sir Everard,” he said, “always despised wealth in comparison of honour and birth; and indeed he hath no occasion to court the *Diva Pecunia*. Yet I now wish, since this Malcolm turns out such a parrieide, for I can call him no better, as to think of alienating the family inheritance—I now wish (his eyes fixed on a part of the roof which was visible above the

trees,) that I could have left Rose the auld hurley-house, and the riggs belonging to it.—And yet,” said he, resuming more cheerfully, “it’s may be as weel as it is; for, as Baron of Bradwardine, I might have thought it my duty to insist upon certain compliances respecting name and bearings, whilk now, as a landless laird wi’ a tocherless daughter, no one can blame me for departing from.”

Now, Heaven be praised! thought Edward, that Sir Everard does not hear these scruples! The three ermines passant and the rampant bear would certainly have gone together by the ears.—He then, with all the ardour of a young lover, assured the Baron, that he sought for his happiness only in Rose’s heart and hand, and thought himself as happy in her father’s simple approbation, as if he had settled an earldom upon his daughter.

They now reached Little-Veolan. The goose was smoking on the table, and the Baillie brandished his knife and fork. A joyous greeting took place between him and his patron. The kitchen, too, had its company. Auld Janet was established at the ingle-nook; Davie had turned the spit, to his immortal honour; and even Ban and Buscar, in the liberality of Macwheeble’s joy, had been stuffed to the throat with food, and now lay snoring on the floor.

The next day conducted the Baron and his young friend to the Duchran, where the former was expected, in consequence of the success of the nearly unanimous application of the Scottish friends of government in his favour. This had been so general and so powerful, that it was almost thought his estate might have been saved, had it not passed into the rapacious hands of his unworthy kinsman, whose right, arising out of the Baron’s attainder, could not be affected by a pardon from the crown. The old gentleman, however, said, with his usual spirit, he was more gratified by the hold he possessed in the good opinion of his neighbours, than he would have been in being “rehabilitated and restored *in integrum*, had it been found practicable.”

We shall not attempt to describe the meeting of the father and daughter,—loving each other so affectionately, and separated under such perilous circumstances. Still less shall we attempt to analyse the deep blush of Rose, at receiving the compliments of Waverley, or enquire whether she had any curiosity respecting the particular cause of his journey to Scotland at that period. We shall not even trouble the reader with the hum-drum details of a courtship Sixty Years since. It is enough to say, that, under so strict a martinet as the Baron, all things were conducted in due form. He took upon himself, the morning after their arrival, the task of announcing the proposal of Waverley to Rose, which she heard with a proper degree of maidenly timidity. Fame does, however, say, that Waverley had, the evening before, found five minutes to apprise her of what was coming, while

the rest of the company were looking at three twisted serpents, which formed a *jet d'eau* in the garden.

My fair readers will judge for themselves; but, for my part, I cannot conceive how so important an affair could be communicated in so short a space of time; at least, it certainly took a full hour in the Baron's mode of conveying it.

Waverley was now considered as a received lover in all the forms. He was made, by dint of smirking and nodding on the part of the lady of the house, to sit next Miss Bradwardine at dinner, to be Miss Bradwardine's partner at cards. If he came into the room, she of the four Miss Rubricks who chanced to be next Rose, was sure to recollect that her thimble, or her scissors, were at the other end of the room, in order to leave the seat nearest to Miss Bradwardine vacant for his occupation. And sometimes, if papa and mamma were not in the way to keep them on their good behaviour, the misses would titter a little. The old laird of Duchran would also have his occasional jest, and the old lady her remark. Even the Baron could not refrain; but here Rose escaped every embarrassment but that of conjecture, for his wit was usually couched in a Latin quotation. The very footmen sometimes grinned too broadly, the maid-servants giggled mayhap too loud, and a provoking air of intelligence seemed to pervade the whole family. Alice Bean, the pretty maid of the cavern, who, after her father's *misfortune*, as she called it, had attended Rose as *fille-de-chambre*, smiled and smirked with the best of them. Rose and Edward, however, endured all these little vexatious circumstances as other folks have done before and since, and probably contrived to obtain some indemnification, since they are not supposed, on the whole, to have been particularly unhappy during Waverley's six days' stay at the Duchran.

It was finally arranged that he should go to Waverley-Honour to make the necessary arrangements for his marriage, thence to London to take the proper measures for pleading his pardon, and return as soon as possible to claim the hand of his plighted bride. Edward also intended in his journey to visit Colonel Talbot; but, above all, it was his most important object to learn the fate of the unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich; to visit him at Carlisle, and to try whether any thing could be done for procuring, if not a pardon, a commutation at least, or alleviation of the punishment to which he was almost certain of being condemned; and in case of the worst, to offer to the miserable Flora an asylum with Rose, or otherwise assist her views in any mode which might seem possible. The fate of Fergus seemed hard to be averted. Edward had already striven to interest his friend, Colonel Talbot, in his behalf; but had been given distinctly to understand, by his reply, that his credit in matters of that nature was totally exhausted.

The Colonel was still at Edinburgh, and proposed to wait there for some months upon business confided to him by the Duke of Cumberland. He was to be joined by Lady Emily, to whom easy travelling and goat's whey were recommended, and who was to journey northward, under the escort of Francis Stanley. Edward, therefore, met the Colonel at Edinburgh, who wished him joy in the kindest manner on his approaching happiness, and cheerfully undertook many commissions which our hero was necessarily obliged to delegate to his charge. But on the subject of Fergus he was inexorable. He satisfied Edward, indeed, that his interference would be unavailing; but, besides, Colonel Talbot owned that he could not conscientiously use any influence in favour of this unfortunate gentleman. "Justice, which demanded some penalty of those who had wrapped the whole nation in fear and in mourning, could not perhaps have selected a fitter victim. He came to the field with the fullest light upon the nature of his attempt. He had studied and understood the subject. His father's fate could not intimidate him; the lenity of the laws, which had restored him to his father's property and rights, could not melt him. That he was brave, generous, and possessed many good qualities, only rendered him more dangerous; that he was enlightened and accomplished, made his crime less excusable; that he was an enthusiast in a wrong cause, only made him the more fit to be its martyr. Above all, he had been the means of bringing many hundreds of men into the field, who, without him, would never have broke the peace of the country.

"I repeat it," said the Colonel, "though heaven knows with a heart distressed for him as an individual, that this young gentleman has studied and fully understood the desperate game which he has played. He threw for life or death, a coronet or a coffin; and he cannot now be permitted, with justice to the country, to draw stakes because the dice have gone against him."

Such was the reasoning of these times, held even by brave and humane men towards a vanquished enemy. Let us devoutly hope, that, in this respect at least, we shall never see the scenes, or hold the sentiments, that were general in Britain Sixty Years since.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"TO-MORROW? O THAT'S SUDDEN!—SPARE HIM,
SPARE HIM!"—*Shakspeare.*

EDWARD, attended by his former servant Alick Polwarth, who had re-entered his service at Edinburgh, reached Carlisle while the commis-

sion of Oyer and Terminer on his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, not, alas! with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. I ought to have mentioned, that he had furnished funds for the defence of the prisoners in the most liberal manner, as soon as he heard that the day of trial was fixed. A solicitor, and the first counsel, accordingly attended; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bed-side of some dying man of rank; the doctors to take the advantage of some incalculable chance of an exertion of nature—the lawyers to avail themselves of the barely possible occurrence of some legal flaw. Edward pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agitation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid, and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them; but he was recalled to himself as the Clerk of Arraignment pronounced the solemn words: “Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Tarrascleugh, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich—you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law?”

Fergus, as the presiding judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied, in a firm voice, “I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday, and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water.—Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have peril’d it in this quarrel.” He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for

his crime. The judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

"I was only ganging to say, my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent honour, and the honourable court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysel, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

There was no farther inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. "For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor," continued the judge, "I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter."

"I desire nothing else, my lord," answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually bent on his chief, were moistened with a tear. "For you, poor ignorant man," continued the judge, "who, following the ideas in which you have been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone, is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual, who ends by making you the tool of his crimes—for you, I say, I feel so much compassion, that if you can make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you. Otherwise——"

"Grace me no grace," said Evan; "since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr's blood, the only favour I would accept from you, is—to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are."

"Remove the prisoners," said the judge; "his blood be upon his own head."

Almost stupified with his feelings, Edward found that the rush of

the crowd had conveyed him out into the street, ere he knew what he was doing. His immediate wish was to see and speak with Fergus once more. He applied at the Castle where his unfortunate friend was confined, but was refused admittance. "The High Sheriff," a non-commissioned officer said, "had requested of the governor that none should be admitted to see the prisoner, excepting his confessor and his sister."

"And where was Miss Mac-Ivor?" They gave him the direction. It was the house of a respectable catholic family near Carlisle.

Repulsed from the gate of the castle, and not venturing to make application to the High Sheriff or Judges in his own unpopular name, he had recourse to the solicitor who came down in Fergus's behalf. This gentleman told him, that it was thought the public mind was in danger of being debauched by the account of the last moments of these persons, as given by the friends of the Pretender; that there had been a resolution therefore to exclude all such persons as had not the plea of near kindred for attending upon them. Yet, he promised (to oblige the heir of Waverley-Honour) to get him an order for admittance to the prisoner the next morning, before his irons were knocked off for execution.

Is it of Fergus Mac-Ivor they speak thus, thought Waverley, or do I dream? Of Fergus, the bold, the chivalrous, the free-minded? The lofty chieftain of a tribe devoted to him? Is it he, that I have seen lead the chase and head the attack,—the brave, the active, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the theme of song,—is it he who is ironed like a malefactor; who is to be dragged on a hurdle to the common gallows; to die a lingering and cruel death, and to be mangled by the hand of the most outcast of wretches? Evil indeed was the spectre, that boded such a fate as this to the brave Chief of Glennaquoich!

With a faltering voice he requested the solicitor to find means to warn Fergus of his intended visit, should he obtain permission to make it. He then turned away from him, and, returning to the inn, wrote a scarce intelligible note to Flora Mac-Ivor, intimating his purpose to wait upon her that evening. The messenger brought back a letter in Flora's beautiful Italian hand, which seemed scarce to tremble even under this load of misery. "Miss Flora Mac-Ivor," the letter bore, "could not refuse to see the dearest friend of her dear brother, even in her present circumstances of unparalleled distress."

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment, Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of catholic devotion, but, when Waverley entered, laid it on the

table and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complexion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her dress—even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, “Have you seen him?”

“Alas, no,” answered Waverley, “I have been refused admittance.”

“It accords with the rest,” she said; “but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?”

“For—for—to-morrow,” said Waverley; but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

“Aye, then or never,” said Flora, “until”—she added, looking upward, “the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. But I hope you will see him while earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his heart, though—but it is vain to talk of the past.”

“Vain indeed!” echoed Waverley.

“Or even of the future, my good friend, so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part; and yet how far has all my anticipation fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour!”

“Dear Flora, if your strength of mind”—

“Ay, there it is,” she answered, somewhat wildly; “there is, Mr Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart that whispers—but it were madness to listen to it—that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother!”

“Good God? how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?”

“Ay, is it not so? but yet it haunts me like a phantom: I know it is unsubstantial and vain; but it *will* be present; will intrude its horrors on my mind; will whisper that my brother, as volatile as ardent, would have divided his energies amid a hundred objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them, and to gage all on this dreadful and desperate cast. Oh that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, ‘He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword;’ that I had but once said, Remain at home; reserve yourself, your vassals, your life, for enterprises within the reach of man. But O, Mr Waverley, I spurred his fiery temper, and half of his ruin at least lies with his sister!”

The horrid idea which she had intimated, Edward endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument that occurred to him. He recalled to her the principles on which both thought it their duty to act, and in which they had been educated.

"Do not think I have forgotten them," she said, looking up, with eager quickness; "I do not regret his attempt, because it was wrong! O no! on that point I am armed; but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus."

"Yet it did not always seem so desperate and hazardous as it was; and it would have been chosen by the bold spirit of Fergus, whether you had approved it or no; your counsels only served to give unity and consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to precipitate, his resolution." Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, "you once found me making Fergus's bride-favour, and now I am sewing his bridal-garment. Our friends here," said she, with suppressed emotion, "are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody reliques of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together; no—his head!—I shall not have the last miserable satisfaction of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!"

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainted in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the anti-room, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found that, by a strong effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine's claim, to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

"I have had a letter from my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Sorrow is selfish and engrossing, or I would have written to express, that, even in my own despair, I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron has escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora's only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess." She put into his hands a case, containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. "To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns at Paris. To-morrow—if indeed I can survive to-morrow—I set forward on my journey with this venerable sister. And now, Mr Waverley, adieu! May you be as happy with Rose as your amiable dispositions deserve; and think sometimes on the friends you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness."

She gave her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and, with a faltering step, withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle. At the inn, he found a letter from his law friend, intimating, that he would be admitted to Fergus next morning, as

soon as the Castle-gates were opened, and permitted to remain with him till the arrival of the Sheriff gave signal for the fatal procession.

CHAPTER LXIX.

——A DARKER DEPARTURE IS NEAR,

THE DEATH-DRUM IS MUFFLED, AND SABLE THE BIER.—*Campbell.*

AFTER a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the draw-bridge lowered. He produced his order to the serjeant of the guard, and was admitted.

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the castle; a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII's time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I am sure, from your looks—and how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?"

"How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment!"

"Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure—on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep, because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most—the Prince? has he escaped the bloodhounds?"

"He has, and is in safety."

"Praised be God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape."

Waverley communicated that remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with deep interest. He then asked after several other friends; and made many minute enquiries

concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They had suffered less than other tribes who had been engaged in the affair; for, having, in a great measure, dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their Chieftain, as was a universal custom among the Highlanders, they were not in arms when the insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

"You are rich," he said, "Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprize you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?"

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed, that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

"Would to God," continued the Chieftain, "I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race:—or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms; and be to you what he has been to me, the kindest,—the bravest,—the most devoted——"

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother.

"But," said he, drying them, "that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words," said he, half smiling, "are the only *Open Sesame* to their feelings and sympathies; and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life."

"And I am sure," said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence,—“I am sure Evan never desired nor deserved a better end than just to die with his chieftain.”

"And now," said Fergus, "while we are upon the subject of clanship—what think you now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?"—then, before Edward could answer, "I saw him again last night—he stood in the slip of moonshine which fell, from that high and narrow window, towards my bed. Why should I fear him. I thought—to-morrow, long ere this time, I shall be as immaterial as he. 'False Spirit,' I said, 'art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of the last descendant of thine enemy!' The spectre seemed to beckon and to smile, as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it?—I asked the same question of the priest, who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such

apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it, as imagination plays us such strange tricks. What do you think of it?"

"Much as your confessor," said Waverley, willing to avoid dispute upon such a point at such a moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the church of Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was re-admitted; soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

"You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage—we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!"

Edward afterwards learned that these severe precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.

Shortly afterwards the drum of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let us speak of Flora—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."

"We part not *here*!" said Waverley.

"O yes, we do, you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said proudly; "Nature has her tortures as well as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder, in the space of a short half hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon.—This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland—her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other—when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies—they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly. The Baron would have added,

"*Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.*"

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the castle. "As I have told you why you must

not follow me, and these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora?"

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her mind.

"Poor Flora!" answered the chief, "she could have borne her own death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state—long, long may Rose and you enjoy it!—but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans, like Flora and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty, and predominant feeling of loyalty, will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away. She will then think of Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell."

"Shall she not see you then? she seemed to expect it."

"A necessary deceit will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part from her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort them. She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprise her that all is over."

An officer now appeared and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich: "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sate the executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic arch-way, that opened on the draw-bridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. "This is well GOT UP for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus turning round embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sate down by his side. The priest was to follow

in a carriage belonging to his patron, the catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James*!" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead-march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor, struck with compassion at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him, if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he regained his inn, then threw himself into an apartment, and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprized him that all was finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations.

In the evening the priest made him a visit, and informed him that he did so by directions of his deceased friend, to assure him that Fergus Mac-Ivor had died as he lived, and remembered his friendship to the last. He added, he had also seen Flora, whose state of mind seemed more composed since all was over. With her, and sister Theresa, the priest proposed next day to leave Carlisle, for the nearest seaport from which they could embark for France. Waverley forced on this good man a ring of some value, and a sum of money to be employed (as he thought might gratify Flora) in the services of the

catholic church, for the memory of his friend. "*Fungarque inani munere*," he repeated as the ecclesiastic retired. "Yet why not class these acts of remembrance with other honours, with which affection, in all sects, pursues the memory of the dead?"

The next morning ere day-light he took leave of the town of Carlisle, promising to himself never again to enter its walls. He dared hardly look back towards the Gothic battlements of the fortified gate under which he passed, for the place is surrounded with an old wall. "They're no there," said Alick Polwarth, who guessed the cause of the dubious look which Waverley cast backward, and who, with the vulgar appetite for the horrible, was master of each detail of the butchery,— "The heads are ower the Scotch yate, as they ca' it. It's a great pity of Evan Dhu, who was a very weel-meaning good-natured man, to be a Hielandman; and indeed so was the laird o' Glen-naquoich too, for that matter, when he was na in ane o' his tirrivies."

CHAPTER LXX.

DULCE DOMUM.

THE impression of horror with which Waverley left Carlisle, softened by-degrees into melancholy, a gradation which was accelerated by the painful yet soothing task of writing to Rose; and, while he could not suppress his own feelings of the calamity, by endeavouring to place it in a light which might grieve her, without shocking her imagination. The picture which he drew for her benefit he gradually familiarized to his own mind, and his next letters were more cheerful, and referred to the prospects of peace and happiness which lay before them. Yet, though his first horrible sensations had sunk into melancholy, Edward had reached his native country before he could, as usual upon former occasions, look round for enjoyment upon the face of nature.

He then, for the first time since leaving Edinburgh, began to experience that pleasure which almost all feel who return to a verdant, populous, and highly-cultivated country, from scenes of waste desolation, or of solitary and melancholy grandeur. But how were those feelings enhanced when he entered on the domain so long possessed by his fore-fathers; recognized the old oaks of Waverley-Chace; thought with what delight he should introduce Rose to all his favourite haunts; beheld at length the towers of the venerable hall arise above the woods which embowered it, and finally threw himself into the arms of the venerable relations to whom he owed so much duty and affection!

The happiness of their meeting was not tarnished by a single word

of reproach. On the contrary, whatever pain Sir Everard and Mrs Rachael had felt during Waverley's perilous engagement with the young Chevalier, it assorted too well with the principles in which they had been brought up, to incur reprobation, or even censure. Colonel Talbot also had smoothed the way, with great address, for Edward's favourable reception, by dwelling upon his gallant behaviour in the military character, particularly his bravery and generosity at Preston; until, warmed at the idea of their nephew's engaging in single combat, making prisoner, and saving from slaughter, so distinguished an officer as the Colonel himself, the imagination of the Baronet and his sister ranked the exploits of Edward with those of Wilibert, Hildebrand, and Nigel, the vaunted heroes of their line.

The appearance of Waverley, embrowned by exercise, and dignified by the habits of military discipline, had acquired an athletic and hardy character, which not only verified the Colonel's narration, but surprised and delighted all the inhabitants of Waverley-Honour. They crowded to see, to hear him, and to sing his praises. Mr Pembroke, who secretly extolled his spirit and courage in embracing the genuine cause of the Church of England, censured his pupil gently nevertheless for being so careless of his manuscripts, which indeed, he said, had occasioned him some personal inconvenience, as, upon the Baronet's being arrested by a king's messenger, he had deemed it prudent to retire to a concealment called "The Priest's Hole," from the use it had been put to in former days; where, he assured our hero, the butler had thought it safe to venture with food only once in the day, so that he had been repeatedly compelled to dine upon victuals either absolutely cold, or, what was worse, only half warm, not to mention that sometimes his bed had not been arranged for two days together. Waverley's mind involuntarily turned to the Patmos of the Baron of Bradwardine, who was well pleased with Janet's fare, and a few bunches of straw stowed in a cleft in the front of a sand-cliff; but he made no remarks upon a contrast which could only mortify his worthy tutor.

All was now in a bustle to prepare for the nuptials of Edward, an event to which the good old Baronet and Mrs Rachael looked forward as if to the renewal of their own youth. The match, as Colonel Talbot had intimated, had seemed to them in the highest degree eligible, having every recommendation but wealth, of which they themselves had more than enough. Mr Clippurse was, therefore, summoned to Waverley-Honour, under better auspices than at the commencement of our story. But Mr Clippurse came not alone, for, being now stricken in years, he had associated with him a nephew, a younger vulture (as our English Juvenal, who tells the tale of Swallow the attorney, might have called him,) and they now carried on business as Messrs Clippurse and Hookem. These worthy gentlemen had

directions to make the necessary settlements on the most splendid scale of liberality, as if Edward were to wed a peeress in her own right, with her paternal estate tacked to the fringe of her ermine.

But, ere entering upon a subject of proverbial delay, I must remind my reader of the progress of a stone rolled down hill by an idle truant boy (a pastime at which I was myself expert in my more juvenile years :) it moveth at first slowly, avoiding by inflection every obstacle of the least importance; but when it has attained its full impulse, and draws near the conclusion of its career, it smokes and thunders down, taking a rood at every spring, clearing hedge and ditch like a Yorkshire huntsman, and becoming most furiously rapid in its course when it is nearest to being consigned to rest for ever. Even such is the course of a narrative, like that which you are perusing; the earlier events are studiously dwelt upon, that you, kind reader, may be introduced to the character rather by narrative, than by the duller medium of direct description; but when the story draws near its close, we hurry over the circumstances, however important, which your imagination must have forestalled, and leave you to suppose those things, which it would be abusing your patience to relate at length.

We are, therefore, so far from attempting to trace the dull progress of Messrs Clippurse and Hookem, or that of their worthy official brethern, who had the charge of suing out the pardons of Edward Waverley and his intended father-in-law, that we can but touch upon matters more attractive. The mutual epistles, for example, which were exchanged between Sir Everard and the Baron upon this occasion, though matchless specimens of eloquence in their way, must be consigned to merciless oblivion. Nor can I tell you at length, how worthy aunt Rachael, not without a delicate and affectionate allusion to the circumstances which had transferred Rose's maternal diamonds to the hands of Donald Bean Lean, stocked her casket with a set of jewels that a duchess might have envied. Moreover, the reader will have the goodness to imagine that Job Houghton and his dame were suitably provided for, although they could never be persuaded that their son fell otherwise than fighting by the young squire's side; so that Alick, who, as a lover of truth, had made many needless attempts to expound the real circumstances to them, was finally ordered to say not a word more upon the subject. He indemnified himself, however, by the liberal allowance of desperate battles, grisly executions, and raw-head and bloody-bones stories, with which he astonished the servants' hall.

But although these important matters may be briefly told in narrative, like a newspaper report of a Chancery suit, yet, with all the urgency which Waverley could use, the real time which the law proceedings occupied, joined to the delay occasioned by the mode of travelling

at that period, rendered it considerably more than two months ere Waverley, having left England, alighted once more at the mansion of the Laird of Duchran to claim the hand of his plighted bride.

The day of his marriage was fixed for the sixth after his arrival. The Baron of Bradwardine, with whom bridals, christenings, and funerals, were festivals of high and solemn import, felt a little hurt, that, including the family of the Duchran, and all the immediate vicinity who had title to be present on such an occasion, there could not be above thirty persons collected. "When he was married," he observed, "three hundred horse of gentlemen born, besides servants, and some score or two of Highland lairds, who never got on horse back, were present on the occasion."

But his pride found some consolation in reflecting, that he and his son-in-law having been so lately in arms against government, it might give matter of reasonable fear and offence to the ruling powers, if they were to collect together, the kith, kin, and allies of their houses arrayed in effier of war, as was the ancient custom of Scotland on these occasions—"And, without dubitation," he concluded with a sigh, "many of those who would have rejoiced most freely upon these joyful espousals, are either gone to a better place, or are now exiles from their native land."

The marriage took place on the appointed day. The Reverend Mr Rubrick, kinsman to the proprietor of the hospitable mansion where it was solemnized, and chaplain to the Baron of Bradwardine, had the satisfaction to unite their hands; and Frank Stanley acted as bridesman, having joined Edward with that view soon after his arrival. Lady Emily and Colonel Talbot had proposed being present; but her health, when the day approached, was found inadequate to the journey. In amends, it was arranged that Edward Waverley and his lady, who, with the Baron, proposed an immediate journey to Waverley-Honour, should, in their way, spend a few days at an estate which Colonel Talbot had been tempted to purchase in Scotland as a very great bargain, and at which he proposed to reside for some time.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE, I KEN BY THE BIGGING O'T."—

Old Song.

THE nuptial party travelled in great style. There was a coach and six upon the newest pattern, that dazzled with its splendour the eyes of one half of Scotland, which Sir Everard had presented to his nephew; there was the family coach of Mr Rubrick;—both these were crowded

with ladies, and there were gentlemen on horseback, with their servants, to the number of a round score. Nevertheless, without having the fear of famine before his eyes, Baillie Macwheeble met them in the road, to entreat that they would pass by his house at Little Veolan, The Baron stared, and said his son and he would certainly ride by Little Veolan, and pay their compliments to the Baillie, but could not think of bringing with them the "*hail comitatus nuptialis*, or matrimonial procession." He added, "that, as he understood that the Barony had been sold by its unworthy possessor, he was glad to see his old friend Duncan had regained his situation under the new *Dominus* or proprietor." The Baillie ducked, bowed, and fidgetted, and then again insisted upon his invitation; until the Baron, though rather piqued at the pertinacity of his instances, could not nevertheless refuse to consent, without making evident sensations which he was anxious to conceal.

He fell into a deep study as they approached the top of the avenue, and was only startled from it by observing that the battlements were replaced, the ruins cleared away, and (most wonderful of all) that the two great stone Bears, those mutilated Dragons of his idolatry, had resumed their posts over the gateway. "Now this new proprietor," said he to Edward, "has shewn mair *gusto*, as the Italians call it, in the short time he has had this domain, than that hound Malcolm, though I bred him here mysel, has acquired *vitâ adhuc durante*.—And now I talk of hounds, is not yon Ban and Buscar, who come scouping up the avenue with Davie Gellatley?"

"And I vote we should go to meet them, sir, for I believe the present master of the house is Colonel Talbot, who will expect to see us. We hesitated to mention to you at first that he had purchased your ancient patrimonial property, and even yet, if you do not incline to visit him, we can pass on to the Baillie's."

The Baron had occasion for all his magnanimity. However, he drew a long breath, took a long snuff, and observed, since they had brought him so far, he could not pass the Colonel's gate, and he would be happy to see the new master of his old tenants. He alighted accordingly, as did the other gentlemen and ladies:—he gave his arm to his daughter, and as they descended the avenue, pointed out to her how speedily the "*Diva Pecunia* of the Southron—their tutelary deity, he might call her—had removed the marks of spoliation."

In truth, not only had the felled trees been removed, but, their stumps being grubbed up, and the earth round them levelled and sown with grass, every mark of devastation, unless to an eye intimately acquainted with the spot, was already totally obliterated. There was a similar reformation in the outward man of Davie Gellatley, who met them, every now and then stopping to admire the new suit which graced his person, in the same colours as formerly, but bedizened fine

enough to have served Touchstone himself. He danced up with his usual ungainly frolics, first to the Baron, and then to Rose, passing his hands over his clothes, crying, "*Bra', Bra', Davie,*" and scarce able to sing a bar to an end of his thousand-and-one songs, for the breathless extravagance of his joy. The dogs also acknowledged their old master with a thousand gambols. "Upon my conscience, Rose, the gratitude o' thae dumb brutes, and of that puir innocent, brings the tears into my auld een, while that schellum Malcolm—but I'm obliged to Colonel Talbot for putting my hounds into such good condition, and likewise for puir Davie. But Rose, my dear, we must not permit them to be a life-rent burden upon the estate."

As he spoke, Lady Emily, leaning upon the arm of her husband, met the party at the lower gate, with a thousand welcomes. After the ceremony of introduction had been gone through, much abridged by the ease and excellent breeding of Lady Emily, she apologized for having used a little art to wile them back to a place which might awaken some painful reflections—"But as it was to change masters, we were very desirous that the Baron"—

"Mr Bradwardine, madam, if you please," said the old gentleman.

"Mr Bradwardine, then, and Mr Waverley, should see what we have done towards restoring the mansion of your fathers to its former state."

The Baron answered with a low bow. Indeed, when he entered the court, excepting that the heavy stables, which had been burnt down, were replaced by buildings of a lighter and more picturesque appearance, all seemed as much as possible restored to the state in which he had left it, when he assumed arms some months before. The pigeon-house was replenished; the fountain played with its usual activity, and not only the Bear who predominated over its basin, but all the other Bears whatsoever, were replaced upon their stations, and renewed or repaired with so much care, that they bore no tokens of the violence which had so lately descended upon them. While these minutiae had been so heedfully attended to, it is scarce necessary to add, that the house itself had been thoroughly repaired, as well as the gardens, with the strictest attention to maintain the original character of both, and to remove, as far as possible, all appearance of the ravage they had sustained. The Baron gazed in silent wonder; at length he addressed Colonel Talbot.

"While I acknowledge my obligation to you for the restoration of the badge of our family, I cannot but marvel that you have no where established your own crest, Colonel Talbot, whilk is, I believe, a mastiff, anciently called a Talbot; as the poet has it,

"A talbot strong—a sturdy tyke."

"At least such a dog is the crest of the martial and renowned Earls

of Shrewsbury, to whom your family are probably blood relations."

"I believe," said the Colonel, smiling, "our dogs are whelps of the same litter—for my part, if crests were to dispute precedence, I should be apt to let them, as the proverb says, 'fight dog, fight bear.'"

As he made this speech, at which the Baron took another long pinch of snuff, they had entered the house, that is, the Baron, Rose, and Lady Emily, with young Stanley and the Baillie, for Edward and the rest of the party remained on the terrace, to examine a new green-house stocked with the finest plants. The Baron resumed his favourite topic: "However it may please you to derogate from the honour of your burghnet, Colonel Talbot, which is doubtless your humour, as I have seen in other gentlemen of birth and honour in your country, I must again repeat it as a most ancient and distinguished bearing, as well as that of my young friend Francis Stanley, which is the eagle and child."

"The bird and bantling they call it in Derbyshire, sir," said Stanley.

"Ye're a daft callant, sir," said the Baron, who had a great liking to this young man, perhaps because he sometimes teased him,— "Ye're a daft callant, and I must correct you some of these days," shaking his great brown fist at him. "But what I meant to say, Colonel Talbot, is, that yours is an ancient *prosapia*, or descent, and since you have lawfully and justly acquired the estate for you and yours, which I have lost for me and mine, I wish it may remain in your name as many centuries as it has done in that of the late proprietors."

"That is very handsome, Mr Bradwardine, indeed."

"And yet, sir, I cannot but marvel that you, Colonel, whom I noted to have so much of the *amor patrie*, when we met at Edinburgh, as even to vilipend other countries, should have chosen to establish your Lares, or household gods, *procul a patrie finibus*, and in a manner to expatriate yourself."

"Why really, Baron, I do not see why, to keep the secret of these foolish boys, Waverley and Stanley, and my wife, who is no wiser, one old soldier should continue to impose upon another. You must know then that I have so much of that same prejudice in favour of my native country, that the sum of money which I advanced to the seller of this extensive barony, has only purchased for me a box in ——— shire, called Brerewood Lodge, with about two hundred and fifty acres of land, the chief merit of which is, that it is within a very few miles of Waverley-Honour."

"And who then, in the name of Heaven, has bought this property?"

"That," said the Colonel, "it is this gentleman's profession to explain."

The Baillie, whom this reference regarded, had all this while shifted

from one foot to another with great impatience, "like a hen," as he afterwards said, "upon a het girdle;" and chuckling, he might have added, like the said hen in all the glory of laying an egg,—now pushed forward. "That I can, that I can, your Honour;" drawing from his pocket a budget of papers, and untying the red tape with a hand trembling with eagerness. "Here is the disposition and assignation, by Malcolm Bradwardine of Inch-Grabbit, regularly signed and tested in terms of the statute, whereby, for a certain sum of sterling money presently contented and paid to him, he has disposed, alienated, and conveyed the whole estate and barony of Bradwardine, Tully-Veolan, and others, with the fortalice and manor-place"——

"For God's sake, to the point, sir; I have all that by heart," said the Colonel.

"To Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq.," pursued the Baillie, "his heirs and assignees, simply and irredeemably—to be held either, *a me vel de me*"——

"Pray read short, sir."

"On the conscience of an honest man, Colonel, I read as short as is consistent with style.—Under the burden and reservation always"——

"Mr Macwheeble, this would outlast a Russian winter—give me leave. In short, Mr Bradwardine, your family estate is your own once more in full property, and at your absolute disposal, but only burdened with the sum advanced to re-purchase it, which I understand is utterly disproportioned to its value."

"An auld sang—an auld sang, if it please your honours," cried the Baillie, rubbing his hands, "look at the rental book."

"Which sum being advanced by Mr Edward Waverley, chiefly from the price of his father's property which I bought from him, is secured to his lady your daughter, and her family by this marriage."

"It is a catholic security," shouted the Baillie, "to Rose Comyne Bradwardine *alias* Wauverley, in liferent, and the children of the said marriage in fee; and I made up a wee bit minute of an antenuptial contract, *intuitu matrimonij*, so it cannot be subject to reduction hereafter, as a donation *inter virum et uxorem*."

It is difficult to say whether the worthy Baron was most delighted with the restitution of his family property, or with the delicacy and generosity that left him unfettered to pursue his purpose in disposing of it after his death, and which avoided, as much as possible, even the appearance of laying him under pecuniary obligation. When his first pause of joy and astonishment was over, his thoughts turned to the unworthy heir-male, who, he pronounced, had sold his birth-right, like Esau, for a mess o' pottage.

"But wha cookit the partridge for him?" exclaimed the Baillie; "I wad like to ken that;—wha, but your honour's to command, Duncan Macwheeble? His honour, young Mr Wauverley, pat it a' into my

hand frae the beginning—frae the first calling o' the summons, as I may say. I circumvented them—I played at bogle about the bush wi' them—I cajolled them! and if I have na gien Inch-Grabbit and Jamie Howie a bonnie begunk, they ken themselves. Him a writer! I did na gae slap-dash to them wi' our young bra' bridegroom, to gar them haud up the market: na, na; I scared them wi' our wild tenantry, and the Mac-Ivors, that are but ill settled yet, till they durst na on ony errand whatsoever gang ower the door-stane after gloaming, for fear John Heatherblutter, or some siccan dare-the-de'il, should tak a baff at them: then, on the other hand, I beflumed them wi' Colonel Talbot—wad they offer to keep up the price again the Duke's friend? did they na ken wha was master? had they na seen enuch, by the example of mony a puir misguided unhappy body——”

“Who went to Derby, for example, Mr Macwheeble?” said the Colonel to him, aside.

“O whist, Colonel, for the love o' God! let that flee stick i' the wa'.—There were mony gude folk at Derby; and it's ill speaking of halters,”—with a sly cast of his eye toward the Baron, who was in deep reverie.

Starting out of it at once, he took Macwheeble by the button, and led him into one of the deep window recesses, whence only fragments of their conversation reached the rest of the party. It certainly related to stamp-paper and parchment; for no other subject, even from the mouth of his patron, and he, once more, an efficient one, could have arrested so deeply the Baillie's reverent and absorbed attention.

“I understand your honour perfectly; it can be done as easy as taking out a decret in absence.”

“To her and him, after my demise, and to their heirs-male,—but preferring the second son, if God shall bless them with two, who is to carry the name and arms of Bradwardine of that ilk, without any other name or armorial bearings whatsoever.”

“Tut, your honour! I'll mak a slight jotting the morn; it will cost but a charter of resignation *in favorem*; and I'll hae it ready for the next term in Exchequer.”

Their private conversation ended, the Baron was now summoned to do the honours of Tully-Veolan to new guests. These were, Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, and the Reverend Mr Morton, followed by two or three others of the Baron's acquaintances, who had been made privy to his having again acquired the estate of his fathers. The shouts of the villagers were also heard beneath in the court-yard; for Saunders Saunderson, who had kept the secret for several days with laudable prudence, had unloosed his tongue upon beholding the arrival of the carriages.

But, while Edward received Major Melville with politeness, and the clergyman with the most affectionate and grateful kindness, his father-

in-law looked a little awkward, as uncertain how he should answer the necessary claims of hospitality to his guests, and forward the festivity of his tenants. Lady Emily relieved him, by intimating, that, though she must be an indifferent representative of Mrs Edward Waverley in many respects, she hoped the Baron would approve of the entertainment she had ordered, in expectation of so many guests; and that they would find such other accommodations provided, as might in some degree support the ancient hospitality of Tully-Veolan. It is impossible to describe the pleasure which this assurance gave the Baron, who, with an air of gallantry, half appertaining to the stiff Scottish laird, and half to the officer in the French service, offered his arm to the fair speaker, and led the way, in something between a stride and a minuet step, into the large dining parlour, followed by all the rest of the good company.

By dint of Saunderson's directions and exertions, all here, as well as in the other apartments, had been disposed as much as possible according to the old arrangement; and where new moveables had been necessary, they had been selected in the same character with the old furniture. There was one addition to this fine old apartment, however, which drew tears into the Baron's eyes. It was a large and spirited painting, representing Fergus Mac-Ivor and Waverley in their Highland dress, the scene a wild, rocky, and mountainous pass, down which the clan were descending in the back-ground. It was taken from a spirited sketch, drawn while they were in Edinburgh by a young man of high genius, and had been painted on a full-length scale by an eminent London artist. Raeburn himself, (whose Highland chiefs do all but walk out of the canvas) could not have done more justice to the subject; and the ardent, fiery, and impetuous character of the unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich was finely contrasted with the contemplative, fanciful, and enthusiastic expression of his happier friend. Beside this painting hung the arms which Waverley had borne in the unfortunate civil war. The whole piece was generally admired.

Men must however eat, in spite both of sentiment and vertu; and the Baron, while he assumed the lower end of the table, insisted that Lady Emily should do the honours of the head, that they might, he said, set a meet example to the *young folk*. After a pause of deliberation, employed in adjusting in his own brain the precedence between the presbyterian kirk and episcopal church of Scotland, he requested Mr Morton, as the stranger, would crave a blessing, observing Mr Rubrick, who was at *home*, would return thanks for the distinguished mercies it had been his lot to experience. The dinner was excellent. Sanderson attended in full costume, with all the former inferior servants, who had been collected, excepting one or two, that had not been heard of since the affair of Culloden. The cellars were stocked with wine which was pronounced to be superb, and it had been contrived

that the Bear of the Fountain, in the court-yard, should (for that night only) play excellent brandy punch, for the benefit of the lower orders.

When the dinner was over, the Baron, about to propose a toast, cast somewhat a sorrowful look upon the side-board, which, however, exhibited much of his plate that had either been secreted, or purchased by neighbouring gentlemen from the soldiery, and by them gladly restored to the original owner.

"In the late times," he said, "those must be thankful who have saved life and land; yet when I am about to pronounce this toast, I cannot but regret an old heirloom, Lady Emily—a *poculum potatorium*, Colonel Talbot"—

Here the Baron's elbow was gently touched by his Major Domo, and, turning round, he beheld, in the hands of Alexander ab Alexandro, the celebrated cup of Saint Duthac, the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine! I question if the recovery of his estate afforded him more rapture. "By my honour," he said, "one might almost believe in brownies and fairies, Lady Emily, when your ladyship is in presence!"

"I am truly happy," said Colonel Talbot, "that, by the recovery of this piece of family antiquity, it has fallen within my power to give you some token of my deep interest in all that concerns my young friend Edward. But that you may not suspect Lady Emily for a sorceress, or me for a conjuror, which is no joke in Scotland, I must tell you that Frank Stanley, your friend, who has been seized with a tar-tan fever ever since he heard Edward's tales of old Scottish manners, happened to describe to us at second hand this remarkable cup. My servant, Spontoon, who, like a true old soldier, observes every thing and says little, gave me afterwards to understand that he thought he had seen the piece of plate Mr Stanley mentioned in the possession of a certain Mrs Nosebag, who, having been originally the helpmate of a pawnbroker, had found opportunity, during the late unpleasant scenes in Scotland, to trade a little in her old line, and so became the depository of the more valuable part of the spoil of half the army. You may believe the cup was speedily recovered, and it will give me very great pleasure if you allow me to suppose that its value is not diminished by having been restored through my means."

A tear mingled with the wine which the Baron filled, as he proposed a cup of gratitude to Colonel Talbot, and "The Prosperity of the united Houses of Waverley-Honour and Bradwardine!"

It only remains for me to say, that as no wish was ever uttered with more affectionate sincerity, there are few which, allowing for the necessary mutability of human events, have been, upon the whole, more happily fulfilled.

CHAPTER LXXII.

A POSTSCRIPT, WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PREFACE.

OUR journey is now finished, gentle reader; and if your patience has accompanied me through these sheets, the contract is, on your part, strictly fulfilled. Yet, like the driver who has received his full hire, I still linger near you, and make, with becoming diffidence, a trifling additional claim upon your bounty and good nature. You are as free, however, to shut the volume of the one petitioner, as to close your door in the face of the other.

This should have been a prefatory chapter, but for two reasons: First, that most novel readers, as my own conscience reminds me, are apt to be guilty of the sin of omission respecting that same matter of prefaces. Secondly, that it is a general custom with that class of students, to begin with the last chapter of a work; so that after all, these remarks, being introduced last in order, have still the best chance to be read in their proper place.

There is no European nation, which, within the course of half a century, or little more, has undergone so complete a change as this kingdom of Scotland. The effects of the insurrection of 1745,—the destruction of the patriarchal power of the Highland Chiefs,—the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions of the Lowland nobility and barons,—the total eradication of the Jacobite party, which, averse to intermingle with the English, or adopt their customs, long continued to pride themselves upon maintaining ancient Scottish manners and customs,—commenced this innovation. The gradual influx of wealth, and extension of commerce, have since united to render the present people of Scotland a class of beings as different from their grandfathers as the existing English are from those of Queen Elizabeth's time. The political and economical effects of these changes have been traced by Lord Selkirk with great precision and accuracy. But the change, though steadily and rapidly progressive, has, nevertheless, been gradual; and, like those who drift down the stream of a deep and smooth river, we are not aware of the progress we have made until we fix our eye on the now distant point from which we have been drifted. Such of the present generation as can recollect the last twenty or twenty-five years of the eighteenth century, will be fully sensible of the truth of this statement; especially if their acquaintance and connexions lay among those, who, in my younger time, were facetiously called "folks of the old heaven," who still cherished a lingering though hopeless attachment to the house of Stuart. This race has now almost entirely vanished from the land, and with it, doubtless, much absurd political prejudice; but, also, many living examples of singular and disinterested attachment to the principles of loyalty which they received from their fathers, and of old Scottish faith, hospitality, worth, and honour.

It was my accidental lot, though not born a Highlander, (which may be an apology for much bad Gaelic) to reside during my childhood and youth, among persons of the above description; and now, for the purpose of preserving some idea of the ancient manners of which I have witnessed the almost total extinction, I have embodied in imaginary scenes, and ascribed to fictitious characters, a part of the incidents which I then received from those who were actors in them. Indeed, the most romantic parts of this narrative are precisely those which have a foundation in fact. The exchange of mutual protection between a Highland gentleman and an officer of rank in the king's service, together with the spirited manner in which the latter asserted his right to return the favour he had received, is literally true. The accident by a musket-shot, and the heroic reply imputed to Flora, relate to a lady of rank not long deceased. And scarce a gentleman who was in "hiding" after the battle of Culloden, but could tell a tale of strange concealments, and of wild and hair's-breadth 'scapes, as extraordinary as any which I have ascribed to my heroes. Of this, the escape of Charles Edward himself, as the most prominent, is the most striking example. The accounts of the battle of Preston and skirmish at Clifton, are taken from the narrative of intelligent eye-witnesses, and corrected from the History of the rebellion by the late venerable author of Douglas. The Lowland Scottish gentlemen, and the subordinate characters, are not given as individual portraits, but are drawn from the general habits of the period, of which I have witnessed some remnants in my younger days, and partly gathered from tradition.

It has been my object to describe these persons, not by a caricatured and exaggerated use of the national dialect, but by their habits, manners, and feelings; so as in some distant degree to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth, so different from the "dear joys" who so long, with the most perfect family resemblance to each other, occupied the drama and the novel.

I feel no confidence, however, in the manner in which I have executed my purpose. Indeed, so little was I satisfied with my production, that I laid it aside in an unfinished state, and only found it again by mere accident among other waste papers, after it had been mislaid for several years. Two works upon similar subjects by female authors, whose genius is highly creditable to their country, have appeared in the interval; I mean Mrs Hamilton's *Glenburnie*, and the late *Account of Highland Superstitions*. But the first is confined to the rural habits of Scotland, of which it has given a picture with striking and impressive fidelity; and the traditional records of the respectable and ingenious Mrs Grant of Laggan are of a nature distinct from the fictitious narrative which I have attempted.

I would willingly persuade myself, that the preceding work will not be found altogether uninteresting. To elder persons it will recal scenes

and characters familiar to their youth; and to the rising generation the tale may present some idea of the manners of their forefathers.

Yet I heartily wish that the task of tracing the evanescent manners of his own country had employed the pen of the only man in Scotland who could have done it justice,—of him so eminently distinguished in elegant literature, and whose sketches of Colonel Caustic and Umphraville are perfectly blended with the finer traits of national character; I should in that case have had more pleasure as a reader, than I shall ever feel in the pride of a successful author, should these sheets confer upon me that envied distinction. And as I have inverted the usual arrangement, placing these remarks at the end of the work to which they refer, I will venture on a second violation of form, by closing the whole with a Dedication :

THESE VOLUMES
BEING RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
TO
OUR SCOTTISH ADDISON,
HENRY MACKENZIE,
BY
AN UNKNOWN ADMIRER
OF
HIS GENIUS.

NOTES: BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE life-history of Sir Walter Scott may be divided into five or six remarkable epochs, in each of which his individuality as a man of the highest genius was distinctly developed—as the child, the schoolboy, the student; the editor and critic; the author of the loftiest romance; the man of business and of honourable toil; the patriot and the courtier in the highest sense of these terms—phases of existence which all succeeded one another naturally, and were often interwoven as they came, and in all of which the resources of a constitution almost unexampled for variety and wealth, for adaptability and endurance, were equally displayed. To glance at these biographically and critically as our edition of his works proceeds, is all we can undertake in the circumstances: and first as to important facts in the earlier part of his career.

1771, August 15—WALTER SCOTT was born, in College Wynd, Edinburgh. His father was Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, of the old border family of Harden, a branch of the ducal-house of Buccleugh; his mother was Ann Rutherford, daughter of Professor Rutherford, of the University of Edinburgh; and he himself was the seventh child of their family of twelve.

1773. His life was endangered by fever, which resulted in a permanent lameness; and he was removed for the benefit of his health to his grandfather's farm of Sandy-Knowe, or Smailholm, on the banks of the Tweed, where his love of romance was kindled and the foundations of his literary self-culture laid, among the scenes and legends of the Border. He was subsequently taken on a short visit to Bath, in the South of England.

1779. He returned to Edinburgh, and became a scholar at the High School; where, notwithstanding his lameness, he was conspicuous for physical intrepidity, and was the delight of all his companions for geniality, sprightliness, and story-telling.

1783. He entered the University; where, however, he devoted himself more to the reading of romance and poetry than the study of Greek and Latin, but acquired a considerable knowledge of modern Continental languages—French and Italian in particular.

1786. The year in which Robert Burns's poems were published at Kilmarnock, he became apprentice to his father as a lawyer's clerk in Edinburgh; in whose office his acquaintance with legal phraseology, so amusingly displayed in many of his novels, was practically acquired.

1787. In the spring of — he was introduced to Robert Burns at Dr Adam Ferguson's, where he attracted Burns's notice by the mention of a forgotten poet's name. Burns was agreeably surprised, and predicted his future greatness.

1790. He studied for a higher department of law, and in

1792. Was admitted a member of the Scottish bar.

1797. He married Miss Charlotte Carpenter, a lady of French extraction, whose small fortune might not be unacceptable to a young advocate; but in

1799. He obtained the sheriffdom of Selkirkshire; and in

1806. Was appointed one of the principal clerks of Session; from which two offices he enjoyed handsome enough emoluments, with good professional standing, and abundant leisure as well as most suitable opportunities for the cultivation of his literary tastes.

In 1805, he had become a private partner, on terms of secrecy, in James Ballantyne & Co.'s printing concern—of which, more hereafter; and during the course of the preceding years had formed the intimate acquaintance of all the most distinguished literary and philosophical celebrities of his native city, then one of the most famous in Europe.

Here may be said to close the two first epochs of his life, in which the stores of knowledge and the necessary preparatory experience for future authorship had been gained; but the third great epoch, that of poetry, which was to connect him so intimately with the world, was beginning to evolve itself, and had in fact already begun—for in

1796. He had appeared as the translator of some German Ballads (Burger's); and in

1798. Of Goethe's dramatic fiction *Goetz von Berlichingen*.

1799. His own first works were produced—the ballads of "Glenfinlas," "Eve of St. John," and "the Grey Brother;" and in

1802-3. The fruits of his border researches, in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," with an amount of editorial, critical, and antiquarian information added in the shape of notes which has made it a standing authority in the materials of national romance.

1805. Appeared the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," the metrical romance of rival clans;

1808. "Marmion," the metrical romance of rival kingdoms;

1810. The "Lady of the Lake," the metrical romance of a popular throne; and in

1815. The "Lord of the Isles," the metrical romance of a nation's freedom; four of the grandest historic rhapsodies which have been written in any language since the days of Homer—of which the three first had unparalleled popularity, and placed their author at once, beyond competition, in the foremost rank of modern dramatic lyrists. In the meantime, from 1811 to 1813, the minor poems of "Don Roderick," "Rokeby," and "Bridal of Triernain" had also been published, one each year successively; in 1815 the "Field of Waterloo," and "Harold the Dauntless" in 1817.

But with these concluding exertions, which mark the close of this period, the gift of his poetic muse was withdrawn. So early, however, as 1805, the idea of historical novel writing had occurred to him. In that year "Waverley" had been begun as far as the seventh chapter, but on some discouragement from a friend, was laid aside. In the spring of 1814 it was resumed, finished in the space of three weeks' miraculous writing, and published anonymously in the month of July of that year—with which the fourth and greatest epoch of his existence, and that with which we are now more immediately concerned, begins. At this point, therefore, in Scott's actual, as well as what may be called his mental and spiritual, biography, the reader must bear in mind that he was passing both inwardly and outwardly from one sphere of intellectual development to another; we do not say from the poetic to the prosaic, for they were both poetic—his novels being, in fact, the grandest prose poems; nor from the lyric to the romantic, for his poems were the finest ballads of romance; but from the more restricted sphere of mere versified imaginings, where the laws and standards of poetry were still to be observed and complied with, to the larger sphere of unrestricted inventive and dramatic narration—in a word, from a sphere in which he was already known as the most brilliant poet of modern romance, but in which his success was beginning to abate, to another in which he was totally unknown, but in which he was destined soon to become immortal—in which transition, some peculiar manifestations of mental constitution may certainly be expected.

To take "Waverley" then, as the most conspicuous illustration of this new poetic vein and first of so wonderful a series, we find indubitable traces of self-development and self-recollection in the author, with self-possession, self-husbanding, and self-management in a most remarkable degree. He had innumerable opportunities, for example, for the most gorgeous pictorial descriptions of the most opposite kinds—of mountain scenery, of atmospheric effects, of panoramic views—from the range of Benledi and Benlomond on the one hand, to King Arthur's Seat and far beyond on the other—in the course of "Waverley." But "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" had already been published, and these poems

had exhausted almost all that could be said on the grandest pictorial aspects of the very regions through which *Waverley* is conducted. The reader of the new romance might not reflect on this, but Scott himself well knew it; and both because he had already expended his descriptive resources on these very fields, and because he did not wish his own identity to be betrayed or even suspected, he seems conscientiously, or at least carefully, to abstain from all further efforts in that direction. His descriptions in "*Waverley*" are all local, not panoramic; all on the immediate foreground, not in the distance; all on the moss and the moor, not over-head or in the atmosphere; in villages, forts, or ancient baronial-houses—in parks, avenues, glens, cottages, or taverns, not on hill-tops, from which a world of landscape would have burst on the wayfarer's sight. One parting sunset on the verge of a dismal glen, and a passing glance at the distant Grampians, must suffice for him; *Marmion* and *Fitzjames* have monopolised the rest. This abstinence alone is worth pages of external biography in our study of the author's mind.

In another direction also, prophetic as to authorship, the introduction of a character like "the gifted *Gilfillan*" was the distinctest forecast of some grand national theme in store for the world, if the world had been able to imagine it, or to dream of such a romance as "*Old Mortality*" in *Avondale* or the *Valley of the Clyde*; and not only so, but the contrast between a man like *Gilfillan* and another man like the minister of *Cairnvreckan* showed exactly in what style the most difficult page in all Scottish history was to be commented on. To say that "*Rob Roy*" was in embryo throughout all this, with still another phase of national character similar to, but far beyond *Donald Bean*, who was but an inferior prototype of the class, is to say nothing, for it is obvious; but in these and several other ways the germs of creative power may be discovered, and the sort of training on the author's part of his own faculty in this, and the "hanselling," so to speak, of his materials is to a certain extent, as an interesting spiritual phenomenon, recognisable.

According to the highest literary canons, every perfect story should have a beginning, a middle, and an end; but of this delightful fiction there seems at least to be no beginning, and should have been no end. The middle, or turning point of the narrative, is of course at the battle of *Preston-Pans*, where all the previous almost imperceptible threads begin to be gathered up and arranged, and explanations are given, and the progress of a plot is allowed, and the tendency of the whole is dimly apparent. As for the end itself—although *Flora's* words at the conclusion of Chapter XLVIII. seem plainly enough to indicate what it will be on the one hand, for *Rose* and *Waverley*, and an occasional doubt, or random remark, or foolish oath of *Fergus's*, or all together, indicate also the dark probabilities of his own destiny on the other—its dramatic certainty is not clear till the issue of the skirmish at *Clifton*, and it might have been protracted indefinitely with the reader's entire approval; but the beginning seems to be nowhere. No impartial critic, till beyond the middle of the story, can say where it begins. It seems to be always beginning, and never begins; and any one point we fix upon will be found short of what we afterwards ascertain, to our own amazement, provocation, and delight. It begins, in fact, by anticipation or by retrospect, long before its own ostensible date, and is a narrative, by implication, of romantic events from 1715 to 1745. Twice or thrice among the earlier chapters a plot seems to be involved and on the very eve of being carried out, but it dissipates itself immediately in the mere atmosphere of recital; and all traces of the author's design, thus partially revealed if we knew it, are so quickly withdrawn or so completely obliterated as if by accident, that what the very body of the work shall be is involved in as much mystery as the schemes of the adventurers themselves. Nobody, for instance, would ever dream that *Waverley* was to be rescued from captivity by a Highland robber, because we are instructed beforehand that *Donald* occasionally took a *Perth* Bailie or a gawky bridegroom prisoner to be ransomed for money. The loss of *Waverley's* seal in the cavern is the first clear indication that some mischief from that quarter is in store, but how or when it will be developed is for many chapters afterwards an impenetrable or forgotten enigma. No mere progressive narrative,

we may boldly affirm, was ever more simply or more exquisitely unfolded—scarcely any, but in the author's own hands, was ever equal to it in these essential respects. We walk blindly onwards in unavailing conjecture, or indeed without conjecturing at all, to the middle of the field; we look backwards on our track from that point with astonishment on what seems to be all a dream; and onwards again with renewed interest, with sorrowful apprehensions, and with tremulous excitement to the final hour.

On so grand a masterpiece, when we have leisure to reflect, we have also our own critical commentaries to bestow; and *first*, we observe that there is obviously a moral and even a political, as well as mere dramatic interest involved, and a beautiful lesson therewith to be conveyed. England and Scotland are to be reconciled and reunited by a new relationship of love and courtesy, beyond all Acts of Parliament; political animosities are to be soothed or abolished, national prejudices are to be softened or obliterated, social rights are to prevail over party wrongs, and family feuds are to be swallowed for ever in domestic loves;—Waverley's son shall be heir to Bradwardine, and Rose herself shall be Lady of Waverley-Honour. What is hopelessly irreconcilable shall be grandly abolished in characteristic martyrdom, or retire in characteristic self-sacrifice and dignity from the intrusion of the world. This grand moral idea is the basis of the entire fable; and without such an idea in his mind from the commencement, it would have been artistically impossible for any author to construct it. In the *second* place, and where the union of art and morals is still more conspicuously shown, there is the most beautiful development of personal character and domestic life, as well as of national interests, and the most exquisite interweaving of domestic incidents and details with the great events of history, visible throughout. The widow and the orphan, the sister the brother, the father the child, the master the servant, the patron the client, the landlord the tenant, the horse and the dog, the crafty intriguer and the hapless idiot—all these, as well as the Government and the Rebellion, the magistrate and the people, the Prince and the military powers, are in the writer's eye, and occupy incessantly the writer's most assiduous regards. He saw more in any historical event, than the external machinery of its accomplishment; and more in the commotion of a kingdom, than the levy of troops or the collision of armies. The individual life, that pervaded and coloured and enriched it all, was the theme of his most loving thought, and the subject of his most careful artistic handling. To quote special illustrations of this would be to quote almost the entire volume; let the reader, therefore, be content with one, and recall hundreds of others by a single example. Ballenkeiroch is but a third or fourth-rate personage in the story, but he lost his only son by the Baron of Bradwardine's instrumentality before the story begins, and is thirsting to revenge that loss. The Baron of Bradwardine on the other hand, who is the very glory of the whole romance, has no son at all, but only a daughter, to maintain his name, and is too much occupied with himself to remember Ballenkeiroch whom his own hand has made childless. Thus they stand, to the reader's incidental knowledge from the commencement, (who by and by, however, forgets all about the quarrel,) alienated from one another for years, although both enthusiastic supporters of the same cause. But if the reader has forgotten that quarrel of theirs, the author has not; and these two mortal enemies shall in due time meet at the very place and moment when they are both triumphant, but when the Baron is supremely, almost ridiculously, pre-occupied with concern about his family honours—when he feels for himself most acutely the want of a son, and when his rigid nature is readiest to yield to the impulse of sympathy, and does yield as far as such a nature could—so far, as to brook with sorrow and forgiveness the scowling look of defiance from Ballenkeiroch, which in any other circumstances would have inspired implacable anger and some new act of homicide. Yet such a meeting was by no means necessary to the progress of the plot; it was accidental in every way, both in fact and in imagination; and no author, but a man of the profoundest parental tenderness himself as well as knowledge of human nature in others, would ever have thought of it; no artist, but the most consummate in the provision and arrangement of all details, could have introduced it so. But the story

throughout may be tried on the same principle of artistic foresight united with, and subservient to, the purest and gentlest humanity in the writer at every turn, and will never be found wanting. The whole work, in short, is one grand lesson of human sympathy and the divinest charity, for all who have hearts to understand it.

From another point of view the reader may remark, in the *third* place, the author's half-conscious desire to display much of his own learning by the speech and to the credit of his fellow-countrymen. Latin, French, and Italian are freely introduced, but by Scotchmen only; though Waverley is presumed to understand them all, he does not, in fact, use more than three words of one of them. Whether this distinction is only in character for him as a modest youth, and for the others as accomplished men of the world, is not of any consequence in the case; for the accomplishments and experience necessary to make a man of the world, seem to fall naturally in the author's hands to the Scotchmen's side. Waverley, we are told, can admire the moon and quote a stanza from Tasso, but he does nothing to support this credit in our hearing. The Baron's Latin and learning indeed, although modestly underrated, are both redundant; and being a scholar, a soldier, and a lawyer, his quotations are both classical and professional together. Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, the Latin Grammar, and the Statute-Book are equally familiar, and employed all with equal propriety and pith: in which respect, Scott's intimate acquaintance with the oldest and quaintest legal phraseology becomes amusingly conspicuous, and the history of their language by the intermixture and adaptation of so many Latin terms, in processes familiar to the law-loving Scotch, is incidentally explained to every reader. The Baron and the Bailie, between them, are living glossarial text-books for a tenth part almost of the Scottish tongue. To remark farther on the author's discrimination between one dialect and another of the same tongue—between the gibberish of the Highland population, for example, attempting Scotch, and the broad vernacular of the Lowland Scotch, and the quaint scholarly compound of the Baron's Scotch (in which forms of speech more than mere terms distinguish its nationality), and the slang of Cumberland, which does not even resemble Scotch, and yet has strangely been confounded with it by lexicographers—is scarcely required here, the distinctions in the text itself being so clearly and beautifully obvious.

As to the construction of the story, there is properly a twofold plot, as the reader on reflection will easily see; *first*, there is the plot of the mere fable, or ostensible plot, which turns on the mutual services of generosity and gratitude between Waverley and Talbot, and might have been varied at pleasure; *second*, the plot of the romance, the historical plot, which might be enriched and adorned as it is, but could not be varied. To the mere critic of novels, the mutual relations of Waverley and Talbot with all the accessories of accommodation, helped on by newspaper reports, mail-coach gossip, military servants, guards and spies, will be everything; to the student of romance and history, of higher fiction and of human nature, these will be all of secondary importance in comparison with the great moral and national interests involved, which float around such minor details like an atmosphere of love and sorrow round a speck of earth, and waft them insensibly along, as sparrows that are sold for a farthing, to historic immortality. In this view, the entire story is a grand interwoven historical narrative, with moral and domestic interests attached. It has four principal, and two or three subordinate heroes; and two heroines-in-chief, who divide our sympathies equally between them. Whether Waverley, Fergus, the Baron, or the Prince is the actual hero, would indeed be difficult to say. The romance hinges on the fate of them all, and they are so associated by circumstances of intrigue or accident, that it is impossible to separate them in imagination for a moment. Flora and Rose are equally inseparable; and like Waverley himself, for a while, we hardly know which to prefer, till love at last becomes the open advocate—as he has secretly been from the beginning, although we did not see it—and helps us to a natural decision. There are, in fact, two great sets of principles in play, which have each their appropriate representatives—Faith and courage, associated with ambition, and under the leadership of intrigue which have Fergus and the Prince for heroes, and Flora for their

heroine and saint, for whom sacrifice and sorrow are reserved; faith and courage, associated with love, under the leadership of the purest loyalty, which have the Baron for their single type, and Rose for their sweetest emblem, for whom trial and triumph are reserved; but these personages and principles represent, also, the two great political extremes of the nation; and Waverley, accessible to both, the victim of intrigue and the votary of love, vibrates like a pendulum between them. Even the secondary principles of clanship on the one hand, and soldierly duty on the other, have representatives of their own, like Evan Dhu and Colonel Talbot, with heroines like Alice and Lady Emily to correspond, down to the lowest grades of relationship in Callum Beg and the Sergeant; but these, also, are all so admirably interwoven with the progress of the narrative, that the plot would be injured or destroyed by the want of the most insignificant among them. To sum all up, and show the connection of the whole—Waverley would be nothing but for Fergus and Flora, Fergus and Flora would be nothing but for the Prince; Talbot would be little more than second-rate but for Waverley, and Madam Nosebag would be a nuisance but for the Baron's cup. The Baron alone, as the living type of a nation in so many endearing aspects, might easily survive as he is, without one of them.

And now, in conclusion, as to the brushing down and polishing of so grand a masterpiece. That flaws here and there may be discovered, a few trivial inconsistencies, and a few grammatical slips, is not to be denied. Even after the author's own revision, in 1829, they remain discernible; and although their correction in many cases might have been accomplished by the alteration or addition of a single word or letter, the blemish has been overlooked or forgotten, and remains as it originally was. The same remark is applicable to several others of his grandest works, and shows how little conscious or concerned he was about fractions of chronology or minute coherence of the text. In "Waverley," comparatively few of these occur. We note only two inconsistencies—one, for instance, is that Evan Dhu is spoken of as the *foster-brother* of the Chief, whereas Fergus was born in France, and Evan's own birth could hardly have happened there; two slight improbabilities, and one or two deviations from his own standard of orthography, or from the text of authors quoted by him, which we need not specify. Such, if we mistake not, are almost the only oversights the most inquisitive mole-eyed criticism can detect, like specks and flaws in the solid marble where the love, tenderness, strength, truth, pride, and patriotism of a whole people are enshrined.

HISTORICAL DETAILS.

AS so many personages and events of historical importance are referred to in the progress of this beautiful romance, the reader may find a brief analysis or classification of these, with an attempt to identify the principal imaginary characters, of some interest or use as a key to the interpretation of the whole. With this object, the following list of actors, facts, and correspondences is subjoined.

I. JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD STEWART, Prince of Wales, afterwards self-styled James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland, known among the Jacobites, and spoken of in "Waverley" and elsewhere in the Waverley Novels, as *The King*, but more commonly known as the Chevalier de St. George or First Pretender, was the only son of James II., by Mary Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Modena, his second wife. He was born in 1688, shortly before his father's abdication or forfeiture, and being excluded from succession by a special decree, was carried by his parents with them into exile. His half-sisters, Mary and Anne, (Mary with her husband, William Prince of Orange) succeeded in turn to his father's throne. The exiled monarch, with his family and followers, was established in a sort of mock royal state at the Court of St. Germain's, by the liberality and under the brotherly protection of Louis XIV., who, at the King's death in 1701, affectionately under-

took the promotion of his son's interests. In 1715, James Francis, Chevalier de St. George, with the support and encouragement of the French Cabinet, but entirely at the discretion of his own intriguing councillors, was put forward as Pretender to his father's forfeited crown. The insurrection of that memorable year in his favour was conducted, misconducted, and lost by the accomplished and zealous but incompetent Earl of Mar, the half-won battle of Sheriffmuir in Scotland and total surrender of Preston in England being the concluding decisive events of the campaign; in consequence of which, many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of both countries suffered forfeiture, banishment, or death. It was in this rebellion that Sir Everard Waverley, the Baron, and all the older friends of the *Cause* are supposed to have been engaged, and it is to it and its dangers they are constantly referring with significance. Their great antagonist in this contest was the gifted and patriotic Duke of Argyll, by whose energy, courage, and diplomatic skill the Hanoverian dynasty was ultimately established on the British Throne.

The Chevalier was an ill-educated, weak-minded, superstitious nian, who looked much like a fool when he laughed, and yet more like a fool when he prayed; but was handsome, agreeable in conversation, and otherwise amiable enough. Notwithstanding the failure of 1715, therefore, the brilliant future still possible for him as the legitimate heir of so great a crown, made an alliance easy with the richest heiress in Europe. Negotiations with this object in view were accordingly opened, to obtain for him in marriage the Princess Clementina, daughter of Prince James, and grand-daughter of King John Sobieski of Poland, celebrated for the defeat inflicted by him on the Turks at Vienna. After many romantic delays, occasioned by the jealousy of the High Powers chiefly concerned, this union was formally ratified in 1719, of which two sons were born.

II. CHARLES EDWARD LEWIS CASIMIR STUART—by whom the family name seems to have been thus changed from STEWART—popularly known as the Young Pretender, the Young Chevalier, the Young Prince [of Wales], eldest son of the above, was born at Rome, Dec. 31, 1720. He served for a while under Don Carlos in Spain, and in 1743 was selected by the friends of the Stewart cause in France to represent his father's fortunes, and re-assert his father's claim to the lost crown in a new expedition, which was ultimately undertaken, with promise of support from the French government, in 1745—during the absence of George II. in his own patrimonial territories of Hanover. The Prince with some of his father's oldest friends, on board a small sloop of war called the *Doutelle*, after some loss to his convoy by encountering the British fleet at sea, reached the island of South Uist in the Hebrides in the month of July that year. After some correspondence with the neighbouring chiefs he approached the mainland on the 25th, and was first received by Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart, both MacDonalds, and by a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart's, whose individual enthusiasm when the others hesitated settled the enterprise, and whose fiery temperament in several ways seems to be typified in Fergus Mac-Ivor. The Prince's standard was then formally displayed in Glenfinnan (where a monument now marks the spot), and at the head of an army consisting almost entirely of Clansmen with Clanranald and Lord George Murray in high command—of whom Fergus is represented as being unreasonably jealous—marched triumphantly to Edinburgh; where he proclaimed his father King and himself Prince Regent, on the 17th of September. General Sir John Cope, in the meantime, had come by sea from the north to Dunbar in hopes of intercepting his farther progress, but was ignominiously defeated at Preston-Pans on the morning of the 21st. The Prince and his followers then returned again to Edinburgh, where he occupied some weeks in vain, attempting to reduce the castle. He resumed his march for the south on the 31st of October, at the head of nearly 6000 men; and, after a short siege, entered Carlisle in triumph on the 17th of November. But his forces had diminished by the way, and his progress was continued with some discouragements, through Lancaster, Preston, Manchester and other important towns, as far as Derby—that is, within 127 miles of London. By this time the Duke of Cumberland had an army

of 10,000 on his left flank, Marshal Wade with another outnumbering his own occupied the rear, and the King himself, now returned from Hanover, had a third organised in front. In these circumstances, his followers, without reinforcements, declined to proceed. An unwilling retreat was effected by him, through all these difficulties, with wonderful skill; the royal forces were repelled with great spirit by the rear-guard of his troops at Clifton, and again in the more important action at Falkirk; but the object in view for the winter being a secure encampment among the Highlands, he continued his march still northwards, and was at last in an evil hour, by miscalculation or otherwise, induced to hazard an engagement on the open field of Drum Mossie Moor, better known as Culloden, where he suffered an irretrievable defeat by greatly superior forces under the Duke of Cumberland, on the 16th of April, 1746.

Charles's melancholy wanderings in the Highlands, chiefly among the Hebrides, after this reverse, his romantic escape in disguise assisted by the devotion and address of Flora MacDonald, and his return to France, require only to be mentioned. He was shortly afterwards constrained, for political reasons, to exile himself from that Kingdom, and more than once attempted to renew his intrigues for restoration to the British Throne. Failing in these, he abandoned his titular distinction of Prince, and lived incognito at Rome as the Count of Albany; where he died January 31st, 1788, aged 68. Late in life he had contracted an unhappy marriage with the Princess Louisa of Stolberg, by whom, however, he had no family; but he left a daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, whom he acknowledged for a wife, and legitimised this offspring as his heiress by the title of the Countess of Albany; in whose honour, "as the Bonny Lass of Albany," Robert Burns has indited one of his many patriotic lyrics devoted to the *Unfortunate Cause*.

III. FERGUS MAC-IVOR, VICH IAN VOHR, although no doubt an imaginary personage, is in many respects typical of several chiefs, from whose history individual accidents have been selected to constitute himself the perfect hero of romance. For obvious reasons, the union of these details has been such as to prevent the identification of his person with any one in particular, but there are references sufficiently clear to enable us to distinguish more than one original. Discarding, as we may reasonably do to some extent, the circumstances of his birth and education, as fictitious, we remark—

1. That he was a prominent leader in the foremost line of battle at the victory of Preston-Pans: but the leading chiefs in that line were all MacDonalds—Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengarry, and Glencoe; which last-mentioned clan held the very place of honour practically assigned to Fergus, namely, the right in advance.

2. He was an influential member of the Pretender's council: and the same representative chiefs of that important tribe were found there, and the only MacDonalds there found. He was beyond doubt, therefore, a typical hero of that celebrated name.

3. Of the four great branches of that clan already specified, the nearest in position, in predatory habits, and in name to the Mac-Ivors of Waverley were the MacDonalds of Glencoe, whose hereditary chief was called Mac Vic Ian, or Vic Jan; and the Vic Ian of the time was a youth of the highest spirit and most chivalrous ambition, who brought a considerable following to the field, although not so large by half as Fergus is represented to have done.

It is true, that the whole scene of Fergus's residence and authority is far to the east of Glencoe, and in a different county. So far indeed as names and descriptions enable us to fix it, it must have been in the very heart of Perthshire: we have a Glenquich at least, with streams and old castles or Chaistles, and a small loch also, to correspond, about the sources of the river Brand between the Almond and the Tay, and a little to the southwest of Grandtully, which has so strong a resemblance to Tully-Veolan that scarcely a doubt of its identity can be entertained. This transference of a hero to a more suitable region for the purposes of romance, than that which he actually occupied, would be nothing; but there are other more important discrepancies to be accounted for.

1. We are distinctly informed by Flora, that whilst Clanranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, and

Glencoe, have all been solemnly appealed to in MacMurrough's song, a special series of compliments and invocations was reserved for her brother, as if he represented some other clan; a confusion for which poetic license, or want of memory in the writer, may account: but,

2. The chieftain who repulsed the cavalry at Clifton, drawing his sword and crying "Claymore," was not a MacDonald but a MacPherson,—Cluny MacPherson himself in fact, at the head of his own clan; who survived the disaster and ultimately escaped to France.

3. The MacDonalds who were executed at Carlisle, October 18th, 1746, for their share in the Rebellion, were not of Glencoe; the one being Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, the first man who welcomed the Pretender on shore; and the other, a Major Donald MacDonald of Tyndrich, a clansman of Glengarry's.

4. The man who actually used the words ascribed to Fergus, on his way to the scaffold, was Lord Balmerino before his own execution at the Tower of London, the words of Kinlochmoidart at Carlisle being of a much more pacific character.

There seems therefore to have been no real Fergus at all, beyond what was real in several of his tribe: yet so vividly and minutely have his character and person been represented, that ninety-nine out of every hundred readers will continue to believe in his existence, and in his identity with some unknown real personage on the confines of Perthshire and Argyll. In point of fact, the cell at Carlisle described as Mac-Ivor's, was occupied by Kinlochmoidart, whose initials are still to be read there, and the mark of a hand on the wall, said to have been worn out by him in his efforts to obtain a glimpse of Scotland from the grating of his prison, besides some curious hieroglyphic inscriptions by other captives, (comp. pp. 160, 327). For some of these particulars we are indebted to most courteous information many years ago from the then venerable, since deceased, Mr Howard of Corby Castle, the head of a distinguished Roman Catholic family in the neighbourhood of Carlisle; whose ancestors are historically celebrated for their devotion to the Stewart cause, of which they have handed down many beautiful and precious relics, including a golden rosary of Queen Mary's bequeathed on the scaffold, and a portrait of Charles II.; to which was added in later times, and may now be mentioned as of special interest to the readers of Waverley, Kinlochmoidart's sword, called the sword of Fergus Mac-Ivor. Their ancient romantic residence on the banks of the Eden, a little to the eastward of the city, the author most probably had in his eye as the temporary asylum of Flora Mac-Ivor in the day of her calamity. Kinlochmoidart, however, left a widow and several children, instead of an only sister, to lament his loss. His estate was confiscated and his residence destroyed,—a side-saddle for his widow, to fly where she pleased with his orphans, being all that was bequeathed to her of his property. Of his sons, three were educated in France. The eldest, Allan, became an officer in the British army, his younger brother an officer in the French army. These two gallant men met on opposite sides in the Canadian war, when the younger was conducted blind-fold to embrace his brother in the British ranks, on the eve of an impending battle there. They both survived. The younger rose to the dignity of Marshal in the French service, but perished on the scaffold at the great Revolution. Allan, the elder, by his gallantry and loyalty at home, procured the restoration of his father's estates. One of his daughters was subsequently married to Col. Robertson, a son of Principal Robertson's the celebrated historian; and to their youngest daughter, wife of the Rev. Dr. John Gibson Macvicar, of Moffat, a man not less distinguished for his christian philanthropy than for his high attainments in philosophy and science, we are indebted for the above interesting particulars. Kinlochmoidart, we may add, accompanied by a solitary *gillie*, with despatches from Carlisle to Glasgow, was surprised and made prisoner in a small inn at Lesmahagow, on a sabbath-day, or fast-day, by the minister and congregation then worshipping there, who, on the rumour that an influential rebel was in the town, left the church in a body for the purpose.

The Scotch prisoners, in the Rebellion of 1745, were tried in 1746 by a Court of *Oyer* and *Terminer*, at Carlisle and other English cities, in direct contravention of the terms

of Union, according to which, and every principle of international equity, their trials should have been conducted in their native country. The alleged leniency extended to many who were concerned in the previous Rebellion of 1715, by the Scottish juries before whom they were tried, was the public argument employed to justify the public violation of all national law by the Government in 1745. Of this, and of the barbarities accompanying the execution according to English statute, Fergus is made to complain to Waverley as the only real grievances which disturb him at the final moment. The place of execution itself was Harrowby Hill, a little to the east of Carlisle, beyond the English gate. It corresponds to what we call a Gallow-hill in Scotland, and has long been the scene of public expiation for all criminal offences on the English western border.

IV. COSMO COMYNE BRADWARDINE has no historical prototype known to us, nor any in imagination that comes near him. The person who actually commanded the cavalry at Gladsmuir, the post of honour assigned to the Baron, was William, fourth Viscount Strathallan, who fought also with great gallantry at Culloden, as the Baron is represented to have done; but Strathallan did not follow the Pretender into England, as the Baron did; and although reported slain at Culloden, he really survived the carnage there and escaped to France. It is to this nobleman Burns ascribes the beautiful soliloquy, "Thickest Night, surround my Dwelling." We need hardly remind the reader that Bradwardine's title of Baron did not imply a peerage of the realm, as Strathallan's did, but denoted only a minor baronage—that was, hereditary right of private jurisdiction, a sort of connecting link between the people and the peerage.

V. COLONEL G——: JAMES GARDINER, born at Carriden, Linlithgowshire, 1688, entered the army, in a Scots regiment then serving in Holland, at the age of 14; joined afterwards the English army, and fought with great distinction under Marlborough during the whole of his Continental campaigns. After many proofs of courage and capacity, he was raised to the rank of Colonel, and in command of a new regiment of dragoons, most unworthy of their brave chief, was slain, as narrated in the text, at the battle of Preston-Pans, Sept. 21, 1745. For other particulars, see *Life of Colonel Gardiner*, by Philip Doddridge, D.D.

VI. COLONEL TALBOT'S connection with the romance, as the author informs us in his concluding chapter, was founded on an interesting historical fact at the battle of Preston-Pans; but the gallant soldier there rescued and made captive was not an Englishman, but Colonel Whitefoord of Ayrshire—presumably of the Ballochmyle family, to a member of which Burns addressed his well-known lyric, "The Catrine Woods were yellow seen," on the occasion of Sir John Whitefoord's leaving that romantic neighbourhood.

VII. H.R.H. WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, born 1721, was the second son of GEORGE II. and Princess Caroline of Anspach, his consort, a woman of great dignity and grace. The Duke was on the Continent when the Rebellion of 1745 began, which, in consequence of Cope's incapacity, he was summoned to resist and quell. Although no great general, he had ferocity and force enough to conduct the campaign to a successful close at Culloden; but the barbarities and wanton cruelties of which he was guilty after that victory have made his name, as the "Bloody Butcher," an object of execration to this day among the inhabitants of that region. When the rebellion was suppressed, he returned again to complete his campaign on the Continent, where his absolute inferiority as a general was soon disastrously conspicuous.

VIII. EDWARD WAVERLEY, a very fine type of the highest English gentry, with all their accomplishments and generosity, is, of course, an entirely imaginary character.

GENERAL GLOSSARY

FOR

POPULAR EDITION OF WAVERLEY NOVELS.

WAVERLEY.

IN preparing this Glossary, the general plan of which will be adhered to in the rest, the Editor, to facilitate reference, has arranged under various heads of Scotch, Latin, French, &c., the terms and phrases occurring in these languages; and has devoted a separate column to sentences or quotations too large for insertion among mere words. To economise space also, he has omitted all terms, phrases, or quotations interpreted by the Author himself in his own text, although the Author's interpretations are not always literal; and in corresponding Glossaries for succeeding volumes, such words as may have appeared in the present Glossary, or the commonest Scotch words which require no explanation, will likewise be omitted. But in place of these, wherever suitable opportunities occur, brief notes illustrative of national habits, history, &c., will be added to the interpretation of words, which it is hoped may be of service to the general reader, to whose intelligence their application in particular cases must be intrusted. The whole is being specially prepared by the Editor, from the highest independent authorities, for the present Edition of the Waverley Novels.

GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

SCOTCH.

Assythment—satisfaction, in law.
Assolizied—acquitted, in law.
Auld Fifteen—jocular designation for Judges of the Court of Session, in allusion to the number of their Lordships.
Auld hurley-house—confused old building.
Auld Sang, an—very cheap; 'next to nothing.

Baff—a shot; a blow.
Bagganets—corruption for bayonets.
Bailie—a factor with magisterial power, on old baronial estates of Scotland: title since transferred to burgh magistrates next in rank to provost, in as much as these were often appointed by the Lord of the Barony. Spelt by Scott, *bailie* or *baillie*.
Ban, Bawty, &c.—favourite names for dogs.
Barley in a bruilzie—truce in a quarrel.
Baxters—bakers.
Beftumed—befooled; mocked; cheated.
Begunk—a trick; a deception.
Being that—since.

Ben=*Be-in*—within; inner room of a cottage.
Far-ben—well advanced in favour, knowledge, place, or power.
Bent—short heathy stubble; the open moor.
To bide the bent—to endure persecution. *To tak the bent*—to fly to the open for safety.
Be-nempt—by name, so named.
Better place—heaven.
Beware the Bar—Beware the Bear (a motto).
Bicker—large wooden bowl. *To bicker*—to quarrel; to fight; to wrangle.
Bieldy bit—sheltered place.
Biggings—a building; a house.
Birlieman—low parish-officer, or appraiser.
Black-fishing—spearing salmon by night when they are spawning, or newly spawned. (Compare *Guy Mannering*, chap. xxvi.)
Bloodwit, or *bluidwyte*—fine for bloodshed.
Boddle—a copper coin value two pennies Scots, equal one-third of half-penny stg.; so called from one *Bothwell*, an economical master of the Mint.

- Bogle about the bush*—children's play, frightening or chasing each other, among bushes.
Boune ye—prepare ye.
Bra', bra' = *braw*, *braw*—fine, fine; grand, grand—exclamation of a child or idiot.
Briefes of furiosity—letters for apprehension in case of madness.
Brissel-cock—supposed to be the turkey cock, from its bristling action.
Bruckie state—infirm condition.
Bruck their ain—hold and enjoy their own.
Buttock-mail—penalty of sitting on the stool of repentance; enduring a public rebuke in church for immorality.
Buat, or *bouat*—a lantern glazed in horn, common in country; and for large parties, sometimes carried on top of a pole—hence figuratively used of the moon, as in text.
Bydand—waiting or enduring (a motto).
Canny hand—careful person.
Canny an' fendy—kind and cautious.
Cadger's pownie—huckster's back.
Cast-weary cast—long journey round.
Catherans—outlaws; robbers—hence *Loch Catheran*, or *Ketturin*, or *Katrins*, the lake of the robbers.
Circumbendibus—slang latin for round about.
Clambewit—sharp blow on head.
Claw favour—curry favour.
Clean-made and deliver—well-shapen and ready for action.
Cleek the cunnie—to hook the coin or money.
Cogues, or *cogs*—small wooden vessels.
Colties—shepherds' dogs.
Cookit the partridge for him—prepared the trick; laid the snare for him.
Cow yere cracks—to quell your foolish talk.
Craig a thraw, to gie—to give the neck a twist.
Creagh—violent spoil; a foray (*gaelic*).
Cuittle the tail, of muirford—to wound (*lit.* to tickle) a flying bird with shot from behind.
Dark-hag—gloomy copsewood.
Deacon o' his craft—master of his trade.
Deasil, or deasoil—a circuit with the sun.
Debinded—confined in.
Deevil's buckie—devil's twisted shell; a stubborn perverse plague.
Deil be i' me, or wi' me—The devil be in me, or with me (an oath).
Dependencies—ceremonies, details, &c.
Dern-path—hidden, or secret path.
Dinnonts—a variety of black cattle.
Dings—drives, beats, surpasses.
Dogheads—hammers of pistols or guns.
Doer—contemptuous name for a factor.
Doil'd dotard—stupid old fool.
Dorlach—portmanteau (*gaelic*).
Dovering hame—half-sleeping; half-thinking; half-walking, home.
Drive gear—drave his gear; to drive—drove away his cattle, or goods.
Droghling, coghling, baille bodie—the weakly, wheezing, magisterial creature.
Effeir—purtenance; preparation of, or be-longing to [war].
Enemy, The—Satan.
Etter-cap—large angry moor-spider, or dragon-fly; an ill-humoured person.
Evite—escape.
Evidents—public proofs of title, &c.
Ewest, maist—lying nearest to.
Expedite—to hasten on, in law.
Excemed—excepted; excused.
Extract—dextra—copy of judgment for execution; to take copy of ditto.
Factory—office of factor on an estate.
Flemit—put to flight in fear.
Fleyt, for flytit—blamed; chode.
Following—a retinue of clansmen.
Forebears—forefathers.
Fuel, feal, and divot—peats or firewood, thin turf, and thick turf; the two latter for building dykes or thatching cottages.
Gang-out, or gae-out—in rebellion, as in 1745.
Gambadoes—gaiters covering the knees.
Gar stane an' lime wa's dinne—to make stone and lime walls tremble.
Gillie whitefoots—barefoot lads, in contradistinction to the *red-foots*, men who wore brogues of deerskin with the rough red hair outermost.
Gimmers—ewes two years old.
Gingebread—gingerbread.
Gled, hungry as—species of hawk; voracious.
Gleg aneugh—sharp enough.
Glisk—short, quick glimpse.
Grice—young pig.
Gloaming—dusk of the evening.
Ground—region of jurisdiction or tenantry.
Grounsill—beam on the ground-floor; sleeper; threshold.
Het gad—red-hot iron rod.
Het girdle—hot iron plate for firing oat cakes.
Hill-folk—Covenanters, so called from worshipping among the hills to escape persecution.
In the bees—bewildered; excited.
Indue jackboots, to—to draw on military boots.
Inhibit, to—to prevent, in law.
Innocent—harmless idiot.
Inquest—examination before a jury.
Jougs, or jugs—iron collar for the neck, to keep the criminal erect at the pillory.
Justified—executed by law; made righteous by death—an idea which lies at the foundation of all retributive justice: comp. Epist. to Romans, vi. 7.
Kemple o' strae—forty wisps of straw.
Kippage, in an unco—very much disturbed; agitated, "in a great way."
Kyloes—a sort of small Highland cattle.
Landlouper—a tramp; a vagabond.
Leach—a barber surgeon; carried ribbons on a pole to bind the wound, with brass basin to catch blood, as his insignia.
Lee, or lee' land—land left in pasture, not touched by the plough.
Letten aff—discharged [a gun].

Letters of stains—legal certificates of compensation received for manslaughter.

Lift—to carry off plunder wholesale.

Limmer—idle, thoughtless girl.

Lofted house—house of two, or more storeys.

Loons—hired servants; idle servants, hence a term of reproach. *Rudas loons*—bold, turbulent fellows.

Lunzie string—sportsman's waist-belt.

Luck can maist in melle—fortune prevails in confusion (proverb).

Mains—home-farm on an estate.

Mainbread, or *manebread*—light, sweet bread.

Maist feck—greatest part.

Majoring afore—foolishly posturing, or exhibiting oneself before spectators.

Mask tea—to mash, or infuse tea.

Maut abune meal—drink above dinner (prov.)

Mavourneen—my darling (*Irish, gaelic*).

Mickle frae, to take—to suffer much from one willingly.

Misguggled, or *misgoggled*—botch'd; blundered; spoilt in the handling.

Morning—glass of whisky before breakfast.

Mousted head—perfumed-powdered head.

Naig—horse; hack-horse.

Nath'less—nevertheless.

Neb o' them—their nose.

Net and coble—varieties of fishing, with nets from the shore or in a boat.

Old to do—ould fash—old story over.

Outfield and infield—land out of, and in, cultivation—the two parts of a farm.

Overlord—feudal superior.

Pannelled—impanelled for trial.

Pairtrick, or *pairtrick*—a partridge.

Pang'd—filled full; crammed.

Pawnies—peacocks.

Peel-house—small fortress.

Pinnere—woman's head-dress, with lappets.

Plack the waur, no a—not injured to the extent of a farthing.

Pottingars—apothecaries; confectioners.

Powtering—working confusedly.

Prejudice, to—to injure in effect.

Propone—to set forward in law.

Redd, to—to clear; to separate.

Reises—loose branchy brushwood.

Rehabilitated—clothed a second time with legal right of possession.

Resiling—drawing back from agreement.

Runts—worn-out cows, or cattle.

Scarted paper—written document.

Schellum—mean, worthless fellow.

Scouping—bounding in rapid curves.

Set on broo—to serve up broth, &c.

Shilpit—thin; weak; tasteless.

Siccan—such a; such a l.

Smearing-house—place for smearing sheep.

Sopite—to set at rest a quarrel, &c.

Sorted (of a horse)—groomed.

Sowens—kind of pottage made from the husks of corn steeped and soured (hence *sourens*) strained, boiled to consistence, cooled, and supped with sweet milk, a finer treat than most confectionery; sometimes seasoned with butter. By Burns, spelt *so'ns*.

Spence—best room in a cottage.

Sprack festivity—lively entertainment.

Spuilzie—plunder.

Sprechery—small booty; odds and ends of household plunder.

Stots—oxen.

Streek doon—to lie down beside.

Taiglitt—delayed; kept back.

Tailite, or *tailzie*—entail.

Tappit hen—a whisky measure with lid.

Ten commandments—figurative, for a woman's fingers: used also by Shakespeare.

The Feitteen—the rebellion of 1715.

Threepit—insisted; asserted strongly.

Tirrvie—sudden passionate possession.

Tocherless—without dowry.

Tofts—messuages, spaces laid out for buildings: *Crofts*—portions of good land adjoining thereto. The words generally go together in title-deeds.

Trysting tree—tree of tryst, or meeting.

Tuilzie—tussle; contest.

Uhlans—gentlemen troopers of Germany, well-known a hundred years ago; better known since.

Uncanny coup—unlucky fall.

Unsons—unpleasant; dangerous.

Usquebaugh—whisky.

Violent profits—profits obtained by force.

Vivers—victuals.

Wakening a process—renewing a plea in law.

Walise—*valise*—saddle-bags.

Wan-chancy—*unchancy*—unlucky.

Ware a spark—waste or expend a spark.

Warrandice—security that bargain shall be made good to a purchaser.

Weel-far'd, or *favoured*—good-looking.

Whilk—which.

Whin—*when*—two or three; a few.

Yate—*yelt*—gate of city or field.

CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

Cwoats—coats.

Fadur, or *feyther*—father.

Foun—fun.

Ho—you.

Lpike—like.

Houlerying and *poulerying*—shouting and dragging; hustling and hawling.

Hoy—high.

Mon—man.

Noight—night.

Sliver—to cut up.

Squoir—squire.

Whome, or *whodam*—home! &c., &c.

LATIN.

- Alexander ab Alexandro*—Alexander from Alexander; Alec-Sanderson.
Alma—here used for the *soul*, as in Prior.
Amor patriæ—love of fatherland.
Antia—old wives' stories.
Agnomen—a by-name added to the surname, as *Caligula* added to *Cæsar*. *Vide infra*.
Arma cantantia—punning heraldry (*it.* singing arms).
Centauræ and Lapithæ—*C.*—the bull-drivers, half-men, half-horses. *L.*—descendants of Apollo, by his son Lapithes; were inventors of bits and bridles; quarrelled with and conquered their cousins the Centaurs, at a drinking match. (*Ovid's Metam.*)
Columbarium—a dove-cot.
Comitatus nuptialis—marriage party.
Cum—Waverley *cum* Beverley—along with.
De facto—de jure—in point of fact; in point of law.
Delicias Pectarum—Choice Selections of the Poets; title of book.
De re vestiaria—concerning raiment.
Diva Pecunia—the goddess Wealth; divine money; almighty dollar.
Dominus—lord, laird, or baron.
Domus ultima—the last house, or grave.
Ebrius (sing.), *ebrii* (pl.)—with drink.
Ebriolus, "*ebrioli*"—with a little drink.
Ebriolus, "*ebrioli*"—addicted to drink.
Epula lautiores—solemn or sumptuous entertainments.
Euphonia—harmony of sound.
Exuere seu detrabere—to loose, or to draw off.
Exuere sacramentum—to divest of an oath.
Foris Familiæ—one's own master; *lit.* set beyond the family. The Roman law in respect of a child's personal liberty was stringently coercive. See *Sui juris*.
Gula causâ—for the sake of the taste, throat, or gullet; for eating or drinking's sake.
Hieroglyphica animalium—hieroglyphic figures of animals (heraldic birds and beasts).
Historia Naturalis—Natural History (a treatise by the Elder Pliny, not by the Younger, as stated in text).
Homagium—homage; (*law-latin*).
In actu ferociori—in more savage act.
In carcere—in public prison, or jail.
In ergastulo—in the dungeon, or workhouse.
In favorem—in favours of.
In integrum—to completeness; all and whole.
In loco parentis—in room of a parent.
Inter amicum et uxorem—as between man and wife after marriage.
Iustum matrimonium—in view of marriage. [The above are chiefly law phrases.]
Lapis offensionis—stone of stumbling.
Leges convivales—laws of banqueting.
Lex Mammia, or *Rhemia*—a Roman statute so called, enacting that a calumniator should be branded on the forehead with the letter K.
Liber Pater—Father Free, who frees from care; father Bacchus.
Magnum—a large cup or glass of wine.
Major domo—chief servant in the house.
Mavortia pectora—warlike breasts.
Me, a, vel de—by me, or from me, in law.
Mortis causâ—in case of death.
Nefandus nequissimè—infamous rascals.
Nec naturaliter idiota—nor a born idiot.
Obsidionalis corona—obsidional crown; crown in honour of a successful siege.
Panemosis—figure of speech.
Per appositionem—by direct statement.
Pecunia scindit—reek of offence.
Potulum potationum—drinking cup.
Potest. for potestate—with power (*vide infra*).
Prædium—lunch, or light dinner.
Principes—the foremost; among printers, the first, or finest edition.
Prædubio—beyond doubt.
Prædium agreste—cavalry engagement.
Præsepia—family stock, or lineage. To *proponere præsepia*—to bring forward one's lineage.
Quantum sufficit—what is sufficient.
Quodlibets—odds and ends at pleasure.
Quasi—as if; as if it were *Beaz Warden*, &c.
Recepto amico—his friend restored again.
Rectus in curia—right with the court, or government; restored to civil rights.
Res vestiaria—the matter of clothing.
Sacramentum militare—military oath.
Sæcula sæculorum—ages of ages; for ever.
Sanctum sanctorum—the holy of holies; most sacred retreat.
Si petitor tantum—only if demanded.
Sui juris—at his own right, or disposal of himself; his own master. See *Foris*, &c.
Symposium—social entertainment.
Tandem Triumphans—At last, or still, Triumphant (a motto).
Tantum privatus—as a private person.
Toto celo—by the whole heaven; entirely.
Vinum locutus est—he spoke wine; babbled.
Vinum prime notæ—wine of the first stamp.
Jacobites—Partisans of JAMES, the exiled king; Tories; friends of the Stewart cause.
Williamites—Partisans of WILLIAM, Prince of Orange; Whigs; friends of the Revolution cause.

QUOTATIONS, &c.

[Some of the classical quotations here made seem to be slightly adapted by the Baron; but are translated as closely as possible in the circumstances.]

A caligulis, sive caligis levioribus, quibus adolescentior usus fuerat in exercitu Germanici patris sui—[He was called Caligula], from *caligulae*, or light boots, which as a youth he had worn in the army of Germanicus his father. (The name of this monster in human shape was Caius Cæsar: he was fourth Emperor of Rome.)

Abiit, evasit, erupit, effugit—He went off, he escaped, he rushed, he fled.

Alter-ego—a second self.

Caligæ dictæ sunt quia ligantur; nam socci non ligantur, sed tantum intromittuntur—They are called *caligæ* because they are bound [with ligatures]; for socks (or slippers) are not bound, but only slipped on.

Com. Hants—Comitatus—or—*te Hants*—in the county of Hampshire.

Cum liberali potest. habendi curias et justicias, cum fossa et furca, et saka et soka, et thol et theam, et infang thief et outfang thief, sive hand-habend. sive bak-barand—With free power of holding courts and justiciaries, with ditch and stake (pit and gallows), and trial and judgment, and buying and binding, and apprehending thieves, on or out of the premises, having the plunder in hand, or carrying it on their back. Comp. Skene's *Scots Acts*.

Epulæ ad senatum, prandium vero ad populum attinet—Banquets are for the Senate; but a light repast is proper for the people.

Elisos oculos, et siccum sanguine guttur—Eyes dashed out, and throat drained dry of blood.

Et singula prædantur anni—Years rob us of all by degrees—*lit.* take every single thing. (Abbrev. from Horace, *Epist.* II. 2, 55.)

Fuimus Troes—We were Trojans once.

Fungarue inani munere—And I will perform the idle rite. (Adapted from Virgil, *Æn.* VI. 886.)

Gaudet equis et canibus—Rejoices in horses and dogs. (Adapted from Horace, *Ars Poet.* 162.)

Humana perpesti sumus—We have endured all human [extremities.]

Hylæ in limine latrat—Hylæ (*i.e.* Howler, the house-dog) barks in the threshold.

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer—Restless, wrathful, inexorable, fierce.

In rebus bellicis maxime dominatur Fortuna—In warlike affairs, Fortune is chief mistress.

Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos—He dies, and dying thinks of Argos dear.

Mutemus clypeos, Danaumque insignia nobis Aptemus—Let's change our shields, and fit the Grecian ensigns to ourselves.

Ob non solutum canonem—On account of the legal condition not being observed.

Procul a patriæ finibus—Far from the boundaries of fatherland.

Puer, or juvenis, bonæ spei et magnæ indolis—A boy, or youth, of good hope and great talent.

Risu solvuntur tabulæ—The tables [of indictment—what we call *libels*] are dismissed with laughter. (Adapted from Horace, *Sat.* II. 1, last line.)

Rite et solenniter acta et peracta—[All] things being regularly and solemnly done and discharged.

Servitio exuendi, seu detrahendi, caligas regis post battalliam, in or pro—By or for the service of unloosing or drawing off the boots (or shoes) of the king after battle—comp. pp. 83, 251.

Servabit odorem testa diu—The cask will long retain the flavour.

Spes altera—a second hope.

Vix ea nostra voco—Scarcely dare I call these our own.

Vitâ adhuc durante—all his lifetime; *lit.* life till now enduring.

FRENCH.

Accolade—affectionate hugging.

A la mode Française—in French style.

A la mort—at death (with despondency).

Alerte à la muraille—Quick, to the wall; scale the rampart.

Allons, courage—Come on, courage.

Amende honorable—handsome redress.

Armoires parlantes—speaking arms. See *Arma cantantia*.

Ariette—a pleasant little air; brisk tune.

Au revoir—to return again.

Bivouac—military lodgment in field at night.

Bon vivant—epicure.

Cabrioles—fantastic capers.

Cadet—younger brother; branch of a family.

Caisse militaire—military chest.

Chansons-à-boire—drinking songs.

Chevalier; preux chevalier—knight; valiant knight.

Chevaux de poste—post-horses.

C'est des doux oreilles—it is of sweet ears; otherwise *deux oreilles*, double ears.

Cidavant—former, formerly.

Costume—style of dress; habit. In *grand costume*—in grand style.

Coupe-jarrets—hamstringers; hackers.

Cour pleniére—full court; grand assembly.

Couteau de chasse—hunting knife.

Dans son tort—at his own disadvantage; in the wrong.

Demelee—disturbance with.

En attendant—in waiting.

En mousquetaire—in the style of the musketeer, free and easy.

Fainéant—a sluggard.

Faire la curée—to provide the hounds' fee, by disembowelling the game.

Fille-de-chambre—lady's maid of the chamber.

Garçons apothicaires—druggists' boys.

Gardez l'eau—Watch the water! corrupted in Scots to *Gardy loo!*

General—French call to arms.

Gîte—lair; hiding place; quarters.

Jet d'eau—a small column of water thrown up in the air.

Le beau idéal—the perfect type.

Lie boots—laced boots, from *lier*, to bind.

Louis d'or—golden Louis; a French coin, value from 16s 7d to 19s. 9½d—in circulation from 1641 to 1795.

Mal-à-propos—ill-timed.

Ma belle demoiselle—my beauty; my beautiful girl.

Malice prepense—intentional mischief.

Manège—art of horsemanship.

Outrecuidance—gross insolence.

Oyer and Terminer—To hear and finish; a supreme court with power of life and death. See Note on FERGUS MAC-IVOR, Historical Details.

Passion, la belle—the beautiful passion, Love. *Piaffed*—adapted from *piaffer*, to paw the ground; went off ambling.

Pis aller—to go ill; the last or worst shift.

Planté—fixed there.

Pourtraicture—picture (old French or Scots).

Proner—to extol, to cry up.

Sans tache—without stain.

Troisième étage—third floor up: *cinquième*—fifth ditto.

Tracasserie—low trickery.

Vertu—lit. power; value; taste.

QUOTATIONS, &c.

Alors, comme alors—Then, as then may be.

Cela ne tire à rien—that leads to nothing.

Cela va sans dire—that goes without a word.

Faire la meilleure chère—to make the best of cheer; to enjoy a good dinner.

Faire le frais de conversation—to begin conversation: to make the first remark.

La houlette et le chalumeau—the shepherd's crook and the oaten pipe (a designation for pastoral poetry).

Laissez faire à Don Antoine—Leave all to do to Don Antony (proverb).

Les coutumés de Normandie, c'est l'homme loi se bast et ki conseille—[By] the customs of Normandy, it is the man, who fights and advises (old French).

Parmi les aveugles un borgne est roi—Among the blind, the one-eyed man is king (proverb).

Que diable alloit il faire dans cette galère!—What the devil would he be at, or do, in this business—lit. in this boat?

Qu'il connoit bien ses gens—that he well knew his men.

Mais cela viendra avec le tems—
Sagesse [de] *Madame son épouse*—

But that will come with time [like]
The discretion of Madame, his wife.

Place à Monseigneur!—
Ayez la bonté d'alligner ces montagnards là, ainsi que la cavalerie, s'il vous plait, et de les remettre à la marche. Vous parlez si bien l'Anglois, cela ne vous donneroit pas beaucoup de peine—

Way for my Lord!
Have the goodness to put those Highlanders in line there, and the cavalry as well, if you please, and to get them set on march again. You speak English so well, it cannot give you much trouble.

Ah! pas de tout, Monseigneur—

Ah! not at all, my Lord.

D'arranger vous—

[Have the goodness] to arrange yourselves.

Fort bien—

[That is] very well.

Mais, tres bien—Eh bien!—Qu' est ce que vous appelez visage, Monsieur? Ah, oui! face—Je vous remercie, Monsieur—

No, admirable. Eh, well! What is it you call the *visage*, Sir? O, yes! *face*—I thank you, Sir.

Mais, tres bien—encore, Messieurs; il faut vous mettre à la marche.....Marchez donc, au nom de Dieu, parceque j'ai oublié le mot Anglois—mais vous êtes des braves gens, et me comprenez tres bien—

Ah! par ma foi—

Mon dieu! C'est le Commissaire qui nous a apporté les premières nouvelles de cet maudit fracas. Je suis trop fâché, Monsieur!—

Compare pp. 292, 293.

*Mon coeur volage, dit elle,
N'est pas pour vous, garçon;
Est pour un homme de guerre,
Qui a barbe au menton.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.*

*Qui port chapeau à plume,
Soulier à rouge talon:
Qui joue de la flute,
Aussi de violon.
Lon, Lon, Laridon.*

*Pour la chasse ordonnée il faut preparer tout,
Ho la, ho! Vite! vite debout.*

*O vous, qui buvez, à tasse pleine,
A cette heureuse fontaine;
Ou on ne voit sur le rivage,
Que quelques vilains troupeaux,
Suivis de nymphes de village,
Qui les escortent sans sabats—*

Now, most admirable—again, gentlemen; we must get you into march now.....
Marchez then, in the name of God, for I have forgotten the English word—but you are the brave fellows, and understand me perfectly.

Ah! by my faith.

My God! It's the Commissioner himself, who brought us the first news of this cursed fracas. I am most seriously concerned, Monsieur!

*My fickle heart, she cried, 'Tis not for you, my lad;
But for a soldier tried,
Whose chin with beard is clad.
Lon, Lon, &c.*

*Who wears a hat with plume,
A shoe with scarlet heel;
Who plays upon the flute,
And the violin as well.
Lon, Lon, &c.*

Let all be prepared for the chase of the day,
Ho la, ho! Quick! quick away.

*O you, who drink, with brimming cup,
At this delightful fountain;
Where one sees nought upon the bank,
But troops of country bumpkins,
Attended by the village nymphs,
Who follow without sandals—*

ITALIAN.

Bisogna coprirai—need to cover, or guard himself well.
Gusto—relish; taste.

Due donzette garrule—two chattering damsels.
See also Author's translation, p. 129.

HERALDIC TERMS,

[OCCURRING IN "WAYERLEY."]

Argent,—silver, represented white, } called
Or, gold, represented yellow, } metals.
Azure—blue, } called tints, supposed to
Gules—blood-red, } represent cloths or co-
Sable—black, } lours.
Courant—running, }
Passant—walking along, } action of ani-
Rampant—on hind legs, } mals on the
shield.
Salient—leaping, }
Dexter—right hand, } two points in
Sinister—left hand, } a shield.
both as of a person facing,
Chief—upper part of shield.
Base—lower part of shield.
Field—ground-work, tint or metal, of the shield.
Saltire-wise, or *saltire-ways*—like X.
Party per pale—equally divided down the middle, as for husband and wife.

Pretence, scutcheon of—small shield carried before, or on, the principal shield, as that of Hanover used to be on the British Royal Arms.
Cantile—a corner, or less than a quarter portion marked out of the shield. *Dexter cantile*—right-hand corner. (Compare *Gray Man-nering*, Chap. II., title, quotation from *Henry Fourth*.)
Griffin—half-eagle, half-lion.
Dragon—half-bird, half-serpent.
Wyvern—bird-headed serpent.
Hippogriff—half-horse, half-griffin.
Moldwarps—"mowdiewarks," moles, &c.; imaginary animals represented on shield.
Budgets, buckles, buckets, bears, ermines, wag-gons, wheels, shuttles, &c., &c.—objects represented on shields, and called *charges* in the language of heraldry.

PROPER NAMES,

[OCCURRING IN "WATERLEY."]

BALMAWHAPPLE, LAIRD OF—borrowed by Scott from Smollet's "Humphrey Clinker."
 BAUTHER-WHILLERY—boastful, talkative foolish fellows.

BENEDICTUS SKYTTE—Blessed jest-maker. *Skytte*, in Scotch, means a jest at somebody's expense; a contemptuous take-off.

BULL-SEGG—strong coarse *fleur-de-lis* of the marshes; also, a sort of troublesome, half-made ox;—used by Scott in this sense.

BUMPER-QUAIGH—goblet always a bumper.

DOUBLE-IT, Rev. Dr.—means probably a clergyman who repeats himself pretty often, or is addicted to puns.

GIBBIE GAETHROW'T—Gilbert Go-through-with-it.

GOWKTHRAPPLE—cuckoo-throat.

HEATHER-BLUTTER—variety of bittern, so called from its peculiar cry among the heather; called also *bog-blitter*.

INCH-GRABBIT—seizing land by the inch.

KILLANCUREIT—kill and salt his own cattle; or kill and cure the misfortune (by marrying again); or both, as seems most likely, by way of jest.

KITTLE-GAB, LAIRD O'—either tickle the palate, or ill to please in the palate.

PICKLETILLIM—more and more to him.

RUBRICK, Rev. Mr.—a clergyman adhering strictly to the *Red Letter* Commentary on the Prayer-Book, or text.

SUMACH & Co.—name of a flowering shrub: appropriate designation of nurseryman.

VIN-SAUF—skilled in the knowledge of wine.

Principal CLASSIC AUTHORS quoted by the Baron:—

HORATIUS FLACCUS, Q.—Horace, celebrated Roman lyric and satiric poet: born B.C. 65.

LIVIUS, TITUS LIVIUS—Livy, great Roman historian: born B.C. 59.

MARO, P. VIRGILIUS MARO—Virgil, great epic and rural poet—sometimes compared to Homer: born B.C. 70.

NASO, P. OVIDIUS NASO—Ovid, great Roman amatory, epistolary, and mythical poet: born B.C. 43.

TACITUS, C. CORNELIUS—celebrated Roman historian, sometimes called the Annalist: born B.C. 61.

TULLIUS, M., CICERO—Cicero, the greatest Roman orator: born B.C. 106.

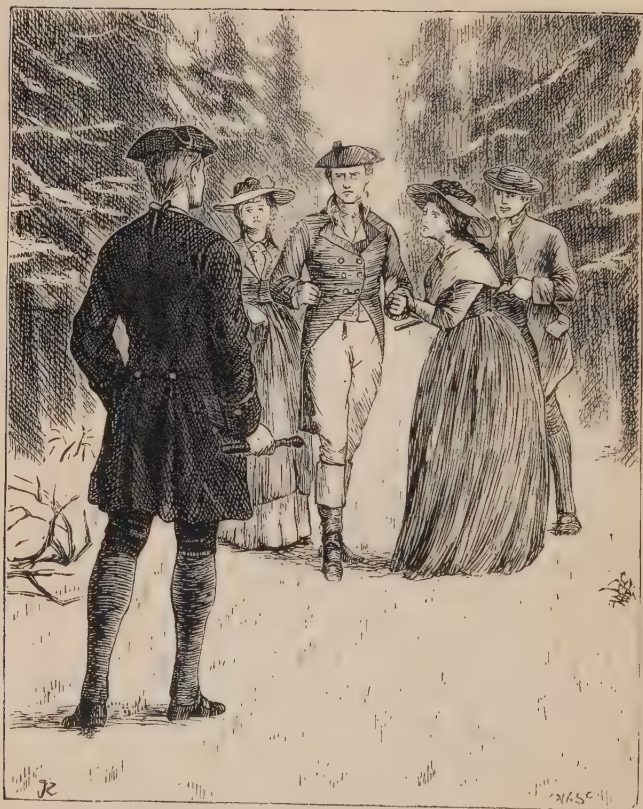
Tullius in Catilinam—Cicero [his speech] against Catiline, called the Conspirator.

Tullius in Verrem—against Verres, accused of misgovernment and spoliation.

[The Baron, it will be observed, refers in character to most of the above by their last names familiarly, as old friends. The other authors referred to by him are chiefly Poets, or the writers of Romance, Jurists, Strategists, &c., of the middle or succeeding ages.] *

* The great range of the Baron's classical and miscellaneous reading may be thought by some to be an exaggeration; but it is by no means necessarily so. We have in our possession a valuable old Italian Dictionary, Altieri's, 2 vols., quarto, 1749, in which the name and arms of James Græme, Baron of Buchlyvie (whose rank corresponded exactly to Bradwardine's) are emblazoned on the boards, the engraving itself being dated 1715, so that his library had been in process of formation from before the first rebellion. We have seen also, in the hands of an esteemed friend, the copy of a large learned ecclesiastical work (Bishop Keith's *History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*), folio, 1734, among the subscribers to which the name of "Robert Macgregor, alias Rob Roy," appears! Both of these personages, we have no doubt, would be reputed by most English readers, then and now, little better than uncultivated barbarians; but the love of letters and the stormiest life were by no means anomalous among Scottish gentry. Along with Rob Roy, as a subscriber to Keith's *History*, appears also the "R. H. (right honourable) the Lord Balmerino," who was both a high-born and accomplished nobleman, and could not well be confounded by any prejudice with a mere freebooter; but who, nevertheless, paid the penalty of his life for his share in the insurrection of 1745, and used the remarkably defiant language ascribed to Mac-Ivor on the day of execution.

THE END.



THE ENCOUNTER.

GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er sprites in planetary hour;
But scarce I praise their venturous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

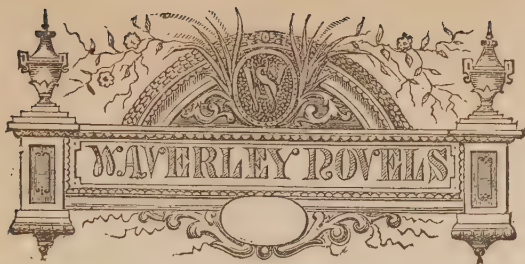


THE DOMINIE IMMERSSED.

WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

LONDON: 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND;
AND EDINBURGH.

1876.



GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

EDITED BY THE

REV. P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.

WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY
OF SCOTCH WORDS AND FOREIGN PHRASES,
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES,
BY THE EDITOR.

WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

LONDON; 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND;
AND EDINBURGH.

1878.

GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE ASTROLOGER.

CHAPTER I.

“He could not deny, that, looking round upon the dreary region, and seeing nothing but bleak fields, and naked trees, hills obscured by fogs, and flats covered with inundations, he did for some time suffer melancholy to prevail upon him, and wished himself again safe at home.”

Travels of Will Marvel, Idler, No. 49.

It was in the beginning of the month of November, 17—, when a young English gentleman, who had just left the university of Oxford, made use of the liberty afforded him to visit some parts of the north of England; and curiosity extended his tour into the adjacent frontier of the sister country. He had visited, upon the day that opens our history, some monastic ruins in the county of Dumfries, and spent much of the day in making drawings of them from different points; so that, upon mounting his horse to resume his journey, the brief and gloomy twilight of the season had already commenced. His way lay through a wide track of black moss, extending for miles on each side and before him. Little eminences arose like islands on its surface, bearing here and there patches of corn, which even at this season was green, and sometimes a hut, or farm-house, shaded by a willow or two, and surrounded by large elder-bushes. These insulated dwellings communicated with each other by winding passages through the moss, impassable by any but the natives themselves. The public road, however, was tolerably well-made and safe, so that the prospect of being benighted brought with it no real danger. Still it is uncomfortable to travel, alone and in the dark, through an unknown country, and there are few ordinary occasions upon which fancy frets herself so much as in a situation like that of Mannering.

As the light grew faint and more faint, and the morass appeared blacker and blacker, our traveller questioned more closely each chance

passenger upon his distance from the village of Kippletringan, where he proposed to quarter for the night. His queries were usually answered by a counter-challenge respecting the place from whence he came. While sufficient day-light remained to shew the dress and appearance of a gentleman, these cross interrogatories were usually put in the form of a case supposed, as, "Ye'll hae been at the auld abbey o' Halycross, sir? there's mony English gentlemen gang to see that."—Or, "Your honour will be come frae the house o' Ponderloupat?" But when the voice of the querist alone was distinguishable, the response usually was, "Whore are ye coming frae at sick a time o' night as the like o' this?"—or, "Ye'll no be of this country, freend?" The answers, when obtained, were neither very reconcilable to each other, nor accurate in the information which they afforded. Kippletringan was distant at first, "*a gay bit*." Then the "*gay bit*" was more accurately described, as "*aiblins three miles*," then the "*three miles*" diminished into "*like a mile and a bittock*;" then extended themselves into "*four miles or there awa*;" and, lastly, a female voice, having hushed a wailing infant which the spokeswoman carried in her arms, assured Guy Mannering, "It was a weary lang gait yet to Kippletringan, and unco heavy road for foot passengers." The poor hack upon which Mannering was mounted was probably of opinion that it suited him as ill as the female respondent; he began to flag very much, answered each application of the spur with a groan, and stumbled at every stone (and they were not few) which lay in his road.

Mannering now grew impatient. He was occasionally betrayed into a deceitful hope, that the end of his journey was near, by the apparition of a twinkling light or two; but, as he came up he was disappointed to find the gleams proceeded from some of those farm-houses which occasionally ornamented the surface of the extensive bog. At length, to compleat his perplexity, he arrived at a place where the road divided into two. If there had been light to consult the reliques of a finger-post which stood there, it would have been of little avail, as, according to the good custom of North-Britain, the inscription had been defaced shortly after its erection. Our adventurer was therefore compelled, like a knight-errant of old, to trust to the sagacity of his horse, which, without any demur, chose the left-hand path, and seemed to proceed at a somewhat livelier pace than formerly, affording thereby a hope that he knew he was drawing near to his quarters for the evening. This hope was not speedily accomplished, and Mannering, whose impatience made every furlong seem three, began to think that Kippletringan was actually retreating before him in proportion to his advance.

It was now very cloudy, although the stars, from time to time, shed a twinkling and uncertain light. Hitherto nothing had broken the silence around him, but the deep cry of the bog-blitter, or bull-of-the-

bog, a large species of bittern ; and the sighs of the wind as it passed along the dreary morass. To these was now joined the distant roar of the ocean, towards which the traveller seemed to be fast approaching. This was no circumstance to make his mind easy. Many of the roads in that country lay along the sea-beach, and were liable to be flooded by the tides, which rise with great height, and advance with extreme rapidity. Others were intersected with creeks, and small inlets, which it was only safe to pass at particular times of the tide. Neither circumstance would have suited a dark night, a fatigued horse, and a traveller ignorant of his road. Mannering resolved, therefore, definitively, to halt for the night at the first inhabited place, however poor, he might chance to reach, unless he could procure a guide to this unlucky village of Kippletringan.

A miserable hut gave him an opportunity to execute his purpose. He found out the door with no small difficulty, and for some time knocked without producing any other answer than a duett between a female and a cur-dog, the latter yelping as if he would have barked his heart out, the other screaming in chorus. By degrees the human tones predominated ; but the angry bark of the cur being at the instant changed into a howl, it is probable something more than fair strength of lungs had contributed to the ascendancy.

“Sorrow be in your thrapple than !” these were the first articulate words, “will ye no let me hear what the man wants, wi’ your yaffing ?”

“Am I far from Kippletringan, good dame ?”

“Frac Kippletringan !!!” in an exalted tone of wonder, which we can but faintly express by three points of admiration. “Ow, man ! ye should hae hadden *easel* to Kippletringan—ye maun gae back as far as the Whaap, and haud the Whaap till ye come to Ballenloan, and then ”——

“This will never do, good dame ! my horse is almost quite set up—can you not give me a night’s lodgings ?”

“Troth can I no—I am a lone woman, for James he’s awa to Drumshourloch fair with the year-audds, and I darena for my life open the door to ony of your gang-there-out sort o’ bodies.”——

“But what must I do then, good dame ? for I can’t sleep here upon the road all night ?”

“Troth, I ken na, unless ye like to gae down and speer for quarters at the Place. I’s warrant they’ll take ye in, whether ye be gentle or simple.”

“Simple enough, to be wandering here at such a time of night,” thought Mannering, who was ignorant of the meaning of the phrase, “but how shall I get to the *place*, as you call it ?”

“Ye maun haud *wessel* by the end o’ the loan, and tak tent o’ the jaw-hole.”

"O, if you get to *easel* and *wessel* again, I am undone!—Is there nobody that could guide me to this *place*? I will pay him handsomely."

The word *pay* operated like magic. "Jock, ye villain," exclaimed the voice from the interior, "are ye lying routing there, and a young gentleman seeking the way to the Place? Get up, ye fause loon, and shew him the way down the meikle loaning.—He'll shew you the way, sir, and I'se warrant ye'll be weel put up; for they never turn awa' naebody frae the door; and ye'll be come in the canny moment I'm thinking, for the laird's servant—that's no to say his body-servant, but the helper like—rade express by this e'en to fetch the houdie, and he just staid the drinking o' twa pints o' tippeny, to tell us how my leddy was ta'en wi' her pains."

"Perhaps," said Mannering, "at such a time a stranger's arrival might be inconvenient?"

"Hout, na, ye needna be blate about that; their house is muckle enough, and clecking time's aye canty time."

By this time Jock had found his way into all the intricacies of a tattered doublet, and more tattered pair of breeches, and sallied forth, a great white-headed, bare-legged, lubberly boy of twelve years old, so exhibited by the glimpse of a rushlight, which his half-naked mother held in such a manner as to get a peep at the stranger, without greatly exposing herself to view in return. Jock moved on westward, by the end of the house, leading Mannering's horse by the bridle, and piloting, with some dexterity, along the little path which bordered the formidable jaw-hole, whose vicinity the stranger was made sensible of by means of more organs than one. His guide then dragged the weary hack along a broken and stony cart-track, next over a ploughed field, then broke down a *slap*, as he called it, in a dry stone fence, and lugged the unresisting animal through the breach, about a rood of the simple masonry giving way in the splutter with which he passed. Finally, he led the way, through a wicket, into something which had still the air of an avenue, though many of the trees were felled. The roar of the ocean was now near and full, and the moon, which began to make her appearance, gleamed on a turreted and apparently a ruined mansion, of considerable extent. Mannering fixed his eyes upon it with a disconsolate sensation.

"Why, my little fellow, this is a ruin, not a house?"

"Ah, but the lairds lived there langsyne—that's Ellangowan Auld Place; there's a hantle bogles about it—but ye needna be feared—I never saw ony mysell, and we're just at the door of the New Place."

Accordingly, leaving the ruins on the right, a few steps brought the traveller in front of a small modern house, at which his guide rapped with great importance. Mannering told his circumstances to the servant; and the gentleman of the house, who heard his tale from the parlour, stepped forward, and welcomed the stranger hospitably to

Ellangowan. The boy, made happy with half-a-crown, was dismissed to his cottage, the weary horse was conducted to a stall, and Manner-
ing found himself in a few minutes seated by a comfortable supper, to
which his cold ride gave him a hearty appetite.

CHAPTER II.

—— Comes me cranking in
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

Henry Fourth, Part I.

THE company in the parlour at Ellangowan, consisted of the Laird himself, and a sort of person who might be the village schoolmaster, or perhaps the minister's assistant; his appearance was too shabby to indicate the minister, considering he was on a visit to the Laird.

The Laird himself was one of those second-rate sort of persons, that are to be found frequently in rural situations. Fielding has described one class as *feras consumere nati*; but the love of field-sports indicates a certain activity of mind, which had forsaken Mr Bertram, if he ever possessed it. A good-humoured listlessness of countenance formed the only remarkable expression of his features, although they were rather handsome than otherwise. In fact, his physiognomy expressed the inanity of character which pervaded his life. I will give the reader some insight into his state and conversation, before he has finished a long lecture to Manner-
ing, upon the propriety and comfort of wrapping his stirrup-irons round with a wisp of straw, when he had occasion to ride in a chill evening.

Godfrey Bertram, of Ellangowan, succeeded to a long pedigree and a short rent-roll, like many lairds of that period. His list of forefathers ascended so high, that they were lost in the barbarous ages of Galwegian independence; so that his genealogical-tree, besides the christian and crusading names of Godfreys, and Gilberts, and Dennis's, and Rolands, without end, bore heathen fruit of yet darker ages,—Arths, and Knarths, and Donagilds, and Hanlons. In truth, they had been formerly the stormy chiefs of a desert, but extensive domain, and the heads of a numerous tribe, called Mac-Dingawaie, though they afterwards adopted the Norman surname of Bertram. They had made war, raised rebellions, been defeated, beheaded, and hanged, as became a family of importance, for many centuries. But they had gradually lost ground in the world, and, from being themselves the heads of treason and traitorous conspiracies, the Bertrams, or Mac-Dingawaies of Ellangowan, had sunk into subordinate accomplices.

Their most fatal exhibitions in this capacity took place in the seventeenth century, when the foul fiend possessed them with a spirit of contradiction which uniformly involved them in controversy with the ruling powers. They reversed the conduct of the celebrated vicar of Bray, and adhered as tenaciously to the weaker side, as that worthy divine to the stronger. And truly, like him, they had their reward.

Allan Bertram of Ellangowan, who flourished *tempore Caroli primi*, was, says my authority, Sir Robert Douglas, in his *Scottish Baronage*, (see the title Ellangowan,) "a steady loyalist, and full of zeal for the cause of his sacred Majesty, in which he united with the great Marquis of Montrose, and other truly zealous and honourable patriots, and sustained great losses in that behalf. He had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by his most sacred Majesty, and was sequestered as a malignant by the parliament, 1642, and afterward as a resolutioner, in the year 1648."—These two cross-grained epithets of malignant and resolutioner cost poor Sir Allan one half of the family estate. His son Dennis Bertram married a daughter of an eminent fanatic, who had a seat in the council of state, and saved by that union the remainder of the family property. But, as ill chance would have it, he became enamoured of the lady's principles as well as of her charms, and my author gives him this character: "He was a man of eminent parts and resolution, for which reason he was chosen by the western counties one of the committee of noblemen and gentlemen, to report their griefs to the privy council of Charles II. anent the coming in of the Highland host in 1678." For undertaking this patriotic task he underwent a fine, to pay which he was obliged to mortgage half of the remaining moiety of his paternal property. This loss he might have recovered by dint of severe economy, but upon the breaking out of Argyle's rebellion, Dennis Bertram was again suspected by government, apprehended, sent to Dunnotar Castle, on the coast of the Mearns, and there broke his neck in an attempt to escape from a subterranean habitation, called the Whig's Vault, in which he was confined with some eighty of the same persuasion. The appriser, therefore, (as the holder of a mortgage was then called,) entered upon possession, and, in the language of Hotspur, "came me cranking in," and cut the family out of another monstrous cantle of their remaining property.

Donohoe Bertram, with somewhat of an Irish name, and somewhat of an Irish temper, succeeded to the diminished property of Ellangowan. He turned out of doors the Rev. Aaron Macbriar, his mother's chaplain, (it is said they quarrelled about the good graces of a milk-maid,) drank himself daily drunk with brimming healths to the king, council, and bishops; held orgies with the Laird of Lagg, Theophilus Oglethorpe, and Sir James Turner; and lastly took his grey gelding, and joined Clavers at Killie-krankie. At the skirmish

of Dunkeld, 1689, he was shot dead by a Cameronian with a silver button (being supposed to have proof from the Evil One against lead and steel,) and his grave is still called the "Wicked Laird's Lair."

His son, Lewis, had more prudence than seems usually to have belonged to the family. He nursed what property was yet left to him; for Donohoe's excesses, as well as fines and forfeitures, had made another inroad upon the estate. And although even he did not escape the fatality which induced the Lairds of Ellangowan to interfere in politics, he had yet the prudence, ere he went *out* with Lord Kenmore in 1715, to convey his estate to trustees, in order to parry pains and penalties, in case the Earl of Mar could not put down the protestant succession. But Scylla and Charybdis—a word to the wise—he only saved his estate at expence of a law-suit, which again subdivided the family property. He was, however, a man of resolution. He sold part of the lands, evacuated the old castle, where the family lived in their decadence, as a mouse (said an old farmer) lives under a firloft. Pulling down part of these venerable ruins, he built a narrow house of three stories height, with a front like a grenadier's cap, two windows on each side, and a door in the midst, full of all manner of cross lights. This was the New Place of Ellangowan, in which we left our hero, better amused, perhaps, than our readers, and to this Lewis Bertram retreated, full of projects for re-establishing the prosperity of his family. He took some land into his own hand, rented some from neighbouring proprietors, bought and sold Highland cattle and Cheviot sheep, rode to fairs and trysts, fought hard bargains, and held necessity at the staff's end as well as he might. But what he gained in purse he lost in honour, for such agricultural and commercial negotiations were very ill looked upon by his brother lairds, who minded nothing but cock-fighting, hunting, coursing, and horse-racing. These occupations encroached, in their opinion, upon the article of Ellangowan's gentry, and he found it necessary gradually to estrange himself from their society, and sink into what was then a very ambiguous character, a gentleman farmer. In the midst of his schemes, death claimed his tribute, and the scanty remains of a large property descended upon Godfrey Bertram, the present possessor, his only son.

The danger of the father's speculations was soon seen. Deprived of his personal and active superintendence, all his undertakings miscarried, and became either abortive or perilous. Without a single spark of energy to meet or repel these misfortunes, Godfrey put his faith in the activity of another. He kept neither hunters, nor hounds, nor any other southern preliminaries to ruin; but, as has been observed of his countrymen, he kept a *man of business*, who answered the purpose equally well. Under this gentleman's supervision small debts grew into large, interests were accumulated upon capitals, moveable bonds became heritable, and law charges were heaped upon all;

though Ellangowan possessed so little the spirit of a litigant, that he was upon two occasions *charged* to make payment of the expences of a long litigation, although he had never before heard that he had such cases in court. Meanwhile his neighbours predicted his final ruin. Those of the higher rank, with some malignity, accounted him already a degraded brother. The lower classes, seeing nothing enviable in his situation, marked his embarrassments with more compassion. He was even a kind of favourite with them, and upon the division of a common, or the holding of a black-fishing, or poaching court, or any similar occasion, when they conceived themselves oppressed by the gentry, they were in the habit of saying to each other, "Ah, if Ellangowan, honest man, had his ain that his forbears had afore him, he wad na see the puir folk trodden down this gait." Meanwhile, this general good opinion never prevented their taking the advantage of him on all possible occasions, turning their cattle into his parks, stealing his wood, shooting his game, and so forth, "for the Laird, honest man, he'll never find it,—he never minds what a puir body does."—Pedlars, gypsies, tinkers, vagrants of all descriptions, roosted about his out-houses, or harboured in his kitchen, and the Laird who was "nae nice body," but a thorough gossip, like most weak men, found recompence for his hospitality in the pleasure of questioning them on the news of the country side.

A circumstance arrested Ellangowan's progress upon the high road to ruin. This was his marriage with a lady who had a portion of about four thousand pounds. Nobody in the neighbourhood could conceive why she married him, and endowed him with her wealth, unless because he had a tall handsome figure, a good set of features, a genteel address, and the most perfect good humour. It might be some additional consideration, that she was herself at the reflecting age of twenty-eight, and had no near relations to control her actions or choice.

It was in this lady's behalf (confined for the first time after her marriage) that the speedy and active express, mentioned by the old dame of the cottage, had been despatched to Kippletringan on the night of Mannering's arrival.

Though we have said so much of the Laird himself, it still remains that we make the reader in some degree acquainted with his companion. This was Abel Sampson, commonly called, from his occupation, as a pedagogue, Dominie Sampson. He was of low birth, but having evinced, even from his cradle, an uncommon seriousness of disposition, the poor parents were encouraged to hope, that their *bairn*, as they expressed it, "might wag his pow in a pulpit yet." With an ambitious view to such a consummation, they pinched and pared, rose early and lay down late, eat dry bread and drank cold water, to secure to Abel the means of learning. Meantime, his tall ungainly figure,

his taciturn and grave manners, and some grotesque habits of swinging his limbs, and screwing his visage while reciting his task, made poor Sampson the ridicule of all his school companions. The same qualities secured him at college a plentiful share of the same sort of notice. Half the youthful mob "of the yards" used to assemble regularly to see Dominie Sampson, (for he had already attained that honourable title,) descend the stairs from the Greek class, with his Lexicon under his arm, his long mis-shapen legs sprawling abroad and keeping awkward time to the play of his immense shoulder-blades, as they raised and depressed the loose and threadbare black coat which was his constant and only wear. When he spoke, the efforts of the professor were totally inadequate to restrain the inextinguishable laughter of the students, and sometimes even to repress his own. The long sallow visage, the goggle eyes, the huge under-jaw, which appeared not to open and shut by an act of volition, but to be dropped and hoisted up again by some complicated machinery within the inner man, the harsh and dissonant voice, and the screech owl notes to which it was exalted when he was exhorted to pronounce more distinctly, all added fresh subjects for mirth to the torn-cloak and shattered shoe, which have afforded legitimate subjects of raillery against the poor scholar from Juvenal's time downward. It was never known that Sampson either exhibited irritability at this ill usage, or made the least attempt to retort upon his tormentors. He slunk from college by the most secret paths he could discover, and plunged himself into his miserable lodging, where, for eighteen-pence a-week, he was allowed the benefit of a straw mattress, and, if his landlady was in good humour, permission to study his task by her fire. Under all these disadvantages, he obtained a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, and some acquaintance with the sciences.

In progress of time, Abel Sampson, probationer of divinity, was admitted to the privileges of a preacher. But, alas! partly from his own bashfulness, partly owing to a strong disposition to risibility which pervaded the congregation upon his first attempt, he became totally incapable of proceeding in his intended discourse, gasped, grinned, hideously rolled his eyes till the congregation thought them flying out of his head, shut the Bible, stumbled down the pulpit-stairs, trampling upon the old women who generally take their station there, and was ever after designated as a "stickit minister." And thus he wandered back to his own country, with blighted hopes and prospects, to share the poverty of his parents. As he had neither friend nor confidant, hardly even an acquaintance, no one had the means of observing closely, how Dominie Sampson bore a disappointment which supplied the whole town where it happened with a week's sport. It would be endless even to mention the numerous jokes to which it gave birth, from a ballad, called "Sampson's Riddle," written upon the subject by

a smart young student of humanity, to the sly hope of the Principal, that the fugitive had not taken the college gates along with him in his retreat.

To all appearance, the equanimity of Sampson was unshaken. He sought to assist his parents by teaching a school, and soon had plenty of scholars, but very few fees. In fact, he taught the sons of farmers for what they chose to give him, and the poor for nothing; and, to the shame of the former be it spoken, the pedagogue's gains never equalled those of a skilful ploughman. He wrote, however, a good hand, and added something to his pittance by copying accounts and writing letters for Ellangowan. By degrees, the Laird, who was much estranged from general society, became partial to that of Dominie Sampson. Conversation, it is true, was out of the question, but the Dominie was a good listener, and stirred the fire with some address. He attempted also to snuff the candles, but was unsuccessful, and relinquished that ambitious post of courtesy after having twice reduced the parlour to total darkness. So his civilities, in future, were confined to taking off his glass of ale in exactly the same time and measure with the Laird, and in uttering certain indistinct murmurs of acquiescence at the conclusion of the long and winding stories of Ellangowan.

Upon one of these occasions, he presented for the first time to Mannering his tall, gaunt, awkward, boney figure, attired in a threadbare suit of black, with a coloured handkerchief, not over clean, about his sinewy, scraggy neck, and his nether person arrayed in grey breeches, dark-blue stockings, clouted shoes, and small copper buckles.

Such is a brief outline of the lives and fortunes of those two persons, in whose society Mannering now found himself comfortably seated.

CHAPTER III.

Do not the hist'ries of all ages
Relate miraculous presages,
Of strange turns in the world's affairs,
Foreseen by astrologers, sooth-sayers,
Chaldeans, learned Genethliacs,
And some that have writ almanacks?—*Hudibras.*

THE circumstances of the landlady were pleaded to Mannering, first, as an apology for her not appearing to welcome her guest, and for those deficiencies in his entertainment which her attention might have supplied, and then as an excuse for pressing an extra bottle of good wine.

"I cannot well sleep," said the Laird, with the anxious feelings of a father in such a predicament, "till I hear she's gotten ower with it—and

if you, sir, are not very sleepy, and would do me and the Dominie the honour to sit up wi' us, I am sure we will not detain you very late. Luckie Howatson is very expeditious;—there was ance a lass that was in that way—she did not live far from here—abouts—ye need-na shake your head and groan, Dominie—I am sure the kirk dues were all well paid, and what can a man do more?—it was laid till her ere she had on a sark ower her head; and the man that she since wadded does not think her a pin the worse for the misfortune—They live, Mr Mannering, by the shore-side, at Annan, and a more decent orderly couple, with six as fine bairns as you would wish to see plash in a salt-water dub; and little curlie Godfrey—that's the eldest, the come o' will, as I may say—he's on board an excise yacht—I hae a cousin at the board of excise, that's Commissioner Bertram; he got his commissionership in the great contest for the county, that ye must have heard of, for it was appealed to the House of Commons—now I should have voted there for the Laird of Balruddery; but ye see my father was a jacobite, and *out with* Kenmore, so he never took the oaths; and I ken not well how it was, but all that I could do and say they keepit me off the roll, though my agent, that had a vote upon my estate, ranked as a good vote for auld Sir Thomas Kittlecourt. But, to return to what I was saying, Luckie Howatson is very expeditious, for this lass”——

Here the desultory and long narrative of the Laird of Ellangown was interrupted by the voice of some one ascending the stairs from the kitchen story, and singing at full pitch of voice. The high notes were too shrill for a man, the low seemed too deep for a woman. The words, as far as Mannering could distinguish them, seemed to run thus:

Canny moment, lucky fit;
Is the lady lighter yet?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

“It's Meg Merrilies, the gypsey, as sure as I am a sinner,” said Mr Bertram. The Dominie groaned deeply, uncrossed his legs, crew in the huge splay foot which his former posture had extended, placed it perpendicular, and stretched the other limb over it instead, puffing out between whiles huge volumes of tobacco smoke. “What needs ye groan, Dominie? I am sure Meg's sangs do nae harm.”

“Nor good neither,” answered Dominie Sampson, in a voice whose untuneable harshness corresponded with the awkwardness of his figure. They were the first words which Mannering had heard him speak; and as he had been watching, with some curiosity, when this eating, drinking, moving, and smoking automaton would perform the part of speaking, he was a good deal diverted with the harsh timber tones which issued from him. But at this moment the door opened, and Meg Merrilies entered.

Her appearance made Mannering start. She was full six feet high, wore a man's great-coat over the rest of her dress, had in her hand a goodly sloe-thorn cudgel, and in all points of equipment, except her petticoat, seemed rather masculine than feminine. Her dark elf-locks shot out like the snakes of the gorgon, between an old fashioned bonnet called a Bongrace, heightening the singular effect of her strong and weather-beaten features, which they partly shadowed, while her eye had a wild roll that indicated something like real or affected insanity.

"Aweel, Ellangowan," she said, "wad it no hae been a bonny thing, an the leddy had been brought-to-bed, and me at the fair o' Drumshourloch, no kenning nor dreaming a word about it? Wha was to hae keepit awa the worriecows, I trow? Aye, and the elves and gyre carlings frae the bonny bairn, grace be wi' it? Aye, or said Saint Colme's charm for its sake, the dear?" And without waiting an answer she begun to sing—

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will.
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon St Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and weir.

This charm she sung to a wild tune, in a high and shrill voice, and, cutting three capers with such strength and agility as almost to touch the roof of the room, concluded, "And now, Laird, will ye no order me a tass o brandy?"

"That you shall have, Meg—Sit down yont there at the door, and tell us what news ye have heard at the fair o' Drumshourloch."

"Troth, Laird, and there was muckle want o' you, and the like o' you; for there was a whin bonny lasses there, forby mysell, and deil ane to gie them hansels."

"Weel, Meg, and how many gypsies were sent to the tolbooth?"

"Troth, but three, Laird, for there were nae mair in the fair, bye mysell as I said before, and I e'en gae them leg bail, for there's nae ease in dealing with quarrelsome folk.—And there's Dunbog has warned the Red Rotten and John Young aff his grounds—black be his cast! he's nae gentleman, nor drap's bluid o' gentleman, wad grudge twa gangrel puir bodies the shelter o' a waste house, and the thistles by the road side for a bit cuddy, and the bits o' rotten birk to boil their drap partridge wi'. Weel, there's ane abune a'—but we'll see if the red cock craw not in his bonnie barn yard ae morning before day dawing."

"Hush! Meg, hush! hush! that's not safe talk—"

“What does she mean?” said Mannering to Sampson in an under tone.

“Fire raising,” answered the laconic Dominie.

“Who, or what is she, in the name of wonder?”

“Harlot, thief, witch, and gypsey,” answered Sampson again.

“O troth, Laird,” continued Meg during this bye talk, “it’s but to the like o’ you ane can open their heart; ye see, they say Dunbog is nae mair a gentleman than the blunker that’s biggit the bonny house down in the howm. But the like o’ you, Laird, that’s a real gentleman for sae mony hundred years, and never hounds puir folk off your ground as if they were mad tykes, nane o’ our fowk wad stir your gear if ye had as mony capons as there’s leaves on the trysting-tree. —And now some o’ ye maun lay down your watch, and tell me the very minute o’ the hour the wean’s born, and I’ll spae its fortune.”

“Aye, but, Meg, we shall not want your assistance, for here’s a student from Oxford that knows much better than you how to spae his fortune—he does it by the stars.”

“Certainly, sir,” said Mannering, entering into the simple humour of his landlord, “I will calculate his nativity according to the rule of the Triplicities, as recommended by Pythagoras, Hippocrates, Diocles, and Avicenna. Or I will begin *ab hora questionis*, as Haly, Messahala, Ganwehis, and Guido Bonatus, have recommended.”

One of Sampson’s great recommendations to the favour of Mr Bertram was, that he never detected the most gross attempt at imposition, so that the Laird, whose humble efforts at jocularities were chiefly confined to what was then called *bites* and *bams*, since denominated *hoaxes* and *quizzes*, had the fairest possible subject of wit in the unsuspecting Dominie. It is true, he never laughed, or joined in the laugh which his own simplicity afforded—nay it is said, he never laughed but once in his life, and upon that memorable occasion his landlady miscarried, partly through surprise at the event itself, and partly from terror at the hideous grimaces which attended this unusual cachinnation. The only effect which the discovery of such impositions produced upon this saturnine personage was, to extort an ejaculation of “Prodigious!” or “Very facetious!” pronounced syllabically, but without moving a muscle of his own countenance.

Upon this occasion, he turned a gaunt and ghastly stare upon the youthful astrologer, and seemed to doubt if he had rightly understood his answer to his patron.

“I am afraid, sir,” said Mannering, turning towards him, “you may be one of those unhappy persons, whose dim eyes being unable to penetrate the starry spheres, and to discern therein the decrees of heaven at a distance, have their hearts barred against conviction by prejudice and misprision.

“Truly,” said Sampson, “I opine with Sir Isaac Newton, Knight,

and umwhile master of his majesty's mint, that the (pretended) science of astrology is altogether vain, frivolous, and unsatisfactory." And here he reposed his oracular jaws.

"Really," resumed the traveller, "I am sorry to see a gentleman of your learning and gravity labouring under such strange blindness and delusion. Will you place the brief, the modern, and, as I may say, the vernacular name of Isaac Newton in opposition to the grave and sonorous authorities of Dariot, Bonatus, Ptolemy, Haly, Eztler, Dieterick, Naibod, Harfurt, Zael, Taustettor, Agrippa, Duretus, Maginus, Origen, and Argol? Do not Christians and Heathens, and Jews and Gentiles, and poets and philosophers, unite in allowing the starry influences?"

"*Communis error*—it is a general mistake," answered the inflexible Dominie Sampson.

"Not so," replied the young Englishman, "it is a general and well-grounded belief."

"It is the resource of cheaters, knaves, and cozeners," said Sampson.

"*Abusus non tollit usum*. The abuse of any thing doth not abrogate the lawful use thereof."

During this discussion, Ellangowan was somewhat like a woodcock caught in his own springe. He turned his face alternately from the one spokesman to the other, and began, from the gravity with which Mannering plied his adversary, and the learning which he displayed in the controversy, to give him credit for being half serious. As for Meg, she fixed her bewildered eyes upon the astrologer, overpowered by a jargon more mysterious than her own.

Mannering pressed his advantage, and ran over all the hard terms of art which a tenacious memory supplied, and which, from circumstances hereafter to be noticed, had been familiar to him in early youth.

Signs and planets, in aspects sextile, quartile, trine, conjoined or opposite; houses of heaven, with their cusps, hours, and minutes; Almuten, Almochoden, Anahibazon, Catahibazon; a thousand terms of equal sound and significance, poured thick and threefold upon the unshrinking Dominie, whose stubborn incredulity bore him out against the pelting of this pitiless storm.

At length, the joyful annunciation that the lady had presented her husband with a fine boy, and was (of course) as well as could be expected, broke off this intercourse. Mr Bertram hastened to the lady's apartment, Meg Merrilies descended to the kitchen to secure her share of the "groaning malt," and Mannering, after looking his watch, and noting, with great minuteness, the hour and minute of the birth, requested, with becoming gravity, that the Dominie would conduct him to some place where he might have a view of the heavenly bodies.

The schoolmaster, without further answer, rose and threw open a

door half sashed with glass, which led to an old-fashioned terrace-walk behind the modern house, communicating with the platform on which the ruins of the ancient castle were situated. The wind had arisen, and swept before it the clouds which had formerly obscured the sky. The moon was high, and at full, and all the lesser satellites of heaven shone forth in cloudless effulgence. The scene which their light presented to Mannering was in the highest degree unexpected and striking.

We have observed, that in the latter part of his journey our traveller approached the sea-shore, without being aware how nearly. He now perceived that the ruins of Ellangowan castle were situated upon a promontory, or projection of rock, which formed one side of a small and placid bay on the sea-shore. The modern mansion was situated lower, though closely adjoining, and the ground behind it descended to the sea by a small swelling green bank, divided into levels by natural terraces, on which grew some old trees, and terminating upon the white sand. The other side of the bay, opposite to the old castle, was a sloping and varied promontory, covered chiefly with copsewood, which on that favoured coast grows almost within water mark. A fisherman's cottage peeped from among the trees. Even at this dead hour of night there were lights moving upon the shore, probably occasioned by the unloading a smuggling lugger from the Isle of Man which was lying in the bay. On the light being observed from the sashed door of the house, a halloo from the vessel of "Ware-hawk! Douse the glim!" alarmed those who were on shore, and the lights instantly disappeared.

It was one hour after midnight, and the prospect around was lovely. The grey old towers of the ruin, partly entire, partly broken, here bearing the rusty weather-stains of ages, and there partially mantled with ivy, stretched along the verge of the dark rock which rose on Mannering's right hand. In his front was the quiet bay, whose little waves, crisping and sparkling to the moon beams, rolled successively along its surface, and dashed with a soft and murmuring ripple against the silvery beach. To the left the woods advanced far into the ocean, waving in the moonlight along ground of an undulating and varied form, and presenting those varieties of light and shade, and that interesting combination of glade and thicket, upon which the eye delights to rest, charmed with what it sees, yet curious to pierce still deeper into the intricacies of the woodland scenery. Above rolled the planets, each, by its own liquid orbit of light, distinguished from the inferior or more distant stars. So strangely can imagination deceive even those by whose volition it has been excited, that Mannering, while gazing upon these brilliant bodies, was half inclined to believe in the influence ascribed to them by superstition over human events. But Mannering was a youthful lover, and might perhaps be influenced by the feelings so exquisitely expressed by a modern poet:

"For fable is Love's world, his home, his birth-place;
 Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
 And spirits, and delightedly believes
 Divinities, being himself divine.
 The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
 The fair humanities of old religion,
 The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountains,
 Or forests by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths: all these have vanish'd,
 They live no longer in the faith of reason!
 But still the heart doth need a language, still
 Doth the old instinct bring back the old names:
 And to yon starry world they now are gone,
 Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
 With man as with their friend, and to the lover
 Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
 Shoot influence down: and even at this day
 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
 And Venus who brings every thing that's fair."

Such musings soon gave way to others. "Alas!" he thought, "my good old tutor, who used to enter so deep into the controversy between Heydon and Chambers on the subject of astrology, he would have looked upon this scene with other eyes, and would have seriously endeavoured to discover from the respective position of these luminaries their probable effects upon the destiny of the new-born infant, as if the courses or emanations of the stars superseded, or, at least, were co-ordinate with Divine Providence. Well, rest be with him! he instilled into me enough of knowledge for erecting a scheme of nativity, and therefore will I presently go about it." So saying, and having noted the position of the principal planetary bodies, Guy Mannering returned to the house. The laird met him in the parlour, and acquainting him, with great glee, that he was the father of a healthy boy, seemed rather disposed to press further conviviality. He admitted, however, Mannering's plea of weariness, and conducting him to his sleeping apartment, left him to repose for the evening.

CHAPTER IV.

Come and see! trust thine own eyes,
 A fearful sign stands in the house of life,
 An enemy; a fiend lurks close behind
 The radiance of thy planet—O be warned.

Coleridge, from Schiller.

THE belief in astrology was almost universal in the middle of the seventeenth century; it began to waver and become doubtful towards the close of that period, and in the beginning of the eighteenth

the art fell into general disrepute, and even under general ridicule. Yet it still had its partizans even in the seats of learning. Grave and studious men were loth to relinquish the calculations which had early become the principal objects of their studies, and felt reluctant to descend from the predominating height to which a supposed insight into futurity, by the power of consulting abstract influences and conjunctions, had exalted them over the rest of mankind.

Among those who cherished this imaginary privilege with undoubting faith, was an old clergyman, with whom Mannering was placed during his youth. He wasted his eyes in observing the stars, and his brains in calculations upon their various combinations. His pupil, in early youth, naturally caught some portion of his enthusiasm, and laboured for a time to make himself master of the technical process of astrological research; so that, before he became convinced of its absurdity, William Lilly himself would have allowed him "a curious fancy and piercing judgment upon resolving a question of nativity."

Upon the present occasion, he arose as early in the morning as the shortness of the day permitted, and proceeded to calculate the nativity of the young heir of Ellangowan. He undertook the task *secundum artem*, as well to keep up appearances, as from a sort of curiosity to know whether he yet remembered, and could practise, the imaginary science. He accordingly erected his scheme, or figure of heaven, divided into its twelve houses, placed the planets therein according to the Ephemeris, and rectified their position to the hour and moment of the nativity. Without troubling our readers with the general prognostications which judicial astrology would have inferred from these circumstances, in this diagram there was one significator, which pressed remarkably upon our astrologer's attention. Mars having dignity in the cusp of the twelfth house, threatened captivity, or sudden and violent death, to the native; and Mannering, having recourse to those further rules by which diviners pretended to ascertain the vehemency of this evil direction, observed, from the result, that three periods would be particularly hazardous—his *fifth*—his *tenth*—his *twenty-first* year. It was somewhat remarkable, that Mannering had once before tried a similar piece of foolery, at the instance of Sophia Wellwood, the young lady to whom he was attached, and that a similar conjunction of planetary influence threatened her with death, or imprisonment, in her thirty-ninth year. She was at this time eighteen; so that, according to the result of the scheme in both cases, the same year threatened her with the same misfortune that was presaged to the native or infant, whom that night had introduced into the world. Struck with this coincidence, Mannering repeated his calculations; and the result approximated the events predicted, until at length, the same month, and day of the month, seemed assigned as the period of peril to both.

It will be readily believed, that, in mentioning this circumstance, we lay no weight whatever upon the pretended information thus conveyed. But it often happens, such is our natural love for the marvellous, that we willingly contribute our own efforts to beguile our better judgments. Whether the coincidence which I have mentioned was really one of those singular chances, which sometimes happen against all ordinary calculations; or whether Mannering, bewildered amid the arithmetical labyrinth and technical jargon of astrology, had insensibly twice followed the same clue to guide him out of the maze; or whether his imagination, seduced by some point of apparent resemblance, lent its aid to make the similitude between the two operations more exactly accurate than it might otherwise have been, it is impossible to guess; but the impression upon his mind, that the results exactly corresponded, was vividly and indelibly strong.

He could not help feeling surprise at a coincidence so singular and unexpected. "Does the devil mingle in the dance, to avenge himself for our trifling with an art said to be of magical origin? Or is it possible, as Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne admit, that there is some truth in a sober and regulated astrology, and that the influence of the stars is not to be denied, though the due application of it, by the knaves who pretend to practise the art, is greatly to be suspected?"—A moment's consideration of the subject induced him to dismiss this opinion as fantastical, and only sanctioned by these learned men, either because they durst not at once shock the universal prejudices of their age, or because they themselves were not altogether freed from the contagious influence of a prevailing superstition. Yet the result of his calculations in these two instances left so unpleasing an impression upon his mind, that, like Prospero, he mentally relinquished his art, and resolved, neither in jest nor earnest, again to practise judicial astrology.

He hesitated a good deal, what he should say to the Laird of Ellangowan, concerning the horoscope of his first-born; and, at length, resolved plainly to tell him the judgment which he had formed, at the same time acquainting him with the futility of the rules of art on which he had proceeded. With this resolution he walked out upon the terrace.

If the view of the scene around Ellangowan had been pleasing by moonlight, it lost none of its beauty by the light of the morning sun. The land, even in the month of November, smiled under its influence. A steep, but regular ascent, led from the terrace to the neighbouring eminence, and conducted Mannering to the front of the old castle. It consisted of two massive round towers, projecting, deeply and darkly, before a curtain, or flat wall, which united them, and thus protecting the main entrance that opened through a lofty arch into the inner court of the castle. The arms of the family, carved in freestone,

frowned over the gateway, and the portal shewed the spaces arranged by the architect for lowering the port-cullis, and raising the draw-bridge. A rude farm-gate, made of young fir-trees nailed together, now formed the only safeguard of this once formidable entrance. The esplanade in front of the castle commanded a noble prospect.

The dreary scene of desolation through which Mannering's road had lain on the preceding evening was excluded from the view by some rising grounds, and the landscape shewed a pleasing alternation of hill and dale, intersected by a river, which was in some places visible, and hidden in others where it rolled betwixt deep and wooded banks. The spire of a church, and the appearance of some houses, indicated the situation of a village at the place where the stream had its junction with the ocean. The vales seemed well cultivated, the little enclosures into which they were divided skirting the bottom of the hills, and sometimes carrying their lines of straggling hedgerows a little way up the ascent. Above these were green pastures, tenanted chiefly by herds of black cattle, then the staple commodity of the country, whose distant low gave no unpleasing animation to the landscape. The remoter hills were of a sterner character; and, at still greater distance, swelled into mountains of dark heath, bordering the horizon with a screen which gave a defined and limited boundary to the cultivated country, and added, at the same time, the pleasing idea, that it was sequestered and solitary. The sea-coast, which Mannering now saw in its extent, corresponded in variety and beauty with the inland view. In some places it rose into tall rocks, frequently crowned with the ruins of old buildings, towers, or beacons, which, according to tradition, were placed within sight of each other, that, in times of invasion or civil war, they might communicate by signal for mutual defence and protection. Ellangowan castle was by far the most extensive and important of these ruins, and asserted from size and situation the superiority which its founders were said once to have possessed among the chiefs and nobles of the district. In other places, the shore was of a more gentle description, indented with small bays, where the land sloped smoothly down, or sent into the sea promontories covered with wood.

A scene so different from what last night's journey had presaged, produced a proportional effect upon Mannering. Beneath his eye lay the modern house; an awkward mansion, indeed, in point of architecture, but well situated, and with a warm and pleasant exposure. "How happily," thought our hero, "would life glide on in such a retirement! On the one hand the striking remnants of ancient grandeur, with the secret consciousness of family pride which they inspire; on the other, enough of modern elegance and comfort to satisfy every moderate wish. Here then, and with thee, Sophia!"—

We will not pursue a lover's day-dream any farther. Mannering

stood a minute with his arms folded, and then turned to the ruined castle.

Upon entering the gateway, he found that the rude magnificence of the inner court amply corresponded with the grandeur of the exterior. On the one side ran a range of windows lofty and large, divided by carved mullions of stone, which had once lighted the great hall of the castle; on the other were various buildings of different heights and dates, yet so united as to present to the eye a certain general effect of uniformity of front. The doors and windows were ornamented with projections exhibiting rude specimens of sculpture and tracery, partly entire and partly broken down, partly covered by ivy and trailing plants, which grew luxuriantly among the ruins. That end of the court which faced the entrance had also been formerly closed by a range of buildings; but owing, it was said, to its having been battered by the ships of the Parliament under Deane, during the long civil war, this part of the castle was much more ruinous than the rest, and exhibited a great chasm, through which Mannering could observe the sea, and the little vessel (an armed lugger) which retained her station in the centre of the bay. While Mannering was gazing round the ruins, he heard from the interior of an apartment on the left hand the voice of the gypsy he had seen on the preceding evening. He soon found an aperture, through which he could observe her without being himself visible; and could not help feeling, that her figure, her employment, and her situation, conveyed the exact impression of an ancient sybil.

She sat upon a broken corner-stone in the angle of a paved apartment, part of which she had swept clean to afford a smooth space for the evolutions of her spindle. A strong sunbeam, through a lofty and narrow window, fell upon her wild dress and features, and afforded her light for her occupation; the rest of the apartment was very gloomy. Equipt in a habit which mingled the national dress of the Scottish common people with something of an eastern costume, she spun a thread, drawn from wool of three different colours, black, white, and grey, by assistance of those ancient implements of housewifery now almost banished from the land, the distaff and spindle. As she spun, she sung what seemed to be a charm. Mannering, after in vain attempting to make himself master of the exact words of her song, afterwards attempted the following paraphrase of what, from a few intelligible phrases, he concluded was its purport:

Twist ye, twine ye! even so
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
And the infant's life beginning,

Dimly seen through twilight bending,
Lo, what varied shapes attending!

Passions wild, and follies vain,
Pleasures soon exchanged for pain;
Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
Whirling with the whirling spindle.
Twist ye, twine ye! even so,
Mingle human bliss and woe.

Ere our translator, or rather our free imitator, had arranged these stanzas in his head, and while he was yet hammering out a rhyme for *spindle*, the task of the sybil was accomplished, or her wool was expended. She took the spindle, now charged with her labours, and, undoing the thread gradually, measured it, by casting it over her elbow, and bringing each loop round between her fore finger and thumb. When she had measured it out, she muttered to herself—"A hank, but not a haill ane—the full years o' the three score and ten, but thrice broken, and thrice to *oop*, (i. e. unite); he'll be a lucky lad an he win through wi't."

Our hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a voice, hoarse as the waves with which it mingled, halloo'd twice, and with increasing impatience—"Meg, Meg Merrilies!—Gypsey—hag—tousand deyvils!"

"I am coming, I am coming, captain," answered Meg, and in a moment or two the impatient Commander whom she addressed made his appearance from the broken part of the ruins.

He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong, and thick-set; so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close personal conflict. He was hard-favoured, and, which was worse, his face bore nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless frolicsome jollity and vacant curiosity of a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps, as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses towards them. Their gallantry, courage, and hardihood are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landsmen in their presence; and neither respect, nor a sense of humiliation, are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable points of his character. There was nothing like these in this man's face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features

which would have been harsh and unpleasant under any expression or modification. "Where are you, Mother Deyvilson?" said he, with somewhat of a foreign accent, though speaking perfectly good English. "Donner and blitzen! we have been staying this half-hour—Come bless the good ship and the voyage, and be cursed to ye, for a hag of Satan!"

At this moment he noticed Mannering, who, from the position which he had taken to watch Meg Merrilies's incantations, had the appearance of some one who was concealing himself, being half hidden by the buttress behind which he stood. The captain, for such he styled himself, made a sudden and startled pause, and thrust his right hand into his bosom between his jacket and waistcoat, as if to draw some weapon. "What cheer, brother? you seem on the outlook—eh?"

Ere Mannering, somewhat struck by the man's gesture and insolent tone of voice, had made any answer, the gypsy emerged from her vault and joined the stranger. He questioned her in an under tone, looking at Mannering—"A shark alongside; eh?"

She answered in the same tone of under dialogue, using the canting language of her tribe—"Cut ben whids, and stow them—a gentry cove of the ken."

The fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. "The top of the morning to you, sir; I find you are a visitor of my friend Mr Bertram—I beg pardon, but I took you for another sort of a person."

Mannering replied, "And you, sir, I presume, are the master of that vessel in the bay!"

"Aye, aye, sir; I am Captain Dirk Hatteraick, of the Yungfrau Hagenslaapen, well known on this coast; I am not ashamed of my name, nor of my vessel—nor of my cargo neither, for that matter."

"I dare say you have no reason, sir."

"Tousend donner—no; I'm all in the way of fair trade—Just loaded yonder at Douglas, in the Isle of Man—neat cogniac—real hyson and souchong—Mechlin lace, if you want any—We bumped ashore a hundred kegs last night."

"Really, sir, I am only a traveller, and have no sort of occasion for any thing of the kind at present."

"Why, then, good morning to you, for business must be minded—unless ye'll go aboard and take schnaps—you shall have a pouch-full of tea ashore—Dirk Hatteraick knows how to be civil."

There was a mixture of impudence, hardihood, and suspicious fear about this man, which was inexpressibly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian, conscious of the suspicion attending his character, yet aiming to bear it down by the affectation of a careless and hardy familiarity. Mannering briefly rejected his proffered civilities; and, after a surly good morning, he retired with the gypsy to that

part of the ruins from which he had first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here descended to the beach, intended probably for the convenience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair, the couple, equally amiable in appearance, and respectable by profession, descended to the sea-side. The soi-disant captain embarked in a small boat with two men who appeared to wait for him, and the gypsy remained on the shore, reciting or singing, and gesticulating with great vehemence.

CHAPTER V.

—— You have fed upon my seignories,
 Disparked my parks, and felled my forest woods,
 From mine own windows torn my household coat,
 Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
 Save men's opinions and my living blood,
 To show the world I am a gentleman.—*Richard II.*

WHEN the boat which carried the worthy Captain on board his vessel had accomplished that task, the sails began to ascend, and the ship was got under way. She fired three guns as a salute to the house of Ellangowan, and then shot away rapidly before the wind, which blew off shore, under all the sail she could crowd.

"Aye, aye," said the Laird, who had sought Mannering for some time, and now joined him, "there they go—there go the free-traders—there goes Captain Dirk Hatteraick, and the Yungfrau Hagenslaapen, half Manks, half Dutchman, half devil! run out the boltspit, up mainsail, top and top-gallant sails, royals, and skyscrapers, and away—follow who can! That fellow, Mr Mannering, is the terror of all the excise and custom-house cruisers; they can make nothing of him; he drubs them, or he distances them;—and speaking of excise, I come to bring you to breakfast; and you shall have some tea, that"——

Mannering, by this time, was aware that one thought linked strangely on to another in the concatenation of worthy Mr Bertram's ideas,

"Like orient pearls at random strung:"

and, therefore, before the current of his associations had drifted farther from the point he had left, he brought him back by some enquiry about Dirk Hatteraick.

"O he's a—a—good sort of blackguard fellow enough—no one cares to trouble him—smuggler, when his guns are in ballast—privateer, or pirate faith, when he gets them mounted. He has done more mischief to the revenue folk than any rogue that ever came out of Ramsay."

"But, my good sir, such being his character, I wonder he has any protection and encouragement on this coast?"

"Why, Mr Mannering, people must have brandy and tea, and there's none in the country but what comes this way—and then there's short accounts, and maybe a keg or two, or a dozen pounds left at your stable door at Christmas, instead of a d—d lang account from Duncan Robb, the grocer at Kippletringan, who has aye a sum to make up, and either wants ready money, or a short-dated bill. Now, Hatteraick will take wood, or he'll take barley, or he'll take just what's convenient at the time. I'll tell you a good story about that. There was ance a laird—that's Macfie of Gudgeonford,—he had a great number of kain hens—that's hens that the tenant pays to the landlord—like a sort of rent in kind—they aye feed mine very ill; Luckie Finniston sent up three that were a shame to be seen only last week, and yet she has twelve bows sowing of victual; indeed her goodman, Duncan Finniston—that's him that's gone—(we must all die, Mr Mannering; that's ower true)—and speaking of that, let us live in the meanwhile, for here's breakfast on the table, and the Dominie ready to say grace."

The Dominie did accordingly pronounce a benediction, that exceeded in length any speech which Mannering had yet heard him utter. The tea, which of course belonged to the noble Captain Hatteraick's trade, was pronounced excellent. Still Mannering hinted, though with due delicacy, at the risk of encouraging such desperate characters: "Were it but in justice to the revenue, I should have supposed"—

"Ah, the revenue-lads"—for Mr Bertram never embraced a general or abstract idea, and his notion of the revenue was personified in the commissioners, surveyors, comptrollers, and riding-officers, whom he happened to know—"the revenue-lads can look sharp enough out for themselves—no one needs to help them—and they have all the soldiers to assist them besides—and as to justice—you'll be surprised to hear it, Mr Mannering;—but I am not a justice of peace!"

Mannering assumed the expected look of surprise, but thought within himself, that the worshipful bench suffered no great deprivation from wanting the assistance of his good-humoured landlord. Mr Bertram had now hit upon one of the few subjects on which he felt sore, and went on with some energy.

"No, sir,—the name of Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan is *not* in the last commission, though there's scarce a carle in the country that has a plough-gate of land, but what he must ride to quarter sessions, and write J. P. after his name. I ken full well who I am obliged to—Sir Thomas Kittlecourt as good as told me he would sit in my skirts, if he had not my interest at the last election, and because I chose to go with my own blood and third cousin, the Laird of Balruddery, they keepit me off the roll of freeholders, and now there comes a new

nomination of justices, and I am left out—and whereas they pretend it was because I let David MacGuffog, the constable, draw the warrants, and manage the business his own gate, as if I had been a nose o' wax, it's a main untruth; for I granted but seven warrants in my life, and the Dominie wrote every one of them—and if it had not been that unlucky business of Sandy MacGruthar's, that the constables should have kept it two or three days up yonder at the auld castle, just till they could get conveniency to send him to the county jail—and that cost me aneugh of siller—But I ken what Sir Thomas wants very well—it was just sick and sicklike about the seat in the kirk of Kilmagirdle—was I not entitled to have the front gallery facing the minister, rather than MacCrosskie of Creechstone, the son of deacon MacCrosskie the Dumfries weaver?"

Mannering expressed his acquiescence in the justice of those various complaints.

"And then, Mr Mannering, there was the story about the road, and the fauld-dike—I ken Sir Thomas was behind there, and I said plainly to the clerk to the trustees that I saw the cloven foot, let them take that as they like—would any gentleman, or set of gentlemen, go and drive a road right through the corner of a fauld-dike, and take away, as my agent observed to them, like two roods of good moorland pasture?—And there was the story about chusing the collector of the cess"—

"Certainly, sir, it is hard you should meet with any neglect in a country, where to judge from the extent of their residence, your ancestors must have made a very important figure."

"Very true, Mr Mannering—I am a plain man, and do not dwell on these things; and I must needs say, I have little memory for them; but I wish you could have heard my father's stories about the old fights of the MacDingawaies—that's the Bertrams that now is—wi' the Irish, and wi' the Highlanders, that came here in their berlings from Ilay and Cantire—and how they went to the Holy Land—that is, to Jerusalem and Jericho, wi' a' their clan at their heels—they had better have gaen to Jamaica, like Sir Thomas Kittlecourt's uncle—and how they brought home reliques, like those that catholics have, and a flag that's up yonder in the garret—if they had been casks of Muscavado, and puncheons of rum, it would have been better for the estate at this day—but there's little comparison between the auld keep at Kittlecourt and the castle of Ellangowan—I doubt if the keep's forty feet of front—But ye make no breakfast, Mr Mannering; ye're no eating your meat; allow me to recommend some of the kipper—It was John Hay that catched it Saturday was three weeks down at the stream below Hempseed ford," &c., &c., &c.

The Laird, whose indignation had for some time kept him pretty steady to one topic, now launched forth into his usual roving style of

conversation, which gave Mannering ample time to reflect upon the disadvantages attending the situation, which, an hour before, he had thought worthy of so much envy. Here was a country gentleman, whose most estimable quality seemed his perfect good nature, secretly fretting himself and murmuring against others for causes which, compared with any real evil in life, must weigh like dust in the balance; but such is the equal distribution of Providence. To those who lie out of the road of great afflictions, are assigned petty vexations, which answer all the purpose of disturbing their serenity: and every reader must have observed, that neither natural apathy nor acquired philosophy can render country gentlemen insensible to the grievances which occur at elections, quarter sessions, and meetings of trustees.

Curious to investigate the manners of the country, Mannering took the advantage of a pause in good Mr Bertram's string of stories, to enquire what Captain Hatteraick so earnestly wanted with the gypsy woman.

"O to bless his ship, I suppose—you must know, Mr Mannering, that these freetraders, whom the law calls smugglers, having no religion, make it all up in superstition, and they have as many spells, and charms, and nonsense"——

"Vanity and waur," said the Dominie, "it is a trafficking with the Evil One. Spells, periapts, and charms, are of his device—choice arrows out of Apollyon's quiver."

"Hold your peace, Dominie—you're speaking for ever—(by the way it was the first words the poor man had uttered that morning, except that he had said grace and returned thanks) Mr Mannering cannot get in a word for you—and so, Mr Mannering, talking of astronomy, and spells, and these matters, have you been so kind as to consider what we were speaking about last night?"

"I begin to think, Mr Bertram, with your worthy friend here, that I have been rather jesting with edge-tools; and although neither you nor I, nor any sensible man, can put faith in the predictions of astrology; yet, as it has sometimes happened that enquiries into futurity undertaken in jest, have in their results produced serious and unpleasant effects both upon actions and characters, I wish you would dispense with my replying to your question."

It was easy to see that this evasive answer only rendered the Laird's curiosity more uncontrollable. Mannering, however, was determined in his own mind, not to expose the infant to the inconveniences which might have arisen from his being supposed the object of evil prediction. He therefore delivered the paper into Mr Bertram's hand, and requested him to keep it for five years with the seal unbroken, until the month of November was expired. After that date had intervened, he left him at liberty to examine the writing, trusting that the first fatal period being then safely over-passed, no credit would be paid to its further

contents. This Mr Bertram was content to promise, and Mannering to ensure his fidelity, hinted at misfortunes which would certainly take place if his injunctions were neglected. The rest of the day, which Mannering by Mr Bertram's invitation spent at Ellangowan, past over without anything remarkable, and on the morning of that which followed, the traveller mounted his palfrey, bade a courteous adieu to his hospitable landlord, and to his clerical attendant, repeated his good wishes for the prosperity of the family; then, turning his horse's head towards England, disappeared from the sight of the inmates of Ellangowan. He must also disappear from that of our readers, for it is to another and later period of his life that the present narrative relates.

CHAPTER VI.

———Next the Justice,
With fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, and modern instances :
And so he plays his part.———

WHEN Mrs Bertram of Ellangowan was able to hear the news of what had passed during her confinement, her apartment rung with all manner of gossiping respecting the handsome young student from Oxford, who had told such a fortune by the stars to the young Laird, " blessings on his dainty face." The form, accent, and manners of the stranger, were expatiated upon. His horse, bridle, saddle, and stirrups, did not remain unnoticed. All this made a great impression upon the mind of Mrs Bertram, for the good lady had no small store of superstition.

Her first employment, when she became capable of a little work, was to make a small velvet bag for the scheme of nativity which she had obtained from her husband. Her fingers itched to break the seal, but credulity proved stronger than curiosity, and she had the firmness to inclose it, in all its integrity, within two slips of parchment, which she sewed round it, to prevent its being chafed. The whole was then enclosed in the velvet bag aforesaid, and hung as a charm round the neck of the infant, where his mother resolved it should remain until the period for the legitimate satisfaction of her curiosity should arrive.

The father also resolved to do his part by the child, in securing him a good education; and with the view that it should commence with the first dawnings of reason, Dominie Sampson was easily induced to renounce his public profession of parish schoolmaster, make his constant residence at the Place, and, in consideration of a sum not quite equal to the wages of a footman even at that time, to undertake to communicate to the future Laird of Ellangowan all the erudition which he had,

and all the graces and accomplishments which—he had not indeed, but which he had never discovered that he wanted. In this arrangement, also, the Laird found his private advantage; securing the constant benefit of a patient auditor to whom he told his stories when they were alone, and at whose expence he could break a sly jest when he had company.

About four years after this time, a great commotion took place in the county where Ellangowan is situated.

Those who watched the signs of the times, had long been of opinion that a change of ministry was about to take place; and, at length, after a due proportion of hopes, fears, and delays, rumours from good authority, and bad authority, and no authority at all, after some clubs had drank Up with this statesman, and others Down with him; after riding and running, and posting, and addressing, and counter addressing, and proffers of lives and fortunes, the blow was at length struck, the administration of the day was dissolved, and parliament, as a natural consequence, was dissolved also.

Sir Thomas Kittlecourt, like other members in the same situation, posted down to his county, and met but an indifferent reception. He was a partizan of the old administration; and the friends of the new had already set about an active canvass in behalf of John Featherhead, Esq., who kept the best hounds and hunters in the shire. Among others who joined the standard of revolt was Gilbert Glossin, writer in ———, agent for the Laird of Ellangowan. This honest gentleman had either been refused some favour by the old member, or, what is equally likely, he had got all that he had the most distant pretension to ask, and could only look to the other side for fresh advancement. Mr Glossin had a vote upon Ellangowan's property, as has been before observed; and he was now determined that his patron should have one also, as there was no doubt which side Mr Bertram would embrace in the contest. He easily persuaded Ellangowan, that it would be creditable to him to take the field at the head of as strong a party as possible; and immediately went to work, making votes, as every Scottish lawyer knows how, by splitting and subdividing the superiorities upon this ancient and once powerful barony. These were so extensive, that by dint of clipping and paring here, adding and eiking there, and creating over-lords upon all the estate which Bertram held of the crown, they advanced upon the day of contest, at the head of ten as good men of parchment as ever took the oath of trust and possession. This strong reinforcement turned the dubious day of battle. The principal and his agent divided the honour; the reward fell to the latter exclusively. Mr Gilbert Glossin was made clerk of the peace, and Godfrey Bertram had his name inserted in a new commission of justices, issued immediately upon the sitting of the parliament.

This had been the summit of Mr Bertram's ambition; not that he

liked either the trouble or the responsibility of the office, but he thought it was a dignity to which he was well entitled, and that it had been withheld from him by malice prepense. But there is an old and true Scotch proverb, "Fools should not have chapping sticks?" that is, weapons of offence. Mr Bertram was no sooner possessed of the judicial authority which he had so much longed for, than he began to exercise it with more severity than mercy, and totally belied all the opinions which had hitherto been formed of his inert good-nature. We have read somewhere of a justice of peace, who, upon being nominated in the commission, wrote a letter to a bookseller for the statutes respecting his official duty, in the following orthography,—“Please send the ax relating to a gustus pease.” No doubt, when this learned gentleman had possessed himself of the axe, he hewed the laws with it to some purpose. Mr Bertram was not quite so ignorant of English grammar as his worshipful predecessor; but Augustus Pease himself could not have used more indiscriminately the weapon unwarily put into his hand.

In good earnest, he considered the commission with which he had been entrusted as a personal mark of favour from his sovereign; forgetting that he had formerly thought his being deprived of a privilege, or honour, common to those of his rank, was the result of mere party cabal. He commanded his trusty aid-de-camp, Dominie Sampson, to read aloud the commission; and at the first words, “The king has been pleased to appoint”—“Pleased!” exclaimed he, in a transport of gratitude; “Honest gentleman! I’m sure he cannot be better pleased than I am.”

Accordingly, unwilling to confine his gratitude to mere feelings, or verbal expressions, he gave full current to the new-born zeal of office, and endeavoured to express his sense of the honour conferred upon him, by an unmitigated activity in the discharge of his duty. New brooms, it is said, sweep clean; and I myself can bear witness, that, upon the arrival of a new housemaid, the ancient, hereditary, and domestic spiders, who have spun their webs over the lower division of my bookshelves, (consisting chiefly of law and divinity,) during the peaceful reign of her predecessor, fly at full speed before the unexpected inroads of the new mercenary. Even so the Laird of Ellangowan ruthlessly commenced his magisterial reform, at the expence of various established and superannuated pickers and stealers, who had been his neighbours for half a century. He wrought his miracles like a second Duke Humphrey! and, by the influence of the beadle’s rod, caused the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the palsied to labour. He detected poachers, black-fishers, orchard breakers, and pigeon shooters; had the applause of the bench for his reward, and the public credit of an active magistrate.

All this good had its rateable proportion of evil. Even an admitted

nuisance, of ancient standing, should not be abated without some caution. The zeal of our worthy friend now involved in great distress sundry personages, whose idle and mendicant habits his own *luckless* had contributed to foster, until these habits had become irreclaimable, or whose real incapacity of exertion rendered them fit objects, in their own phrase, for the charity of all well-disposed Christians. The "long-remembered beggar," who for twenty years had made his regular round within the neighbourhood, received rather as an humble friend than as an object of charity, was sent to the neighbouring workhouse. The decrepid dame, who travelled round the parish upon a handbarrow, circulating from house to house like a bad shilling, which every one is in haste to pass upon his neighbour; she, who used to call for her bearers as loud, or louder, than a traveller demands post-horses, even she shared the same disastrous fate. The "daft Jock," who, half knave, half-idiot, had been the sport of each succeeding race of village children for a good part of a century, was remitted to the county bridewell, where, secluded from free air and sunshine, the only advantages he was capable of enjoying, he pined and died in the course of six months. The old sailor, who had so long rejoiced the smoky rafters of every kitchen in the country, by singing *Captain Ward* and *Bold Admiral Benbow*, was banished from the county for no better reason, than that he was supposed to speak with a strong Irish accent. Even the annual rounds of the pedlar were abolished by the Justice, in his hasty zeal for the administration of rural police.

These things did not pass without notice and censure. We are not made of wood or stone, and the things which connect themselves with our hearts and habits cannot, like bark or lichen, be rent away without our missing them. The farmer's dame lacked her usual share of intelligence, perhaps also the self-applause which she had felt while distributing the *awmous* (alms,) in shape of a *gowpen* (handful) of oatmeal, to the mendicant who brought the news. The cottage felt inconvenience from interruption of the paltry trade carried on by the itinerant dealers. The children had not their sugar plums and toys; the young women wanted pins, ribbons, combs, and ballads; and the old could no longer barter their eggs for salt, snuff, and tobacco. All these circumstances brought the busy Laird of Ellangowan into discredit, which was more general on account of his former popularity. Even his lineage was brought up in judgment against him. They thought "naething of what the like of Greenside, or Burnville, or Viewforth, might do, that were strangers in the country; but Ellangowan! that had been a name amang them since the mirk Monanday, and lang before—He to be grinding the poor at that rate!—They ca'd his grandfather the Wicked Laird; but, though he was whiles fractious aneuch, when he got into roving company, and had ta'en the drap drink, he would have scorned to go on

at this gate. Na, na, the muckle chimney in the auld Place reeked like a killogie in his time, and there were as mony pair folk riving at the banes in the court, and about the door, as there were gentles in the Ha.' And the lady, on ilka Christmas night as it came round, gae twelve siller pennies to ilka pair body about, in honour of the twelve apostles like. They were fond to ca' it papistrie; but I think our great folk might take a lesson frae the papists whiles. They gie another sort o' help to pair folk than just dinging down a saxpence in the broad on the Sabbath, and kilting, and scourging, and drumming them a' the six days o' the week besides."

Such was the gossip over the good twopenny in every ale-house within three or four miles of Ellangowan, that being about the diameter of the orbit in which our friend Godfrey Bertram, Esq. J.P. must be considered as the principal luminary. Still greater scope was given to evil tongues by the removal of a colony of gypsies, with one of whom our reader is somewhat acquainted, and who had for a great many years enjoyed their chief settlement upon the estate of Ellangowan.

CHAPTER VII.

Come, princes of the ragged regiment,
You of the blood! *Prigg*, my most upright lord,
And these, what name or title e'er they bear,
Jarkman, or *Patricio*, *Cranke* or *Clapper-dudgeon*,
Frater or *Abram-man*—I speak of all.—

Beggar's Bush.

ALTHOUGH the character of those gypsy tribes, which formerly inundated most of the nations of Europe, and which in some degree still subsist among them as a distinct people, is generally understood, the reader will pardon my saying a few words respecting their situation in Scotland.

It is well known that the gypsies were, at an early period, acknowledged as a separate and independent race by one of the Scottish monarchs, and that they were less favourably distinguished by a subsequent law, which rendered the character of gypsy equal, in the judicial balance, to that of common and habitual thief, and prescribed his punishment accordingly. Notwithstanding the severity of this and other statutes, the fraternity prospered amid the distresses of the country, and received large accessions from among those whom famine, oppression, or the sword of war, had deprived of the ordinary means of subsistence. They lost in a great measure, by this intermixture, the national character of Egyptians, and became a mingled race, having all the idleness and predatory habits of their eastern ancestors, with a

ferocity which they probably borrowed from the men of the north who joined their society. They travelled in different bands, and had rules among themselves, by which each tribe was confined to its own district. The slightest invasion of the precincts which had been assigned to another tribe produced desperate skirmishes, in which there was often much blood shed.

The patriotic Fletcher of Saltoun drew a picture of these banditti about a century ago, which my readers will peruse with astonishment.

"There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others, who, by living upon bad food, fall into various diseases) two hundred thousand people begging from door to door. These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature; * * * * *. No magistrate could ever discover, or be informed, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptized. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants, (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them,) but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both man and woman, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together."

Notwithstanding the deplorable picture presented in this extract, and which Fletcher himself, though the energetic and eloquent friend of freedom, saw no better mode of correcting than by introducing a system of domestic slavery, the progress of time, and increase both of the means of life and of the power of the laws, gradually reduced this dreadful evil within more narrow bounds. The tribes of gypsies, jockies, or cairds,—for by all these denominations such banditti were known,—became few in number, and many were entirely rooted out. Still, however, enough remained to give occasional alarm and constant vexation. Some rude handicrafts were entirely resigned to these itinerants, particularly the art of trencher-making, of manufacturing horn-spoons, and the whole mystery of the tinker. To these they added a petty trade in the coarse sorts of earthen-ware. Such were their ostensible means of livelihood. Each tribe had usually some fixed place of rendezvous, which they occasionally occupied and considered as their standing camp, and in the vicinity of which they

generally abstained from depredation. They had even talents and accomplishments, which made them occasionally useful and entertaining. Many cultivated music with success, and the favourite fiddler or piper of a district was often to be found in a gypsy town. They understood all out-of-door sports, especially otter-hunting, fishing, or finding game. In winter, the women told fortunes, the men shewed tricks of legerdemain; and these accomplishments often helped away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the "farmer's ha." The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labour, commanded a certain awe, which was not diminished by the consideration, that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check, either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them. These tribes were, in short, the *Parias* of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlers, and, like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits, and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilized part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape either into a waste country, or into another jurisdiction; nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers, however, are so greatly diminished, that, instead of one hundred thousand, as calculated by Fletcher, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above five hundred throughout all Scotland.

A tribe of these itinerants, to whom Meg Merrilies appertained, had long been as stationary as their habits permitted, in a glen upon the estate of Ellangowan. They had there erected a few huts, which they denominated their "city of refuge," and where, when not absent on excursions, they harboured unmolested as the crows that roosted in the old ash-trees around them. They had been such long occupants, that they were considered in some degree as proprietors of the wretched sheelings which they inhabited. This protection they were said anciently to have repaid, by service to the laird in war, or, more frequently, by infesting and plundering the lands of those neighbouring barons with whom he chanced to be at feud. Latterly, their services were of a more pacific nature. The women spun mittens for the lady, and knitted boot-hose for the laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form. The aged sybils blessed the bridal bed of the laird when he married, and the cradle of the heir when born. The men repaired her ladyship's cracked china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties, wormed his dogs, and cut the ears of his terrier puppies. The children gathered nuts in the woods, and crane-berries in the moss, and mushrooms upon the pastures, for tribute to the Place. These acts of voluntary service, and acknowledgments of dependence, were rewarded by protection on some occasions, connivance upon others, and broken victuals, ale, and brandy, when circumstances

called for a display of generosity; and this mutual intercourse of good offices, which had taken place for at least two centuries, rendered the inhabitants of Derncleugh a kind of privileged retainers upon the estate of Ellangowan. "The knaves" were the Laird's "exceeding good friends;" and he would have deemed himself very ill used, if his countenance could not now and then have borne them out against the law of the country and the local magistrate. But this friendly union was soon to be dissolved.

The community of Derncleugh, who cared for no rogues but their own, were wholly without alarm at the severity of the justice's proceedings towards other itinerants. They had no doubt that he determined to suffer no mendicants or strollers in the country, but what resided on his own property, and practised their trade by his immediate permission, implied or expressed. Nor was Mr Bertram in a hurry to exert his newly-acquired authority at the expense of these old settlers. But he was driven on by circumstances.

At the quarter sessions, our new justice was publicly upbraided by a gentleman of the opposite party in county politics, that, while he affected a great zeal for the public police, and seemed ambitious of the fame of an active magistrate, he fostered a tribe of the greatest rogues in the country, and permitted them to harbour within a mile of the house of Ellangowan. To this there was no reply, for the fact was too evident and well known. The Laird digested the taunt as he best could, and in his way home amused himself with speculations on the easiest method of ridding himself of those vagrants, who brought a stain upon his fair fame as a magistrate. Just as he had resolved to take the first opportunity of quarrelling with the Parias of Derncleugh, a cause of provocation presented itself.

Since our friend's advancement to be a conservator of the peace, he had caused the gate at the head of his avenue, which formerly, having only one hinge, remained at all times hospitably open—he had caused this gate, I say, to be newly hung and handsomely painted. He had also shut up with paling, curiously twisted with furze, certain holes in the fences adjoining, through which the gypsy boys used to scramble into the plantations to gather birds' nests, the seniors of the village to make a short cut from one point to another, and the lads and lasses for evening rendezvous—all without offence taken, or leave asked. But these halcyon days were now to have end, and a minatory inscription upon one side of the gate intimated "prosecution according to law" (the painter had spelt it *persecution*—*l'un vaut bien l'autre*) to all who should be found trespassing on these enclosures. Upon the other side, for uniformity's sake, was a precautionary annunciation of spring-guns, stamps, and man-traps of such formidable powers, that, said the rubrick, with an emphatic *nota bene*—"If a man goes in, they will break a horse's leg."

In defiance of these threats, six well-grown gypsy boys and girls were riding cock-horse upon the new gate, and plaiting May-flower, which it was but too evident had been gathered within the forbidden precincts. With as much anger as he was capable of feeling, or perhaps of assuming, the Laird commanded them to descend;—they paid no attention to his mandate; he then began to pull them down one after another;—they resisted, passively at least, each sturdy bronzed varlet making himself as heavy as he could, or climbing up as fast as he was dismounted.

The Laird then called in the assistance of his servant, a surly fellow, who had immediate recourse to his horse-whip. A few lashes sent the party a-scampering; and thus commenced the first breach of peace between the house of Ellangowan and the gypsies of Derncleugh.

The latter could not for some time imagine that the war was real, until they found that their children were horse-whipped by the grieve when found trespassing; that their asses were pained by the ground-officer when left in the plantations, or even when turned to graze by the road-side against the provision of the turnpike acts; that the constable began to make curious enquiries into their mode of gaining a livelihood, and expressed his surprise that the men should sleep in the hovels all day, and be abroad the greater part of the night.

When matters came to this point, the gypsies without scruple entered upon measures of retaliation. Ellangowan's hen roosts were plundered, his linen stolen from the lines or bleaching ground, his fishings poached, his dogs kidnapped, his growing trees cut or barked. Much petty mischief was done, and some evidently for the mischief's sake. On the other hand, warrants went forth, without mercy, to pursue, search for, take, and apprehend; and, notwithstanding their dexterity, one or two of the depredators were unable to avoid conviction. One, a stout young fellow who sometimes had gone to sea a-fishing, was handed over to the captain of the impress service at D——; two children were soundly flogged, and one Egyptian matron sent to the house of correction.

Still, however, the gypsies made no motion to leave the spot which they had so long inhabited, and Mr Bertram felt an unwillingness to deprive them of their ancient "city of refuge;" so that the petty warfare we have noticed continued for several months, without increase or abatement of hostilities on either side.

CHAPTER VIII.

So the red Indian, by Ontario's side,
 Nursed hardy on the brindled panther's hide,
 As fades his swarthy race, with anguish sees
 The white man's cottage rise beneath the trees;
 He leaves the shelter of his native wood,
 He leaves the murmur of Ohio's flood,
 And forward rushing in indignant grief,
 Where never foot has trode the fallen leaf,
 He bends his course where twilight reigns sublime
 O'er forests silent since the birth of time.

Scenes of Infancy.

IN tracing the rise and progress of the Scottish Maroon war; we must not omit to mention that years had now rolled on, and that little Harry Bertram, one of the hardiest and most lively children that ever made a sword and grenadier's cap of rushes, now approached his fifth revolving birth-day. A hardihood of disposition, which early developed itself, made him already a little wanderer; he was well acquainted with every patch of lea ground and dingle around Ellangowan, and could tell in his broken language upon what *baulks* grew the bonniest flowers, and what copse had the ripest nuts. He repeatedly terrified his attendants by clambering about the ruins of the old castle, and had more than once made a stolen excursion as far as the gypsy hamlet.

Upon these occasions he was generally brought back by Meg Merrilies, who, though she could not be prevailed upon to enter the Place of Ellangowan after her nephew had been given up to the press-gang, did not apparently extend her resentment to the child. On the contrary, she often contrived to way-lay him in his walks, sing him a gypsy song, give him a ride upon her jack-ass, and thrust into his pocket a piece of gingerbread or a red-cheeked apple. This woman's ancient attachment to the family, repelled and checked in every other direction, seemed to rejoice in having some object on which it could yet repose and expand itself. She prophesied an hundred times, "that young Mr Henry would be the pride o' the family, and there had-na been sick a sprout frae the auld aik, since the death of Arthur MacDingawaie, that was killed in the battle o' the Bloody Bay; as for the present stick, it was good for naething but firewood." Upon one occasion, when the child was ill, she lay all night below the window, chaunting a rhyme which she believed sovereign as a febrifuge, and could neither be prevailed upon to enter the house, nor to leave the station she had chosen, till she was informed that the crisis was over.

The affection of this woman became matter of suspicion, not indeed to the Laird, who was never hasty in suspecting evil, but to his wife, who had indifferent health and poor spirits. She was now far advanced in a second pregnancy she could not walk abroad herself,

the woman who attended upon Harry was young and thoughtless, and she prayed Dominie Sampson to undertake the task of watching the boy in his rambles, when he should not be otherwise accompanied. The Dominie loved his young charge, and was enraptured with his own success, in having already brought him so far in his learning as to spell words of three syllables. The idea of this early prodigy of erudition being carried off by the gypsies, like a second Adam Smith, was not to be tolerated; and accordingly, though the charge was contrary to all his habits of life, he readily undertook it, and might be seen stalking about with a mathematical problem in his head, and his eye upon a child of five years old, whose rambles led him into an hundred awkward situations. Twice was the Dominie chased by a cross-grained cow, once he fell into the brook crossing at the stepping-stones, and another time was bogged up to the middle in the slough of Lochend, in attempting to gather a water-lily for the young Laird. It was the opinion of the village matrons who relieved Sampson on the latter occasion, that the Laird might as well trust the care of his child to a "potatoe-bogle;" but the good Dominie bore all his disasters with gravity and serenity equally imperturbable. "Pro-di-gi-ous!" was the only ejaculation they ever extorted from the much-enduring man.

The Laird had, by this time, determined to make root and branch-work with the Maroons of Derncleugh. The old servants shook their heads at his proposal, and even Dominie Sampson ventured upon an indirect remonstrance. As, however, it was couched in the oracular phrase "*Ne moveas Camerinam*," neither the allusion, nor the language in which it was expressed, were calculated for Mr Bertram's edification, and matters proceeded against the gypsies in form of law. Every door in the hamlet was chalked by the ground officer, in token of a formal warning to remove at next term. Still, however, they showed no symptoms either of submission or of compliance. At length the term-day, the fatal Martinmas, arrived, and violent measures of ejection were resorted to. A strong posse of peace-officers, sufficient to render all resistance vain, charged the inhabitants to depart by noon; and, as they did not obey, the officers, in terms of their warrant, proceeded to unroof the cottages, and pull down the wretched doors and windows,—a summary and effectual mode of ejection still practised in some remote parts of Scotland, when a tenant proves refractory. The gypsies, for a time, beheld the work of destruction in sullen silence and inactivity; then set about saddling and loading their asses, and making preparations for their departure. These were soon accomplished, where all had the habits of wandering Tartars, and they set forth on their journey to seek new settlements, where their patron should neither be of the quorum, nor *custos rotulorum*.

Certain qualms of feeling had deterred Ellangowan from attending in person to see his tenants expelled. He left the executive part of

the business to the officers of the law, under the immediate direction of Frank Kennedy, a supervisor, or riding-officer belonging to the customs, who had of late become intimate at the Place, and of whom we shall have more to say in the next chapter. Mr Bertram himself chose that day to make a visit to a friend at some distance. But it so happened, notwithstanding his precautions, that he could not avoid meeting his late tenants during their retreat from his property.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr Bertram met the gypsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great coats, that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broad sword without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts, or *tumblers*, as they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepid and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads, and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to their drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road," answered a male gypsy from under his slouched and large brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have no more; the highway is as free to our cud-dies as to his gelding."

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, upon such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition,—“Giles Baillic,” he said, “have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?” (The question respected the young man who had been pressed.)

“If I had heard otherwise,” said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, “you should have heard of it too.” And he plodded on his way, tarrying no further question. When the Laird had pressed onward with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, in which he now only read hatred and contempt, but which had on all

former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now, than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried, before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance, which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart upon parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to pursue his journey, Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troops, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural height. We have noticed, that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion, she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf locks from the folds of this singular head gear. Her attitude was that of a sybil in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d—d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit Park."—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gypsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour

burn the blyther for that.—Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Dorncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the hearthstane at Ellangowan.—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glowr after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there, that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger—yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of an hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields to sleep with the tod and the black-cock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father.—And now, ride e'en your ways, for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find half-a-crown; the gypsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

Ellangowan rode pensively home; and it was remarkable that he did not mention this interview to any of his family. The groom was not so reserved; he told the story at great length to a full audience in the kitchen, and concluded by swearing, that “if ever the devil spoke by the mouth of a woman, he had spoken by that of Meg Merrilies that blessed day.”

CHAPTER IX.

Paint Scotland greeting ower her thrissle,
 Her mutchkin stoup as toom's a whistle
 An' d——mn'd excisemen in a bustle,
 Seizing a stell;
 Triumphant crushing't like a mussell,
 Or lampit shell.—*Burns.*

DURING the period of Mr Bertram's active magistracy, he did not forget the affairs of the revenue. Smuggling, for which the Isle of Man then afforded peculiar facilities, was general, or rather universal, all along the south-western coast of Scotland. Almost all the common people were engaged in these practices, the gentry connived at them,

and the officers of the revenue were frequently discountenanced in the exercise of their duty, by those who should have protected them.

There was, at this period, employed as a riding officer or supervisor, in that part of the country, a certain Francis Kennedy, already named in our narrative; a stout, resolute, and active man, who had made seizures to a great amount, and was proportionally hated by those who had an interest in the *fair-trade*, as they called these contraband adventurers. This person was natural son to a gentleman of good family, owing to which circumstance, and to his being of a jolly convivial disposition, and singing a good song, he was admitted to the occasional society of the gentlemen of the country, and was a member of several of their clubs for practising athletic games, at which he was particularly expert.

At Ellangowan, Kennedy was a frequent and always an acceptable guest. His vivacity relieved Mr Bertram of the trouble of thought, and the labour which it cost him to support a detailed communication of ideas; while the daring and dangerous exploits which he had undertaken in the discharge of his office, formed excellent conversation. To all these revenue adventures did the Laird of Ellangowan seriously incline, and the amusement which he derived from his society formed an excellent reason for countenancing and assisting the narrator in the execution of his invidious and hazardous duty.

“Frank Kennedy,” he said, “was a gentleman, though on the wrong side of the blanket—he was connected with the family of Ellangowan through the house of Glengubble. The last Laird of Glengubble would have brought the estate into the Ellangowan line, but happening to go to Harrigate, he there met with Miss Jean Hadaway—by the bye, the Green Dragon at Harrigate is the best house of the two—but for Frank Kennedy, he’s in one sense a gentleman born, and it’s a shame not to support him against these blackguard smugglers.”

After this league had taken place between judgment and execution, it chanced that Captain Dirk Hatteraick had landed a cargo of spirits, and other contraband goods, upon the beach not far from Ellangowan, and, confiding in the indifference with which the Laird had formerly regarded similar infractions of the law, he was neither very anxious to conceal nor to expedite the transaction. The consequence was, that Mr Frank Kennedy, armed with a warrant from Ellangowan, and supported by some of the Laird’s people who knew the country, and by a party of military, poured down upon the kegs, bales, and bags, and, after a desperate affray, in which severe wounds were given and received, succeeded in clapping the broad arrow upon the articles, and bearing them off in triumph to the next custom-house. Dirk Hatteraick vowed, in Dutch, German, and English, a deep and full revenge, both against the gauger and his abettors; and all who knew him thought it likely he would keep his word.

A few days after the departure of the gypsy tribe, Mr Bertram asked his lady one morning at breakfast, whether this was not little Harry's birth-day?

"Five years old exactly, this blessed day," answered the lady; "so we may look into the English gentleman's paper."

Mr Bertram liked to show his authority in trifles. "No, my dear, not till to-morrow. The last time I was at quarter-sessions the sheriff told us, that *dies*—that *dies inceptus*—in short, you don't understand Latin, but it means that a term day is not begun till it's ended.

"That sounds like nonsense, my dear."

"May be so, my dear; but it may be very good law for all that. I am sure, speaking of term days, I wish, as Frank Kennedy says, that Whitsunday would kill Martinmas and be hanged for the murder—for there I have got a letter about that interest of Jenny Cairns's, and de'il a tenant's been at the Place yet wi' a boddle of rent,—nor will not till Candlemas—but, speaking of Frank Kennedy, I dare say he'll be here the day, for he was away round to Wigton to warn a king's ship that's lying in the bay about Dirk Hatteraick's lugger being on the coast again, and he'll be back this day; so we'll have a bottle of claret, and drink little Harry's health."

"I wish," replied the lady, "Frank Kennedy would let Dirk Hatteraick alone—what needs he make himself more busy than other folk?—cannot he sing his sang, and take his drink, and draw his salary like Collector Snail, honest man, that never fashes ony body? And I wonder at you, Laird, for meddling and making—Did we ever want to send for tea or brandy frae the Borough-town, when Dirk Hatteraick used to come quietly into the bay?"

"Mrs Bertram, you know nothing of these matters. Do ye think it becomes a magistrate to let his own house be made a receptacle for smuggled goods? Frank Kennedy will shew you the penalties in the act, and ye ken yoursel they used to put their run goods into the auld Place of Ellangowan up bye there."

"Oh dear, Mr Bertram, and what the waur were the wa's and the vault o' the auld castle for having a whin kegs o' brandy in them at an orra time? I am sure ye were not obliged to ken ony thing about it; or what the waur was the King that the lairds here got a soup o' drink, and the ladies their drap o' tea at a reasonable rate?—it's a shame to them to put such taxes on them!—and was-na I much the better of these Flanders head and pinner, that Dirk Hatteraick sent me all the way frae Antwerp? It will be lang or the King sends me ony thing, or Frank Kennedy either. And then ye would quarrel with these gypsies too. I expect every day to hear the barn-yard's in a low."

"I tell you once more, my dear, you don't understand these things—and there's Frank Kennedy coming galloping up the avenue."

"A-weel! a-weel! Ellangowan," said the lady, raising her voice as

the Laird left the room, "I wish you may understand them yoursell, that's a'."

From this nuptial dialogue the Laird joyfully escaped to meet his faithful friend, Mr Kennedy, who arrived in high spirits. "For the love of life, Ellangowan," he said, "get up to the castle! you'll see that old fox Dirk Hatteraick, and his majesty's hounds in full cry after him." So saying, he flung his horse's bridle to a boy, and ran up the ascent to the old castle, followed by the Laird, and indeed by several others of the family, alarmed by the sound of guns from the sea, now distinctly heard.

On gaining that part of the ruins which commanded the most extensive outlook, they saw a lugger, with all her canvass crowded, standing across the bay, closely pursued by a sloop of war, that kept firing upon the chase from her bows, which the lugger returned with her stern-chasers. "They're but at long bowls yet," cried Kennedy in great exultation, "but they will be closer bye and bye.—D—n him, he's starting his cargo! I see the good Nantz pitching overboard, keg after keg!—that's a d—d ungenteel thing of Mr Hatteraick, as I shall let him know bye and bye.—Now, now! they've got the wind of him!—that's it, that's it!—hark to him! hark to him!—now, my dogs! now, my dogs!—hark, to Ranger, hark!"

"I think," said the old gardener to one of the maids, "the gauger's *fie*;" by which word the common people express those violent spirits which they think a presage of death.

Meantime the chase continued. The lugger, being pilotted with great ability, and using every nautical shift to make her escape, had now reached, and was about to double, the head-land which formed the extreme point of land on the left side of the bay, when a ball having hit the yard in the slings, the main-sail fell upon the deck. The consequence of this accident appeared inevitable, but could not be seen by the spectators; for the vessel, which had just doubled the head-land, lost steerage, and fell out of their sight behind the promontory. The sloop of war crowded all sail to pursue, but she had stood too close upon the cape, so that they were obliged to wear the vessel for fear of going ashore, and to make a large tack back into the bay, in order to recover sea-room enough to double the head-land.

"They'll lose her by——, cargo and lugger, one or both," said Kennedy; "I must gallop away to the Point of Warroch (this was the head-land so often mentioned,) and make them a signal where she has drifted to on the other side. Good bye for an hour, Ellangowan—get out the gallon punch-bowl, and plenty of lemons. I'll stand for the French article by the time I come back, and we'll drink the young Laird's health in a bowl that would swim the collector's yawl." So saying, he mounted his horse, and galloped off.

About a mile from the house, and upon the verge of the woods,

which, as we have said, covered a promontory terminating in the cape called the Point of Warroch, Kennedy met young Harry Bertram, attended by his tutor, Dominie Sampson. He had often promised the child a ride upon his galloway; and, from singing, dancing, and playing Punch for his amusement, was a particular favourite. He no sooner came scampering up the path, than the boy loudly claimed his promise; and Kennedy, who saw no risque in indulging him, and wished to teaze the Dominie, in whose visage he read a remonstrance, caught up Harry from the ground, placed him before him, and continued his route; Sampson's "Peradventure, Master Kennedy"——— being lost in the clatter of his horse's feet. The pedagogue hesitated a moment whether he should go after them; but Kennedy being a person in full confidence of the family, and with whom he himself had no delight in associating, "being that he was addicted unto profane and scurrilous jests," he continued his own walk at his own pace, till he reached the Place of Ellangowan.

The spectators from the ruined walls of the castle were still watching the sloop of war, which at length, but not without the loss of considerable time, recovered sea-room enough to weather the Point of Warroch, and was lost to their sight behind that wooded promontory. Some time afterward the discharges of several cannon were heard at a distance, and, after an interval, a still louder explosion, as of a vessel blown up, and a cloud of smoke rose above the trees, and mingled with the blue sky. All then separated upon their different occasions, auguring variously upon the fate of the smuggler, but the majority insisting that her capture was inevitable, if she had not already gone to the bottom.

"It is near our dinner-time, my dear," said Mrs Bertram to her husband, "will it be long before Mr Kennedy comes back?"

"I expect him every moment, my dear," said the Laird; perhaps he is bringing some of the officers of the sloop with him."

"My stars, Mr Bertram! why did not ye tell me this before, that we might have had the large round table!—and then, they're a' tired o' salt-meat, and, to tell you the plain truth, a rump of beef is the best part of your dinner—and then I wad have put on another gown, and ye wadna have been the waur o' a clean neck-cloth yoursell—But ye delight in surprising and hurrying one—I am sure I am no to haud out for ever against this sort of going on—But when folk's missed, then they are moaned."

"Pshaw, pshaw, deuce take the beef, and the gown, and the table, and the neck-cloth!—we shall do all very well.—Where's the Dominie, John?—(to a servant who was busy about the table) where's the Dominie and little Harry?"

"Mr Sampson's been at home these twa hours and mair, but I dinna think Mr Harry came home wi' him."

“Not come home wi’ him?” said the lady, “desire Mr Sampson to step this way directly.”

“Mr Sampson,” said she, upon his entrance, “is it not the most extraordinary thing in this world wide, that you, that have free up-putting—bed, board, and washing—and twelve pounds sterling a-year, just to look after that boy, should let him out of your sight for twa or three hours?”

Sampson made a bow of humble acknowledgement at each pause which the angry lady made in her enumeration of the advantages of his situation, in order to give more weight to her remonstrance, and then, in words which we will not do him the injustice to imitate, told how Mr Francis Kennedy “had assumed spontaneously the charge of Master Henry, in despite of his remonstrances in the contrary.”

“I am very little obliged to Mr Francis Kennedy for his pains,” said the lady peevishly; “suppose he lets the boy drop from his horse, and lames him?—or suppose one of the cannons comes ashore and kills him?—or suppose”——

“Or suppose, my dear,” said Ellangowan, “what is much more likely than any thing else, that they have gone aboard the sloop, or the prize, and are to come round the Point with the tide?”

“And then they may be drowned,” said the lady.

“Verily,” said Sampson, “I thought Mr Kennedy had returned an hour since—Of a surety I deemed I heard his horse’s feet.”——

“That,” said John with a broad grin, “was Grizel chasing the humbled cow out of the close.”

Sampson coloured up to the eyes—not at the implied taunt, which he would never have discovered, or resented if he had, but at some idea which crossed his own mind. “I have been in an error,” he said, “of a surety I should have tarried for the babe.” So saying he snatched his cane and hat, and hurried away towards Warroch-wood, faster than he was ever known to walk before, or after.

The Laird lingered some time, debating the point with the lady. At length, he saw the sloop of war again make her appearance; but, without approaching the shore, she stood away to the westward with all her sails set, and was soon out of sight. The lady’s state of timorous and fretful apprehension was so habitual, that her fears went for nothing with her lord and master; but an appearance of disturbance and anxiety among the servants now excited his alarm, especially when he was called out of the room, and told in private, that Mr Kennedy’s horse had come to the stable door alone, with the saddle turned round below its belly, and the reins of the bridle broken; and that a farmer had informed them in passing, that there was a smuggling lugger burning like a furnace on the other side of the Point of Warroch, and that, though he had come through the wood, he had seen or heard nothing of Kennedy and the young Laird, “only

there was Dominie Sampson, gaun rampaging about, like mad, seeking for them.”—

All was now bustle at Ellangowan. The Laird and his servants, male and female, hastened to the wood of Warroch. The tenants and cottagers in the neighbourhood lent their assistance, partly out of zeal, partly from curiosity. Boats were manned to search the sea-shore, which, on the other side of the Point, rose into high and indented rocks. A vague suspicion was entertained, though too horrible to be expressed, that the child might have fallen from one of these cliffs.

The evening had begun to close when the parties entered the wood, and dispersed different ways in quest of the boy and his companion. The darkening of the atmosphere, and the hoarse sighs of the November wind through the naked trees, the rustling of the withered leaves which strewed the glades, the repeated halloos of the different parties, which often drew them together in expectation of meeting the objects of their search, gave a cast of dismal sublimity to the scene.

At length, after a minute and fruitless investigation through the wood, the searchers began to draw together into one body and to compare notes. The agony of the father grew beyond concealment, yet it scarcely equalled the anguish of the tutor. “Would to God I had died for him!” the affectionate creature repeated in notes of the deepest distress. Those who were less interested, rushed into a tumultuary discussion of chances and possibilities. Each gave his opinion, and each was alternately swayed by that of the others. Some thought the objects of their search had gone aboard the sloop; some that they had gone to a village three miles’ distance; some whispered they might have been on board the lugger, a few planks and beams of which the tide now drifted ashore.

At this instant, a shout was heard from the beach, so loud, so shrill, so piercing, so different from every sound which the woods had that day rung to, that nobody hesitated a moment to believe that it conveyed tidings, and tidings of dreadful import. All hurried to the place, and, venturing without scruple upon paths, which, at another time, they would have shuddered to look at, descended towards a cleft of the rock, where one boat’s crew was already landed. “Here, sirs!—Here!—this way, for God’s sake!—this way! this way!” was the reiterated cry. Ellangowan broke through the throng which had already assembled at the fatal spot, and beheld the object of their terror. It was the dead body of Kennedy. At first sight he seemed to have perished by a fall from the rocks, which there rose in a precipice of a hundred feet above the beach. The corpse was lying half in, half out of the water; the advancing tide, raising the arm and stirring the clothes, had given it at some distance the appearance of motion, so that those who first discovered the body thought that life remained. But every spark had been long extinguished.

"My bairn! my bairn!" cried the distracted father, "where can he be?"—A dozen mouths were opened to communicate hopes which no one felt. Some one at length mentioned—the gypsies! In a moment Ellangowan had reascended the cliffs, flung himself upon the first horse he met, and rode furiously to the huts at Derneleugh. All was there dark and desolate; and, as he dismounted to make more minute search, he stumbled over fragments of furniture which had been thrown out of the cottages, and the broken wood and thatch which had been pulled down by his orders. At that moment the prophecy, or anathema, of Meg Merrilies fell heavy on his mind. "You have stripped the thatch from seven cottages,—see that the roof-tree of your own house stands the surer!"

"Restore," he cried, "restore my bairn! bring me back my son, and all shall be forgot and forgiven!" As he uttered these words in a sort of frenzy, his eye caught a glimmering of light in one of the dismantled cottages—it was that in which Meg Merrilies formerly resided. The light, which seemed to proceed from fire, glimmered not only through the window, but also through the rafters of the hut where the roofing had been torn off.

He flew to the place; the entrance was bolted; despair gave the miserable father the strength of ten men; he rushed against the door with such violence that it gave way before the *momentum* of his weight and force. The cottage was empty, but bore marks of recent habitation—there was fire on the hearth, a kettle, and some preparation for food. As he eagerly gazed around for something that might confirm his hope that his child yet lived, although in the power of those strange people, a man entered the hut.

It was his old gardener. "O sir!" said the old man, "such a night as this I trusted never to live to see!—ye maun come to the Place directly!"

"Is my boy found? is he alive? have ye found Harry Bertram? Andrew, have ye found Harry Bertram?"

"No, sir; but"——

"Then he is kidnapped! I am sure of it, Andrew! as sure as that I tread upon earth! She has stolen him—and I will never stir from this place till I have tidings of my bairn!"

"O, but ye maun come hame, sir! ye maun come hame!—We have sent for the Sheriff, and we'll set a watch here a' night, in case the gypsies return; but *you*—ye maun come hame, sir—for my lady's in the dead-thraw."

Bertram turned a stupified and unmeaning eye on the messenger who uttered this calamitous news; and, repeating the words "in the dead-thraw!" as if he could not comprehend their meaning, suffered the old man to drag him towards his horse. During the ride home, he only said, "Wife and bairn, baith—mother and son, baith—Sair, sair to abide!"

It is needless to dwell upon the new scene of agony which awaited him. The news of Kennedy's fate had been eagerly and incautiously communicated at Ellangowan, with the gratuitous addition, that, doubtless, "he had drawn the young Laird over the craig with him, though the tide had swept away the child's body—he was light, puir thing, and would flee farther into the surf."

Mrs Bertram heard the tidings; she was far advanced in her pregnancy; she fell into the pains of premature labour, and, ere Ellangowan had recovered his agitated faculties, so as to comprehend the full distress of his situation, he was the father of a female infant, and a widower.

CHAPTER X.

But see, his face is black, and full of blood,
His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that gasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.

Henry IV. Part First.

THE Sheriff-depute of the county arrived at Ellangowan next morning by day-break. To this provincial magistrate the law of Scotland assigns judicial powers of considerable extent, and the task of enquiring into all crimes committed within his jurisdiction, the apprehension and commitment of suspected persons, and so forth.

The gentleman who held the office in the shire of —— at the time of this catastrophe, was well born and well educated; and, though somewhat pedantic and professional in his habits, he enjoyed general respect as an active and intelligent magistrate. His first employment was to examine all witnesses whose evidence could throw light upon this mysterious event, and make up the written report, *procès verbal*, or precognition, as it is technically called, which the practice of Scotland has substituted for a coroner's inquest. Under the Sheriff's minute and skilful enquiry, many circumstances appeared, which were incompatible with the original opinion, that Kennedy had accidentally fallen from the cliffs. We shall briefly detail some of these.

The body had been deposited in a neighbouring fisher-hut, but without altering the condition in which it was found. This was the first object of the Sheriff's examination. Though fearfully crushed and mangled by the fall from such a height, the corpse was found to exhibit a deep cut in the head, which, in the opinion of a skilful surgeon, must have been inflicted by a broad-sword, or cutlass. The experience of this gentleman discovered other suspicious indications.

The face was much blackened, the eyes distorted, and the veins of the neck swelled. A coloured handkerchief, which the unfortunate man had worn around his neck, did not present the usual appearance, but was much loosened, and the knot displaced and dragged extremely tight; the folds were also compressed, as if it had been used as a means of grappling the deceased, and dragging him perhaps to the precipice.

On the other hand, poor Kennedy's purse was found untouched; and, what seemed yet more extraordinary, the pistols which he usually carried when about to encounter any hazardous adventure, were found in his pockets loaded. This appeared particularly strange, for he was known and dreaded by the contraband traders as a man equally fearless and dexterous in the use of his weapons, of which he had given many signal proofs. The Sheriff enquired, whether Kennedy was not in the practice of carrying any other arms. Most of Mr Bertram's servants recollected that he generally had a *couteau de chasse*, or short hanger, but no such was found upon the dead body; nor could those who had seen him on the morning of the fatal day, take it upon them to assert whether he then carried that weapon or not.

The corpse afforded no other *indicia* respecting the fate of Kennedy; for, though the clothes were much displaced, and the limbs dreadfully fractured, the one seemed the probable, the other the certain, consequences of such a fall. The hands of the deceased were clenched fast, and full of turf and earth; but this also seemed equivocal.

The magistrate then proceeded to the place where the corpse was first discovered, and made those who had found it, give, upon the spot, a particular and detailed account of the manner in which it was lying. A large fragment of the rock appeared to have accompanied, or followed, the fall of the victim from the cliff above. It was of so solid and compact a substance, that it had fallen without any great diminution by splintering, so that the Sheriff was enabled, first, to estimate the weight by measurement, and then to calculate, from the appearance of the fragment, what proportion of it had been bedded into the cliff from which it had fallen. This was easily detected, by the raw appearance of the stone where it had not been exposed to the atmosphere. They then ascended the cliff, and surveyed the place from whence the stony fragment had descended. It seemed plain, from the appearance of the bed, that the mere weight of one man standing upon the projecting part of the fragment, supposing it in its original situation, could not have destroyed its bias, and precipitated it, with himself, from the cliff. At the same time, it seemed to have lain so loose, that the use of a lever, or the combined strength of three or four men, might easily have hurled it from its position. The short turf about the brink of the precipice was much trampled, as if stamped by the heels of men in a mortal struggle, or in the act of some violent

exertion. Traces of the same kind, less visibly marked, guided the sagacious investigator to the verge of the copsewood, which, in that place, crept high up the bank towards the top of the precipice.

With patience and perseverance, they traced these marks into the thickest part of the copse, a route which no person would have voluntarily adopted, unless for the purpose of concealment. Here they found plain vestiges of violence and struggling, from space to space. Small boughs were torn down, as if grasped by some resisting wretch who was dragged forcibly along; the ground, where in the least degree soft or marshy, shewed the print of many feet; there were vestiges also, which might be those of human blood. At any rate, it was certain that several persons must have forced their passage among the oaks, hazels, and underwood, with which they were mingled; and in some places appeared traces, as if a sack full of grain, a dead body, or something of that heavy and solid description, had been dragged along the ground. In one place of the thicket there was a small swamp, the clay of which was whitish, being probably mixed with marl. The back of Kennedy's coat appeared besmeared with stains of the same colour.

At length, about a quarter of a mile from the brink of the fatal precipice, the traces conducted them to a small open space of ground, very much trampled, and plainly stained with blood, although withered leaves had been strewed upon the spot, and other means hastily taken to efface the marks, which seemed obviously to have been derived from a desperate affray. On one side of this patch of open ground was found the sufferer's naked hanger, which seemed to have been thrown into the thicket; on the other, the belt and sheath, which appeared to have been hidden with more leisurely care and precaution.

The magistrate caused the foot prints which marked this spot to be carefully measured and examined. Some corresponded to the foot of the unhappy victim; some were larger, some less; indicating, that at least four or five men had been busy around him. Above all, here, and here only, were observed the vestiges of a child's foot; and, as it could be seen no where else, and the hard horse track which traversed the wood of Warroch was contiguous to the spot, it was natural to think that the boy might have escaped in that direction during the confusion. But as he was never heard of, the Sheriff, who made a careful entry of all these memoranda, did not suppress his opinion, that the deceased had met with foul play, and that the murderers, whoever they were, had possessed themselves of the person of the child Harry Bertram.

Every exertion was now made to discover the criminals. Suspicion hesitated between the smugglers and the gypsies. The fate of Dirk Hatteraick's vessel was certain. Two men from the opposite side of Warroch Bay (so the inlet on the southern side of the Point of

Warroch is called) had seen, though at a great distance, the lugger drive eastward, after doubling the head-land, and, as they judged from her manœuvres, in a disabled state. Shortly after, they perceived that she grounded, smoked, and, finally, took fire. She was, as one of them expressed himself, *in a light low*, (bright flame,) when they observed a king's ship, with her colours up, heave in sight from behind the cape. The guns of the burning vessel discharged themselves as the fire reached them; and they saw her, at length, blow up with a great explosion. The sloop of war kept aloof for her own safety; and, after hovering till the other ship exploded, stood away southward under a press of sail. The Sheriff anxiously interrogated these men whether any boats had left the vessel. They could not say—they had seen none—but they might have put off in such a direction as placed the burning vessel between their course and the witnesses.

That the ship destroyed was Dirk Hatteraick's no one doubted. His lugger was well known on the coast, and had been expected just at this time. A letter from the commander of the king's sloop, to whom the Sheriff made application, put the matter beyond doubt; he sent also an extract from his log-book of the transactions of the day, which intimated their being on the outlook for a smuggling lugger, Dirk Hatteraick, master, upon the information and requisition of Francis Kennedy, of his majesty's excise service; and that Kennedy was to be upon the outlook on the shore, in case Hatteraick, who was known to be a desperate fellow, and had been repeatedly outlawed, should attempt to run his sloop aground. About nine o'clock A.M. they discovered a sail, which answered the description of Hatteraick's vessel, chased her, and, after repeated signals to her to shew colours or bring-to, fired upon her. The chase then showed Hamburg colours and returned the fire; and a running fight was maintained for three hours, when, just as the lugger was doubling the Point of Warroch, they observed her mainyard was shot in the slings, and that the vessel was disabled. It was not in their power for some time to profit by this circumstance, owing to their having kept too much in-shore for doubling the head-land. After two tacks they accomplished this, and observed the chase on fire, and apparently deserted. The fire having reached some casks of spirits, which were placed on the deck, with other combustibles, probably on purpose, burned with such fury, that no boats durst approach the vessel, especially as her shotted guns were discharging, one after another, by the heat. The captain had no doubt whatever that the crew had set the vessel on fire, and escaped in their boats. After watching the conflagration till the ship blew up, his majesty's sloop, the Shark, stood towards the Isle of Man, with the purpose of intercepting the retreat of the smugglers, who, though they might conceal themselves in the woods for a day or two, would probably take the first opportunity of endeavouring to make for this

asylum. But they never saw more of them than is above narrated.

Such was the account given by William Pritchard, master and commander of his majesty's sloop of war, *Shark*, who concluded by regretting deeply, that he had not had the happiness to fall in with the scoundrels who had had the impudence to fire on his Majesty's flag, and with an assurance, that, should he meet Mr Dirk Hatteraick in any future cruise, he would not fail to bring him into port under his stern, to answer whatever might be alleged against him.

As, therefore, it seemed tolerably certain that the men on board the lugger had escaped, the death of Kennedy, if he fell in with them in the woods, when irritated by the loss of their vessel, and by the share he had in it, was easily to be accounted for. And it was not improbable, that to such brutal tempers, rendered desperate by their own circumstances, even the murder of the child, against whose father Hatteraick was known to have uttered deep threats, would not appear a very heinous crime.

Against this hypothesis it was urged, that a crew of fifteen or twenty men could not have lain hidden upon the coast, when so close a search took place immediately after the destruction of their vessel; or, at least, that if they had hid themselves in the woods their boats must have been seen on the beach;—that in such precarious circumstances, and when all retreat must have seemed difficult, if not impossible, it was not to be thought that they would have all united to commit an useless murder, for the mere sake of revenge. Those who held this opinion, supposed, either that the boats of the lugger had stood out to sea without being observed by those who were intent upon gazing at the burning vessel, and so gained safe distance before the sloop got round the headland, or else, that the boats being staved or destroyed by the fire of the *Shark* during the chase, the crew had obstinately determined to perish with the vessel. What gave some countenance to this supposed act of desperation was, that neither Dirk Hatteraick nor any of his sailors, all well-known men in the fair-trade, were again seen upon that coast, or heard of in the Isle of Man, where strict enquiry was made. On the other hand, only one dead body, apparently that of a seaman killed by a cannon shot, drifted ashore. So all that could be done was, to register the names, description, and appearance of the individuals belonging to the ship's company, and offer a reward for the apprehension of them, or any one of them; extending also to any person, not the actual murderer, who should give evidence tending to convict those who had murdered Francis Kennedy.

Another opinion, which was also plausibly supported, went to charge this horrid crime upon the late tenants of Dorncleugh. They were known to have resented highly the conduct of the Laird of Ellangowan towards them, and to have used threatening expressions, which every one supposed them capable of carrying into effect. The kidnapping

the child was a crime much more consistent with their habits than with those of smugglers, and his temporary guardian might have fallen in an attempt to protect him. Besides it was remembered, that Kennedy had been an active agent, two or three days before, in the forcible expulsion of these people from Derncleuch, and that harsh and menacing language had been exchanged between him and some of the Egyptian patriarchs upon that memorable occasion.

The Sheriff received also the depositions of the unfortunate father and his servant, concerning what had passed at their meeting the caravan of gypsies as they left the estate of Ellangowan. The speech of Meg Merrilies seemed particularly suspicious. There was, as the magistrate observed in his law language, *damnum minatum*, a damage or evil turn threatened, and *malum secutum*—an evil of the very kind predicted shortly afterwards following. A young woman, who had been gathering nuts in Warroch wood upon the fatal day, was also strongly of opinion, though she declined to make positive oath, that she had seen Meg Merrilies, at least a woman of her remarkable size and appearance, start suddenly out of a thicket—she said she had called to her by name, but, as the figure turned from her, and made no answer, she was uncertain if it were the gypsy, or her wraith, and was afraid to go nearer to one who was reckoned in the vulgar phrase, *no canny*. This vague story received some corroboration from the circumstance of a fire being that evening found in the gypsy's deserted cottage. To this fact Ellangowan and his gardener bore evidence. Yet it seemed extravagant to suppose, that, had this woman been accessory to such a dreadful crime, she would have returned that very evening on which it was committed, to the place, of all others, where she was most likely to be sought after.

Meg Merrilies was, however, apprehended and examined. She denied strongly having been either at Derncleuch or in the wood of Warroch upon the day of Kennedy's death; and several of her tribe made oath in her behalf, that she had never quitted their encampment, which was in a glen about ten miles distant from Ellangowan. Their oaths were indeed little to be trusted to; but what other evidence could be had in the circumstances? There was one remarkable fact, and only one, which arose from her examination. Her arm appeared to be slightly wounded by the cut of a sharp weapon, and was tied up with a handkerchief of Harry Bertram's. But the chief of the horde acknowledged he had "corrected her" that day with his whinger—she herself, and others, gave the same account of her hurt; and, for the handkerchief, the quantity of linen stolen from Ellangowan during the last months of their residence on the estate easily accounted for it, without charging Meg with a more heinous crime.

It was observed upon her examination, that she treated the questions respecting the death of Kennedy, or "the gauger," as she called him,

with indifference; but expressed great and emphatic scorn and indignation at being supposed capable of injuring little Harry Bertram. She was long confined in jail, under the hope that something might yet be discovered to throw light upon this dark and bloody transaction, Nothing, however, occurred; and Meg was at length liberated, but under sentence of banishment from the county, as a vagrant, common thief, and disorderly person. No traces of the boy could ever be discovered; and, at length, the story, after making much noise, was gradually given up as altogether inexplicable, and only perpetuated by the name of "The Gauger's Loup," which was generally bestowed on the cliff from which the unfortunate man had fallen or been precipitated.

CHAPTER XI.

ENTER TIME, AS CHORUS.

I--that please some, try all; both joy and terror
Of good and bad; that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap.-----*Winter's Tale.*

OUR narration is now about to make a large stride, and omit a space of nearly seventeen years; during which nothing occurred of any particular consequence with respect to the story we have undertaken to tell. The gap is a wide one; yet if the reader's experience in life enables him to look back on so many years, the space will scarce appear longer in his recollection, than the time consumed in turning these pages.

It was, then, in the month of November, about seventeen years after the catastrophe related in the last chapter, that, during a cold and stormy night, a social group had closed around the kitchen fire of the Gordons' Arms at Kippletringan, a small but comfortable inn, kept by Mrs Mac-Candlish in that village. The conversation which passed among them will save me the trouble of telling the few events occurring during this chasm in our history, with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted.

Mrs Mac-Candlish, throned in a comfortable easy chair lined with black leather, was regaling herself, and a neighbouring gossip or two, with a cup of comfortable tea, and at the same time keeping a sharp eye upon her domestics, as they went and came in prosecution of their various duties and commissions. The clerk and precentor of the parish enjoyed at a little distance his Saturday night's pipe, and aided

its bland fumigation by an occasional sip of brandy and water. Deacon Bearcliff, a man of great importance in the village, combined the indulgence of both parties—he had his pipe and his tea-cup, the latter being laced with a little brandy. One or two clowns sat at some distance, drinking their two-penny ale.

“Are ye sure the parlour’s ready for them, and the fire burning clear, and the chimney no smoking?” said the hostess to a chamber-maid.

She was answered in the affirmative.—“Ane wadna be uncivil to them, especially in their distress,” said she, turning to the Deacon.

“Assuredly not, Mrs Mac-Candlish; assuredly not. I am sure ony small thing they might want frae my shop, under seven, or eight, or ten pounds, I would book them as readily for it as the first in the country.—Do they come in the auld chaise?”

“I dare say no,” said the precentor; “for Miss Bertram comes on the white poney ilka day to the kirk—and a constant kirk-keeper she is—and it’s a pleasure to hear her singing the psalms, winsome young thing.”

“Aye, and the young Laird of Hazlewood rides hame half the road wi’ her after sermon,” said one of the gossips in company; “I wonder how auld Hazlewood likes that.”

“I kenna how he may like it now,” answered another of the tea-drinkers; “but the day has been when Ellangowan wad hae liked as little to see his daughter taking up with their son.”

“Aye, *has been*,” answered the first with emphasis.—“I am sure, neighbour Ovens,” said the hostess, “the Hazlewoods of Hazlewood, though they’re a very gude auld family in the county, never thought, till within these twa score o’ years, of evening themselves till the Ellangowans—Wow, woman, the Bertrams of Ellangowan are the auld Dingawaies lang syne—there is a sang about ane o’ them marrying a daughter of the King of Man; it begins,

Blithe Bertram’s ta’en him ower the faem,
To wed a wife, and bring her hame——

I dare say Mr Skriegh can sing us the ballant.”

“Good-wife,” said Skriegh, gathering up his mouth, and sipping his tiff of brandy punch with great solemnity, “our talents were given us to other use than to sing daft auld sangs sae near the Sabbath-day.”

“Hout fie, Mr Skriegh, I’s e warrant I hae heard ye sing a blythe sang on Saturday at e’en—But as for the family carriage, Deacon, it has nae been out o’ the coach-house since Mrs Bertram died, that’s sixteen or seventeen years sin syne—Jock Jabos is away wi’ a chaise of mine for them;—I wonder he’s no come back. It’s pit mirk—but

there's no an ill turn on the road but twa, and the brigg ower War-roch burn is safe eneugh, if he haud to the right side. But then there's Heavieside-brae, that's just a murder for post-cattle—but Jock kens the road brawly.”—

A loud rapping was heard at the door.

“That's no them. I dinna hear the wheels.—Grizel, ye limmer, gang to the door.”

“It's a single gentleman,” whined out Grizel; “maun I take him into the parlour?”

“Foul be in your feet, than;—it'll be some English rider; coming without a servant at this time o' night!—Has the ostler taen the horse?—Ye may light a spunk o' fire in the red room.”

“I wish, ma'am,” said the traveller, entering the kitchen, “you would give me leave to warm myself here, for the night is very cold.”

His appearance, voice, and manner, produced an instantaneous effect in his favour. He was a handsome tall thin figure, dressed in black, as appeared when he laid aside his riding coat; his age might be between forty and fifty; his cast of features grave and interesting, and his air somewhat military. Every point of his appearance and address bespoke the gentleman. Long habit had given Mrs Mac-Candlish an acute tact in ascertaining the quality of her visitors, and proportioning her reception accordingly:—

To every guest the appropriate speech was made,
And every duty with distinction paid;

Respectful, easy, pleasant, or polite—

“Your Honour's servant!—Mister Smith, good night.”

On the present occasion, she was low in her courtesies, and profuse in her apologies. The stranger begged his horse might be attended to—she went out herself to school the hostler.

“There was never a prettier bit o' horse-flesh in the stable o' the Gordon Arms,” said the man; which information increased the land-lady's respect for the rider. Upon the stranger declining to go into another apartment, (which indeed, she allowed, would be but cold and smoky till the fire burned up,) she installed her guest hospitably by the fire-side, and offered what refreshment her house afforded.

“A cup of your tea, ma'am, if you will favour me.”

Mrs Mac-Candlish bustled about, reinforced her teapot with hyson, and proceeded in her duties with her best grace. “We have a very nice parlour, sir, and every thing very agreeable for gentlefolks; but it's bespoke the-night for a gentleman and his daughter that are going to leave this part of the country—ane of my chaises is gone for them, and will be back forthwith—they're not sae weel in the world as they have been; but we're a' subject to ups and downs in this life, as your honour must needs ken—but is not the tobacco-reek disagreeable to your honour?”

"By no means, ma'am; I am an old campaigner, and perfectly used to it.—Will you permit me to make some enquiries about a family in this neighbourhood?"

The sound of wheels was now heard, and the landlady hurried to the door to receive her expected guests; but returned in an instant, followed by the postillion—"No, they canna come at no rate, the Laird's sae ill.

"But God help them," said the landlady, "the morn's the term—the very last day they can bide in the house—a' thing's to be roupit."

"Weel, but they can come at no rate I tell ye—Mr Bertram canna be moved."

"What Mr Bertram?" said the stranger; "not Mr Bertram of Ellangowan, I hope?"

"Just e'en that same, sir; and if ye be a friend o' his, you have come at a time when he's sair bested."

"I have been abroad for many years—is his health so much deranged?"

"Aye, and his affairs an' a'," said the Deacon; "the creditors have entered into possession o' the estate, and it's for sale; and some that made the maist by him—I name nae names, but Mrs Mac-Candlish kens wha I mean—(the landlady shook her head significantly) they're sairest on him e'en now—I have a sma' matter due mysell, but I would rather have lost it than gane to turn the auld man out of his house, and him just dying."

"Aye but," said the parish-clerk, "Mr Glossin wants to get rid of the auld Laird, and drive on the sale for fear the heir-male should cast up upon them—for I have heard say, if there was an heir-male, they could not sell the estate for auld Ellangowan's debt."

"He had a son born a good many years ago," said the stranger; "he is dead, I suppose?"

"Nae man can say for that," said the clerk mysteriously.

"Dead!" said the Deacon, "I'se warrant him dead lang syne; he has not been heard of these twenty years or thereby."

"I wot weel it's no twenty years," said the landlady; "it's no abune seventeen at the outside in this very month; it made an unco noise ower a' this country—the bairn disappeared the very day that Supervisor Kennedy cam by his end.—If ye kend this country lang syne, your honour wad may-be ken Frank Kennedy the Supervisor. He was a heartsome pleasant man, and company for the best gentlemen in the county, and muckle mirth he's made in this house. I was young then, sir, and newly married to Baillie Mac-Candlish, that's dead and gone—(a sigh)—and muckle fun I've had with the Supervisor. He was a daft dog—O an' he could have hadden aff the smugglers a bit! but he was aye venturesome.—And so ye see, sir, there was a king's sloop down in Wigton bay, and Frank Kennedy, he behoved to

have her up to chase Dirk Hatteraick's lugger—ye'll mind Dirk Hatteraick, Deacon? I dare say ye may have dealt wi' him—(the Deacon gave a sort of acquiescent nod and humph.) He was a daring chield, and he fought his ship till she blew up like the peelings of onions; and Frank Kennedy he had been the first man to board, and he was flung like a quarter of a mile off, and fell into the water below the rock at Warroch Point, that they ca' the Gauger's Loup to this day."

"And Mr Bertram's child," said the stranger, "what is all this to him?"

"Ou, sir,—the bairn aye held an unco wark wi' the Supervisor; and it was generally thought he went on board the vessel along wi' him, as bairns are aye forward to be in mischief."

"No, no," said the Deacon, "ye're clean out there, Luckie—for the young Laird was stown away by a randy gypsy woman they ca'd Meg Merrilies,—I mind her looks weel,—in revenge for Ellangowan having gar'd her be drum'd through Kippletringan for stealing a silver spoon."

"If ye'll forgie me, Deacon," said the precentor, "ye're e'en as far wrang as the gudewife."

"And what is your edition of the story, sir?" said the stranger, turning to him with interest.

"That's may be no sae canny to tell," said the precentor, with solemnity.

Upon being urged, however, to speak out, he preluded with two or three large puffs of tobacco-smoke, and out of the cloudy sanctuary which these whiffs formed around him, delivered the following legend, having cleared his voice with one or two hems, and imitating, as near as he could, the eloquence which weekly thundered over his head from the pulpit.

"What we are now to deliver, my brethren,—hem,—I mean, my good friends,—was not done in a corner, and may serve as an answer to witch-advocates, atheists, and misbelievers of all kinds.—Ye must know that the worshipful Laird of Ellangowan was not so preceese as he might have been in clearing his land of witches, (concerning whom it is said, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,') nor of those who had familiar spirits, and consulted with divination and sorcery, and lots, which is the fashion with the Egyptians, as they call themselves, and other unhappy bodies, in this our country. And the Laird was three years married without having a family—and he was so left to himself, that it was thought he held ower muckle trocking and communing wi' that Meg Merrilies, wha was the most notorious witch in all Galloway and Dumfriesshire baith."

"Aweel I wot there's something in that," said Mrs Mac-Candlish; "I've kend him order her twa glasses o' brandy in this very house."

"Aweel, gudewife, the less I lee—Sae the lady was wi' bairn at

last, and in the night when she should have been delivered, there comes to the door of the ha' house—the Place of Ellangowan as they ca'd—an ancient man, strangely habited, and asked for quarters. His head, and his legs, and his arms, were bare, although it was winter time o' the year, and he had a grey beard three quarters lang. Weel, he was admitted; and when the lady was delivered, he craved to know the very moment of the hour of the birth, and he went out and consulted the stars. And when he came back, he tell'd the Laird, that the Evil One wad have power over the knave-bairn that was that night born, and he charged him that the babe should be bred up in the ways of piety, and that he should aye hae a godly minister at his elbow, to pray *wi'* the bairn and *for* him. And the aged man vanished away, and no man of this country ever saw mair o' him."

"Now, that will not pass," said the postillion, who, at a respectful distance, was listening to the conversation, "begging Mr Skreigh's and the company's pardon,—there was no sae mony hairs on the warlock's face as there's on his ain at this moment; and he had as gude a pair o' boots as a man need streek on his legs, and gloves too;—and I should understand boots by this time, I think."——

"Whisht, Jock," said the landlady.—"What do ye ken of the matter, friend Jabos?" said the precenter contemptuously.

"No mickle, to be sure, Mr Skreigh—only that I lived within a penny-stane cast o' the head o' the avenue at Ellangowan, when a man came jingling to our door that night the young Laird was born, and my mother sent me, that was a haffin callant, to shew the stranger the gate to the Place, which, if he had been such a warlock, he might hae kend himsell, ane wad think—and he was a young, weel-faur'd, weel-dressed man, like an Englishman. And I tell ye he had as gude a hat, and boots, and gloves, as ony gentleman need to have. To be sure he *did* gie an awesome glance up at the auld castle—and there was some spae-wark gaed on—I aye heard that; but as for his vanishing, I held the stirrup mysell when he gaed away, and he gied me a round half-crown—he was riding on a haick they ca'd Souple Sam—it belanged to the George at Dumfries—it was a blood-bay beast, very ill o' the spavin—I hae seen the beast baith before and since."

"Aweel, aweel, Jock," answered Mr Skreigh, with a tone of mild solemnity, "our accounts differ in no material particulars; but I had no knowledge that ye had seen the man—So ye see, my friends, that this sooth-sayer having prognosticated evil to the boy, his father engaged a godly minister to be with him morn and night."

"Aye, that was him they ca'd Dominie Sampson," said the postillion.

"He's but a dumb-dog, that," observed the Deacon; "I have heard that he never could preach five words of a sermon endlang, for as lang as he has been licensed."

"Weel, but," said the precentor, waving his hand, as if eager to retrieve the command of the discourse, "he waited on the young Laird by night and day. Now, it chanced, when the bairn was near five years auld, that the Laird had a sight of his errors, and determined to put these Egyptians aff his ground; and he caused them to remove; and that Frank Kennedy, that was a rough swearing fellow, he was sent to turn them aff. And he cursed and damned at them, and they swore at him, and that Meg Merrilies, that was the maist powerful with the Enemy of Mankind, she as gude as said she would have him body and soul before three days were ower his head. And I have it from a sure hand, and that's ane wha saw it, and that's John Wilson that was the Laird's groom, that Meg appeared to the Laird as he was riding hame from Singleside over Gibbie's-know, and threatened him wi' what she would do to his family—but whether it was Meg, or something warse in her likeness, for it seemed bigger than ony mortal creature—John could not say."

"Aweel," said the postillion, "it might be sae—I canna say against it, for I was not in the country at the time—but John Wilson was a blustering kind of fellow, without the heart of a sprug."

"And what was the end of all this?" said the stranger, with some impatience.

"Ou, the event and upshot of it was, sir," said the precentor, "that while they were all looking on, beholding a king's ship chase a smuggler, this Kennedy suddenly brake away frae them without ony reason that could be descried—ropes nor tows wad not hae held him—and made for the wood of Warroch as fast as his beast could carry him; and by the way he met the young Laird and his governor, and he snatched up the bairn, and swore, if *he* was bewitched, the bairn should hae the same luck as him—and the minister followed as fast as he could, and almaist as fast as them, for he was wonderfully swift of foot—and he saw Meg the witch, or her master in her similitude, rise suddenly out of the ground, and claught the bairn suddenly out of the gauger's arms—and then he rampaged and drew his sword—for ye ken a fie man and a cusser fears na the deil."

"I believe that's very true," said the postillion.

"So, sir, she grippit him, and clodded him like a stane from the sling ower the craigs of Warroch-head, where he was found that evening—but what became of the babe, frankly I cannot say. But he that was minister here then, that's now in a better place, had an opinion, that the bairn was only conveyed to Fairy-land for a season."—

The stranger had smiled slightly at some parts of this recital, but ere he could answer, the clatter of a horse's hoofs were heard, and a smart servant, handsomely dressed, with a cockade in his hat, bustled into the kitchen, with "make a little room, good people;" when

observing the stranger, he descended at once into the modest and civil domestic, his hat sunk down by his side, and he put a letter into his master's hands. "The family at Ellangowan, sir, are in great distress, and unable to receive any visits."

"I know it," replied his master: "And now, madam, if you will have the goodness to allow me to occupy the parlour you mentioned, as you are disappointed of your guests"——

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs Mac-Candlish, and lighted the way with all the imperative bustle which an active landlady loves to display upon such occasions.

"Young man," said the Deacon to the servant, filling a glass, "ye'll no be the warse of this after your ride."

"Not a feather, sir—your very good health."

"And wha may your master be, friend?"

"What, the gentleman that was here?—that's the famous Colonel Mannering, from the East Indies."

"What, him we read of in the newspapers?"

"Aye, aye, just the same. It was he relieved Cuddieburn, and defended Chingalore, and defeated the great Mahratta chief, Ram Jolli Bundleman—I was with him in most of his campaigns."

"Lord safe us," said the landlady, "I must go see what he would have for supper—that I should set him down here!"

"O, he likes that all the better, mother;—you never saw a plainer creature in your life than the Colonel; and yet he has a spice of the devil in him too."

The rest of the evening conversation below stairs, tending little to edification, we shall, with the reader's leave, step up to the parlour.

CHAPTER XII.

———Reputation?——that's man's idol
Set up against God, the Maker of all laws,
Who hath commanded us we should not kill,
And yet we say we must, for Reputation!
What honest man can either fear his own,
Or else will hurt another's reputation?
Fear to do base and unworthy things is valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too——*Ben Jonson.*

THE Colonel was walking pensively up and down the parlour, when the officious landlady re-entered to take his commands. Having given them in the manner he thought would be most acceptable "for the good of the house," he begged to detain her a moment.

"I think," he said, "madam, if I understood the good people right, Mr Bertram lost his son in his fifth year?"

"O aye, sir, there's nae doubt of that, though there are mony idle clashes about the way and manner; for it's an auld story now, and every body tells it, as we were doing, their ain way by the ingle-side. But lost the bairn was in his fifth year, as your honour says, Colonel; and the news being rashly told to the lady, then great with child, cost her her life that samyn night—and the Laird never throve after that day, but was just careless of every thing—though, when his daughter Miss Lucy grew up, she tried to keep order within doors—but what could she do, poor thing?—so now they're out of house and hauld."

"Can you recollect, madam, about what time of the year the child was lost?" The landlady, after a pause, and some recollection, answered, "she was positive it was about this season;" and added some local recollections that fixed the date in her memory, as occurring about the beginning of November, 17—.

The stranger took two or three turns round the room in silence, but signed to Mrs Mac-Candlish not to leave it.

"Did I rightly apprehend," he said, "that the estate of Ellangowan is in the market?"

"In the market?—it will be sold the morn to the highest bidder—that's no the morn, Lord help me! which is the Sabbath, but on Monday, the first free day; and the furniture and stocking is to be roupit at the same time on the ground—it's the opinion of the haill country, that the sale has been shamefully forced on at this time, when there's sae little money stirring in Scotland wi' this weary American war, that somebody may get the land a bargain—Deil be in them, that I should say sae!"—the good lady's wrath rising at the supposed injustice.

"And where will the sale take place?"

"On the premises, as the advertisement says—that's at the house of Ellangowan, as I understand it."

"And who exhibits the title-deeds, rent-roll, and plan?"

"A very decent man, sir; the sheriff-substitute of the county, who has authority from the Court of Session. He's in the town just now, if your honour would like to see him; and he can tell you mair about the loss of the bairn than ony body, for the sheriff-depute (that's his principal like,) took much pains to come at the truth o' that matter, as I have heard."

"And this gentleman's name is?"—

"Mac-Morlan, sir—he's a man of character, and weel spoken of."

"Send my compliments—Colonel Mannering's compliments—to him, and I would be glad he would do me the pleasure of supping with me, and bring these papers with him—and I beg, good madam, you will say nothing of this to any one else."

"Me, sir? ne'er a word shall I say—I wish your honour, (a curtsey) or ony honourable gentleman that's fought for his country, (another

curtsey) had the land, since the auld family maun quit, (a sigh) rather than that wily scoundrel, Glossin, that's risen on the ruin of the best friend he ever had—and now I think on't, I'll slip on my hood and pattens, and gang to Mr Mac-Morian mysell—he's at hame e'en now—it's hardly a step."

"Do so, my good landlady, and many thanks—and bid my servant step here with my portfolio in the mean time."

In a minute or two, Colonel Mannering was quietly seated with his writing materials before him. We have the privilege of looking over his shoulder as he writes, and we willingly communicate its substance to our readers. The letter was addressed to Arthur Mervyn, Esq. of Mervyn-Hall, Llanbraithwaite, Westmoreland. It contained some account of the writer's previous journey since parting with him, and then proceeded as follows:

"And now, why will you still upbraid me with my melancholy, Mervyn?—Do you think, after the lapse of twenty-five years, battles, wounds, imprisonment, misfortunes of every description, I can be still the same lively unbroken Guy Mannering, who climbed Skiddaw with you, or shot grouse upon Crossfell? That you, who have remained in the bosom of domestic happiness, experience little change; that your step is as light, and your fancy as full of sunshine, is a blessed effect of health and temperament, co-operating with content and a smooth current down the course of life. But *my* career has been one of difficulties, and doubts, and errors. From my infancy I have been the sport of accident, and though the wind has often borne me into harbour, it has seldom been into that which the pilot destined. Let me recall to you—but the task must be brief—the odd and wayward fates of my youth, and the misfortunes of my manhood.

"The former, you will say, had nothing very appalling. All was not for the best; but all was tolerable. My father, the eldest son of an ancient but reduced family, left me with little, save the name of the head of the house, to the protection of his more fortunate brothers. They were so fond of me that they almost quarrelled about me. My uncle, the bishop, would have had me in orders, and offered me a living—my uncle, the merchant, would have put me into a counting-house, and proposed to give me a share in the thriving concern of Mannering and Marshall, in Lombard Street—So, between these two stools, or rather these two soft, easy, well-stuffed chairs of divinity and commerce, my unfortunate person slipped down and pitched upon a dragoon saddle. Again, the bishop wished me to marry the niece and heiress of the Dean of Lincoln; and my uncle, the alderman, proposed to me the only daughter of old Sloethorn, the great wine merchant, rich enough to play at spancounter with moidores, and make thread-papers of bank-notes—and somehow I slipped my neck out of both nooses, and married—poor—poor Sophia Wellwood.

“ You will say, my military career in India, when I followed my regiment there, should have given me some satisfaction, and so it assuredly has. You will remind me also, that if I disappointed the hopes of my guardians, I did not incur their displeasure—that the bishop, at his death, bequeathed me his blessing, his manuscript sermons, and a curious portfolio, containing the heads of eminent divines of the church of England; and that my uncle, Sir Paul Mannering, left me sole heir and executor to his large fortune. Yet all this availeth me nothing—I told you I had that upon my mind which I should carry to my grave with me, a perpetual aches in the draught of existence. I will tell you the cause more in detail than I had the heart to do while under your hospitable roof. You will often hear it mentioned, and perhaps with different and unfounded circumstances. I will, therefore, speak it out, and let the event itself, and the sentiments of melancholy with which it has impressed me, never again be subject of discussion between us.

“ Sophia, as you well know, followed me to India. She was as innocent as gay; but, unfortunately for us both, as gay as innocent. My own manners were partly formed by studies I had forsaken, and habits of seclusion, not quite consistent with my situation as commandant of a regiment, in a country where universal hospitality is offered and expected by every settler claiming the rank of a gentleman. In a moment of peculiar pressure, (you know how hard we were sometimes run to obtain white faces to countenance our line of battle) a young man, named Brown, joined our regiment as a volunteer, and, finding the military duty more to his fancy than commerce, in which he had been engaged, remained with us as a cadet.—Let me do my unhappy victim justice—he behaved with such gallantry on every occasion that offered, that the first vacant commission was considered as his due. I was absent for some weeks upon a distant expedition;—when I returned I found this young fellow established quite as the friend of the house, and habitual attendant of my wife and daughter. It was an arrangement which displeased me in many particulars, though no objection could be made to his manners or character—Yet I might have been reconciled to his familiarity in my family, but for the suggestions of another. If you read over—what I never dare open—the play of *Othello*, you will have some idea of what followed—I mean of my motives—my actions, thank God! were less reprehensible. There was another cadet ambitious of the vacant situation. He called my attention to what he led me to term coquetry between my wife and this young man. Sophia was virtuous, but proud of her virtue; and irritated by my jealousy, she was so imprudent as to press and encourage an intimacy which she saw I disapproved and regarded with suspicion. Between Brown and me there existed a sort of internal dislike. He made an effort or two to overcome my prejudice: but, prepossessed as

I was, I placed them to a wrong motive. Feeling himself repulsed, and with scorn, he desisted; and as he was without family and friends, he was naturally more watchful of the deportment of one who had both.

“It is odd with what torture I write this letter. I feel inclined, nevertheless, to protract the operation, just as if my doing so could put off the catastrophe which has long embittered my life. But—it must be told, and it shall be told briefly.

“My wife, though no longer young, was still eminently handsome, and—let me say thus far in my own justification—she was fond of being thought so. I am repeating what I said before—In a word, of her virtue I never entertained a doubt; but, pushed on by the artful suggestions of Archer, I thought she cared little for my peace of mind, and that the young fellow, Brown, paid his attentions in my despite, and in defiance of me. He perhaps considered me, on his part, as an oppressive aristocratic man, who made my rank in society, and in the army, the means of galling those whom circumstances placed beneath me. And if he discovered my silly jealousy, he probably considered the fretting me in that sore point of my character, as one means of avenging the petty indignities to which I had it in my power to subject him. Yet an acute friend of mine gave a more harmless, or at least a less offensive, construction to his attentions, which he conceived to be meant for my daughter Julia, though immediately addressed to propitiate the influence of her mother. This could have been no very flattering or pleasing enterprise on the part of an obscure and nameless young man; but I could not have been offended at this folly as I was at the higher degree of presumption I suspected. Offended, however, I was, and in a mortal degree.

“A very slight spark will kindle a flame where every thing lies open to catch it. I have absolutely forgot the proximate cause of quarrel, but it was some trifle which occurred at the card-table, which occasioned high words and a challenge. We met in the morning beyond the walls and esplanade of the fortress which I then commanded, on the frontiers of the settlement. This was arranged for Brown’s safety had he escaped. I almost wish he had, though at my own expense; but he fell by the first fire. We strove to assist him, but some of these *Looties*, a species of native banditti, who were always on the watch for prey, poured in upon us. Archer and I gained our horses with difficulty, and cut our way through them after a hard conflict, in the course of which he received some desperate wounds. To complete the misfortunes of this miserable day, my wife, who suspected the design with which I left the fortress, had ordered her palanquin to follow me, and was alarmed and almost made prisoner by another troop of these plunderers. She was quickly released by a party of our cavalry; but I cannot disguise from myself, that the incidents of this fatal

morning gave a severe shock to health already delicate. The confession of Archer, who thought himself dying, that he had invented some circumstances, and, for his purposes, put the worst construction upon others; and the full explanation and exchange of forgiveness which this produced, could not check the progress of her disorder. She died within about eight months after this incident, bequeathing me only the girl, of whom Mrs Mervyn is so good as to undertake the temporary charge. Julia was also extremely ill, so much so, that I was induced to throw up my command and return to Europe, where her native air, time, and the novelty of the scenes around her, have contributed to dissipate her dejection, and to restore her health.

"Now that you know my story, you will no longer ask me the reason of my melancholy, but permit me to brood upon it as I may. There is, surely, in the above narrative, enough to embitter, though not to poison, the chalice, which the fortune and fame you so often mention had prepared to regale my years of retirement.

"I could add circumstances which our old tutor would have quoted as instances of *day fatality*—you would laugh were I to mention such particulars, especially as you know I put no faith in them. Yet, since I have come to the very house from which I now write, I have learned a singular coincidence, which, if I find it truly established by tolerable evidence, will serve us hereafter for subject of curious discussion. But I will spare you at present, as I expect a person to speak about a purchase of property now open in this part of the country. It is a place to which I have a foolish partiality, and I hope my purchasing may be convenient to those who are parting with it, as there is a plan for buying it under the value. My respectful compliments to Mrs Mervyn, and I will trust you, though you boast to be so lively a young gentleman, to kiss Julia for me.—Adieu, dear Mervyn.—Thine ever,

"GUY MANNERING."

Mr Mac-Morlan now entered the room. The well-known character of Colonel Mannering at once disposed this gentleman, who was a man of intelligence and probity, to be open and confidential. He explained the advantages and disadvantages of the property. "It was settled," he said, "the greater part of it at least, upon heirs-male, and the purchaser would have the privilege of retaining in his hands a large proportion of the price, in case of the re-appearance, within a certain limited term, of the child who had disappeared."

"To what purpose then, force forward a sale?" said Mannering.

Mac-Morlan smiled. "Ostensibly," he said, "to substitute the interest of money, instead of the ill-paid and precarious rents of an unimproved estate; but chiefly, it was supposed, to suit the wishes and views of a certain intended purchaser, who had become a principal creditor, and forced himself into the management of the affairs, by

means best known to himself, and who, it was thought, would find it very convenient to purchase the estate without paying down the price."

Mannering consulted with Mr Mac-Morlan upon the steps for thwarting this unprincipled attempt. They then conversed long upon the singular disappearance of Harry Bertram upon his fifth birth-day, verifying thus the random prediction of Mannering, of which, however, it will readily be supposed he made no boast. Mr Mac-Morlan was not himself in office when that incident took place; but he was well acquainted with all the circumstances, and promised that our hero should have them detailed by the sheriff-depute himself, if, as he proposed, he should become a settler in that part of Scotland. With this assurance, they parted well satisfied with each other, and with the evening's conference.

On the Sunday following, Colonel Mannering attended the parish church with great decorum. None of the Ellangowan family were present; and it was understood that the old Laird was rather worse than better. Jock Jabos, once more dispatched for him, returned once more without his errand. Next day Miss Bertram hoped he might be removed.

CHAPTER XIII.

They told me by the sentence of the law,
They had commission to seize all thy fortune.—
Here stood a ruffian with a horrid face,
Lording it o'er a pile of massy plate,
Tumbled into a heap for public sale;—
There was another, making villainous jests
At thy undoing; he had ta'en possession
Of all thy ancient most domestic ornaments.—*Otway.*

EARLY next morning, Mannering mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his servant, took the road to Ellangowan. He had no need to enquire the way. A sale in the country is a place of public resort and amusement, and people of various descriptions streamed to it from all quarters.

After a pleasant ride of about an hour, the old towers of the ruin presented themselves in the landscape. The thoughts with what different feelings he had lost sight of them so many years before, thronged upon the mind of the traveller. The landscape was the same; but how changed the feelings, hopes, and views, of the spectator! Then, life and love were new, and all the prospect was gilded by their rays. And now, disappointed in affection, sated with fame, and what the world calls success, his mind goaded by bitter and repentant recollection, his best hope was to find a retirement in which he might nurse

the melancholy that was to accompany him to his grave. "Yet, why should an individual mourn over the instability of his hopes, and the vanity of his prospects? The ancient chiefs, who erected these enormous and massive towers to be the fortress of their race, and the seat of their power, could they have dreamed the day was to come, when the last of their descendants should be expelled, a ruined wanderer, from his possessions! But Nature's bounties are unaltered. The sun will shine as fair on these ruins, whether the property of a stranger, or of a sordid and obscure trickster of the abused law, as when the banners of the founder first waved upon their battlements."

These reflections brought Mannering to the door of the house, which was that day open to all. He entered among others, who traversed the apartments, some to select articles for purchase, others to gratify their curiosity. There is something melancholy in such a scene, even under the most favourable circumstances. The confused state of the furniture, displaced for the convenience of being easily viewed and carried off by the purchasers, is disagreeable to the eye. Those articles which, properly and decently arranged, look creditable and well-assorted, have then a paltry and wretched appearance; and the apartments, stripped of all that render them commodious and handsome, have an aspect of ruin and dilapidation. It is disgusting also, to see the scenes of domestic society and seclusion thrown open to the gaze of the curious and the vulgar; to hear their coarse speculations and jests upon the fashions and furniture to which they are unaccustomed,—a frolicsome humour much cherished by the whiskey which in Scotland is always put in circulation upon such occasions. All these are ordinary effects of such a scene as Ellangowan now presented; but the moral feeling, that, in this case, they indicated the total ruin of an ancient and honourable family, gave them treble weight and poignancy.

It was some time before Colonel Mannering could find any one disposed to answer his reiterated questions concerning Ellangowan himself. At length, an old maid-servant, who held her apron to her eyes as she spoke, told him, "the Laird was something better, and they hoped he would be able to leave the house that day. Miss Lucy expected the chaise every moment, and, as the day was fine for the time o' year, they had carried him in his easy chair up to the green before the auld castle, to be out of the way of this unca spectacle." Hither Colonel Mannering went in quest of him, and soon came in sight of the little group, which consisted of four persons. The ascent was steep, so that he had time to reconnoitre them as he advanced, and to consider in what mode he should make his address.

Mr Bertram, paralytick, and almost incapable of moving, occupied his easy chair, attired in his night-cap, and a loose camlet coat, his feet wrapt in blankets. Behind him, with his hands crossed on the cane on which he rested, stood Dominie Sampson, whom Mannering

recognised at once. Time had made no change upon him, unless that his black coat seemed more brown, and his gaunt cheeks more lank, than when Mannering last saw him. On one side of the old man was a sylph-like form—a young woman of about seventeen, whom the Colonel accounted to be his daughter. She was looking, from time to time, anxiously towards the avenue, as if expecting the post-chaise; and between whiles busied herself in adjusting the blankets, so as to protect her father from the cold, and in answering enquiries, which he seemed to make with a captious and querulous manner. She did not trust herself to look towards the Place, as it was called, although the hum of the assembled crowd must have drawn her attention in that direction. The fourth person of the group was a handsome and genteel young man, who seemed to share Miss Bertram's anxiety, and her solicitude to sooth and accommodate her parent.

This young man was the first who observed Colonel Mannering, and immediately stepped forward to meet him, as if politely to prevent his drawing nearer to the distressed group. Mannering immediately paused and explained. "He was," he said, "a stranger, to whom Mr Bertram had formerly shewn kindness and hospitality; he would not have intruded himself upon him at a period of distress, did it not seem to be in some degree a moment also of desertion; he wished merely to offer such services as might be in his power to Mr Bertram and the young lady."

He then paused at a little distance from the chair. His old acquaintance gazed at him with lack-lustre eye, that intimated no tokens of recognition—the Dominie seemed too deeply sunk in distress even to observe his presence. The young man spoke aside with Miss Bertram, who advanced timidly, and thanked Mr Mannering for his goodness; "but," she said, the tears gushing fast into her eyes—"her father, she feared, was not so much himself as to be able to remember him."

She then retreated towards the chair, accompanied by the Colonel.—"Father," she said, "this is Mr Mannering, an old friend, come to enquire after you."

"He's very heartily welcome,"—said the old man, raising himself in his chair, and attempting a gesture of courtesy, while a gleam of hospitable satisfaction seemed to pass over his faded features; "but, Lucy, my dear, let us go down to the house, you should not keep the gentleman here in the cold;—Dominie, take the key of the wine-cooler. Mr a—a—the gentleman will take something after his ride."—

Mannering was unspeakably affected by the contrast which his recollection made between this reception and that with which he had been greeted by the same individual when they last met. He could not restrain his tears, and his evident emotion at once attained him the confidence of the friendless young lady.

"Alas!" said she, "this is distressing even to a stranger;—but it may be better for my poor father to be in this way, than if he know and could feel all."

A servant in livery now came up the path, and spoke in an undertone to the young gentleman—"Mr Charles, my lady's wanting you yonder sadly, to bid for her for the black ebony cabinet; and Lady Jean Devorgoil is wi' her an a'—ye maun come away directly."

"Tell them you could not find me, Tom, or, stay—say I am looking at the horses."

"No, no, no,—” said Lucy Bertram earnestly; "if you would not add to the misery of this miserable moment, go to the company directly.—This gentleman, I am sure, will see us to the carriage."

"Unquestionably, madam," said Mannering, "your young friend may rely on my attention."

"Farewell, then," said Mr Charles, and whispered a word in her ear—then ran down the steep hastily, as if not trusting his resolution at a slower pace.

"Where's Charles Hazlewood running," said the invalid, who apparently was accustomed to his presence and attentions; "where's Charles Hazlewood running—what takes him away now?"

"He'll return in a little while," said Lucy gently.

The sound of voices was now heard from the ruins. The reader may remember there was a communication between the castle and the beach, up which the speakers had ascended.

"Yes—there's plenty of shells and sea-ware, as you observe—and if one inclined to build a new house, which might indeed be necessary, there's a great deal of good hewn-stone about this old dungeon for the devil here"—

"Good God!" said Miss Bertram hastily to Sampson, "'tis that wretch Glossin's voice—if my father sees him, it will kill him outright!"

Sampson wheeled perpendicularly round, and moved with long strides to confront the attorney, as he issued from beneath the portal arch of the ruin. "Avoid ye!" he said—"Avoid ye! would'st thou kill and take possession?"

"Come, come, Master Dominie Sampson," answered Glossin insolently, "if ye cannot preach in the pulpit, we'll have no preaching here. We go by the law, my good friend—we leave the gospel to you."

The very mention of this man's name had been of late a subject of the most violent irritation to the unfortunate patient. The sound of his voice now produced an instantaneous effect. Mr Bertram started up without assistance, and turned round towards him; the ghastliness of his features forming a strange contrast with the violence of his exclamation.—"Out of my sight, ye viper!—ye frozen viper, that I warmed

till ye stung me!—Art thou not afraid that the walls of my father's dwelling should fall and crush thee limb and bone?—Are ye not afraid the very lintels of the door of Ellangowan castle should break open and swallow you up!—Were ye not friendless,—houseless,—penniless,—when I took ye by the hand—and are ye not expelling me—me, and that innocent girl—friendless, houseless, and penniless, from the house that has sheltered us and ours for a thousand years?"

Had Glossin been alone, he would probably have slunk off; but the consciousness that a stranger was present, besides the person who came with him (a sort of land-surveyor,) determined him to resort to impudence. The task, however, was almost too hard, even for his effrontery—"Sir—Sir—Mr Bertram—Sir, you should not blame me, but your own imprudence, sir"—

The indignation of Mannering was mounting very high. "Sir," he said to Glossin, "without entering into the merits of this controversy, I must inform you, that you have chosen a very improper place, time, and presence, for it. And you will oblige me by withdrawing without mere words."

Glossin being a tall, strong, muscular man, was not unwilling rather to turn upon a stranger whom he hoped to bully, than maintain his wretched cause against his injured patron—"I do not know who you are, sir, and I shall permit no man to use such d—d freedom with me."

Mannering was naturally hot-tempered—his eyes flashed a dark light—he compressed his nether lip so closely that the blood sprung, and, approaching Glossin—"Look you, sir," he said, "that you do not know me is of no consequence. *I know you*; and, if you do not instantly descend that bank, without uttering a single syllable, by the Heaven that is above us, you shall make but one step from the top to the bottom."

The commanding tone of rightful anger silenced at once the ferocity of the bully. He hesitated, turned on his heel, and muttering something between his teeth about unwillingness to alarm the lady, relieved them of his hateful company.

Mrs Mac-Candlish's postillion, who had come up in time to hear what passed, said aloud, "If he had stuck by the way, I would have lent him a heezie, the dirty scoundrel, as willingly as ever I pitched a boddle."

He then stepped forward to announce that his horses were in readiness for the invalid and his daughter.

But they were no longer necessary. The debilitated frame of Mr Bertram was exhausted by this last effort of indignant anger, and when he sunk again upon his chair, he expired almost without a struggle or groan. So little alteration did the extinction of the vital spark make upon his external appearance, that the screams of his

daughter, when she saw his eye fix and felt his pulse stop, first announced his death to the spectators.

CHAPTER XIV.

The bell strikes one,—we take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound—*Young.*

THE moral, which the poet has rather quaintly deduced from the necessary mode of measuring time, may be well applied to our feelings respecting that portion of it which constitutes human life. We observe the aged, the infirm, and those engaged in occupations of immediate hazard, trembling as it were upon the very brink of non-existence, but we derive no lesson from the precariousness of their tenure until it has altogether failed. Then, for a moment at least,

Our hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what?—a fathomless abyss,
A dark eternity, how surely ours!—

The crowd of assembled gazers and idlers at Ellangowan had followed the views of amusement, or what they called business, which brought them there, with little regard to the feelings of those who were suffering upon that occasion. Few, indeed, knew anything of the family. The father, betwixt seclusion, misfortune, and imbecility, had drifted as it were, for many years, out of the notice of his contemporaries—the daughter had never been known to them. But when the general murmur announced that the unfortunate Mr Bertram had broken his heart in the effort to leave the mansion of his forefathers, there poured forth a torrent of sympathy, like the waters from the rock when stricken by the wand of the prophet. The ancient descent and unblemished integrity of the family were respectfully remembered; above all, the sacred veneration due to misfortune, which in Scotland seldom demands its tribute in vain, then claimed and received it.

Mr Mac-Morlan hastily announced, that he would suspend all further proceedings in the sale of the estate and other property, and relinquish the possession of the premises to the young lady, until she could consult with her friends, and provide for the burial of her father.

Glossin had cowered for a few minutes under the general expression of sympathy, till, hardened by observing that no appearance of popular indignation was directed his way, he had the audacity to require that the sale should proceed.

"I will take it upon my own authority to adjourn it," said the Sheriff-substitute, "and will be responsible for the consequences. I will also give due notice when it is again to go forward. It is for the benefit of all concerned that the lands should bring the highest price the state of the market will admit, and this is surely no time to expect it—I will take the responsibility upon myself."

Glossin left the room and the house too with secrecy and dispatch; and it was probably well for him that he did so, since our friend Jock Jabos was already haranguing a numerous tribe of bare-legged boys on the propriety of pelting him off the estate.

Some of the rooms were hastily put in order for the reception of the young lady, and of her father's dead body. Mannering now found his farther interference would be unnecessary, and might be misconstrued. He observed, too, that several families connected with that of Ellangowan, and who indeed derived their principal claim of gentility from the alliance, were now disposed to pay to their trees of genealogy a tribute, which the adversity of their supposed relatives had been inadequate to call forth; and that the honour of superintending the funeral rites of the dead Godfrey Bertram (as in the memorable case of Homer's birth-place) was likely to be debated by seven gentlemen of rank and fortune, none of whom had offered him an asylum while living. He therefore resolved, as his presence was altogether useless, to make a short tour of a fortnight, at the end of which period the adjourned sale of the estate of Ellangowan was to proceed.

But before he departed, he solicited an interview with the Dominie. The poor man appeared, upon being informed a gentleman wanted to speak to him, with some expression of surprise in his gaunt features, to which recent sorrow had given an expression yet more grisly. He made two or three profound reverences to Mannering, and then, standing erect, patiently waited an explanation of his commands.

"You are probably at a loss to guess, Mr Sampson," said Mannering, "what a stranger may have to say to you?"

"Unless it were to request, that I would undertake to train up some youth in polite letters, and humane learning—but I cannot—I cannot—I have yet a task to perform."—

"No, Mr Sampson, my wishes are not so ambitious. I have no son, and my only daughter, I presume, you would not consider as a fit pupil."

"Of a surety, no. Nathless, it was I who did educate Miss Lucy in all useful learning,—albeit it was the housekeeper who did teach her those unprofitable exercises of hemming and shaping."

"Well, sir, it is of Miss Lucy I meant to speak—you have, I presume, no recollection of me?"

Sampson, always sufficiently absent in mind, neither remembered the astrologer of past years, nor even the stranger who had taken his

patron's part against Glossin, so much had his friend's sudden death embroiled his ideas.

"Well, that does not signify—I am an old acquaintance of the late Mr Bertram, able and willing to assist his daughter in her present circumstances. Besides, I have thoughts of making this purchase, and I should wish things kept in order about the Place; will you have the goodness to apply this small sum in the usual family expenses?"—He put into the Dominie's hand a purse containing some gold.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson. "But if your honour would tarry"——

"Impossible, sir—impossible," said Mannering, making his escape from him.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" again exclaimed Sampson, following to the head of the stairs, still holding out the purse. "But as touching this coined money"——

Mannering escaped down stairs as fast as possible.

"Pro-di-gi-ous!" exclaimed Dominie Sampson, yet the third time, now standing at the first door. "But as touching this coined"——

But Mannering was now on horseback, and out of hearing. The Dominie, who had never, either in his own right, or as trustee for another, been possessed of a quarter part of this sum, though it was not above twenty guineas, "took counsel," as he expressed himself, "how he should demean himself with respect unto the fine gold" then left in his charge. Fortunately he found a disinterested adviser in Mac-Morlan, who pointed out the most proper means of disposing of it for contributing to Miss Bertram's convenience, being no doubt the purpose to which it was destined by the bestower.

Many of the neighbouring gentry were now sincerely eager in pressing offers of hospitality and kindness upon Miss Bertram. But she felt a natural reluctance to enter any family, for the first time, as an object rather of benevolence than hospitality, and determined to wait the opinion and advice of her father's nearest female relation, Mrs Margaret Bertram of Singleside, an old unmarried lady, to whom she wrote an account of her present distressful situation.

The funeral of the late Mr Bertram was performed with decent privacy, and the unfortunate young lady was now to consider herself as but the temporary tenant of the house in which she had been born, and where her patience and soothing attentions had so long "rocked the cradle of declining age." Her communication with Mr Mac-Morlan encouraged her to hope, that she would not be suddenly or unkindly deprived of this asylum; but fortune had ordered otherwise.

For two days before the appointed day for the sale of the lands and estate of Ellangowan, Mac-Morlan daily expected the appearance of Colonel Mannering, or at least a letter containing powers to act for him. But none such arrived. Mr Mac-Morlan waked early in the

morning,—walked over to the Post-office,—there were no letters for him. He endeavoured to persuade himself that he should see Colonel Mannering to breakfast, and ordered his wife to place her best china, and prepare herself accordingly. But the preparations were in vain. “Could I have foreseen this,” he said, “I would have travelled Scotland over, but I would have found some one to bid against Glossin.” Alas! such reflections were all too late. The appointed hour arrived; and the parties met in the Mason’s Lodge at Kippletringan, being the place fixed for the adjourned sale. Mac-Morlan spent as much time in preliminaries as decency would permit, and read over the articles of sale as slowly as if he had been reading his own death-warrant. He turned his eye every time the door of the room opened, with hopes which grew fainter and fainter. He listened to every noise in the street of the village, and endeavoured to distinguish in it the noise of hoofs or wheels. It was all in vain. A bright idea then occurred, that Colonel Mannering might have employed some other person in the transaction—he would not have wasted a moment’s thought upon the want of confidence in himself, which such a manoeuvre would have evinced. But this hope also was groundless. After a solemn pause, Mr Glossin offered the upset price for the lands and barony of Ellangowan. No reply was made, and no competitor appeared; so, after a lapse of the usual interval by the running of a sand-glass, upon the intended purchaser entering the proper sureties, Mr Mac-Morlan was obliged, in technical terms, to “find and declare the sale lawfully completed, and to prefer the said Gilbert Glossin as the purchaser of the said lands and estate.” The honest writer refused to partake of a splendid entertainment with which Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, now of Ellangowan, treated the rest of the company, and returned home in huge bitterness of spirit, which he vented in complaints against the fickleness and caprice of these Indian Nabobs, who never knew what they would be at for ten days together. Fortune generously determined to take the blame upon herself, and cut off even this vent of Mr Mac-Morlan’s resentment.

An express arrived about six o’clock at night, “very particularly drunk,” the maid-servant said, with a packet from Colonel Mannering, dated four days back, at a town about a hundred miles distance from Kippletringan, containing full powers to Mr Mac-Morlan, or any one whom he might employ, to make the intended purchase, and stating, that some family business of consequence called the Colonel himself to Westmoreland, where a letter would find him, addressed to the care of Arthur Mervyn, Esq., of Mervyn Hall.

Mac-Morlan, in the transport of his wrath, flung the power of attorney at the head of the innocent maid-servant, and was only forcibly withheld from horse-whipping the rascally messenger, by whose sloth and drunkenness the disappointment had taken place.

CHAPTER XV.

My gold is gone, my money is spent,
My land now take it unto thee.
Give me thy gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be.

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he caste him 7 gods pennie;
But for every pounce that John agreed,
The land, I wis, was well worth three.—*Heir of Linne.*

THE Galwegian John o' the Scales was a more clever fellow than his prototype. He contrived to make himself heir of Linne without the disagreeable ceremony of "telling down the good red gold." Miss Bertram no sooner heard this painful, and of late unexpected intelligence, than she proceeded on the preparations she had already made for leaving the mansion-house immediately. Mr Mac-Morlan assisted her in these arrangements, and pressed upon her so kindly the hospitality and protection of his roof, until she should receive an answer from her cousin, or be enabled to adopt some settled plan of life, that she felt there would be unkindness in refusing an invitation urged with such earnestness. Mrs Mac-Morlan was a lady-like person, and well qualified by birth and manners to receive the visit, and to make her house agreeable to Miss Bertram. A home, therefore, and an hospitable reception, were secured to her, and she went on, with better heart, to pay the wages and receive the adieus of the few domestics of her father's family.

Where there are estimable qualities on either side, this task is always affecting—the present circumstances rendered it doubly so. All received their due, and even a trifle more, and with thanks and good wishes, to which some added tears, took farewell of their young mistress. There remained in the parlour only Mr Mac-Morlan, who came to attend his guest to his house, Dominie Sampson, and Miss Bertram. "And now," said the poor girl, "I must bid farewell to one of my oldest and kindest friends.—God bless you, Mr Sampson, and requite to you all the kindness of your instructions to your poor pupil, and your friendship to him that is gone—I hope I shall often hear from you." She slid into his hand a paper containing some pieces of gold, and rose, as if to leave the room.

Dominie Sampson also rose; but it was to stand aghast with utter astonishment. The idea of parting from Miss Lucy, go where she might, had never once occurred to the simplicity of his understanding.—He laid the money on the table. "It is certainly inadequate," said Mac-Morlan, mistaking his meaning, "but the circumstances"—

Mr Sampson waved his hand impatiently—"It is not the lucre—it is not the lucre—but that I, that have eat of her father's loaf, and drunk of his cup, for twenty years and more—to think that I am

going to leave her—and to leave her in distress and dolour—No, Miss Lucy, you need never think it! You would not consent to put forth your father's poor dog, and would you use me warse than a messan?—No, Miss Lucy Bertram, while I live I will not separate from you—I'll be no burthen—I have thought how to prevent that. But, as Ruth said unto Naomi, 'Intreat me not to leave thee, nor to depart from thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou dwellest I will dwell; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried—The Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death do part thee and me.'—

During this speech, the longest ever Dominie Sampson was known to utter, the affectionate creature's eyes streamed with tears, and neither Lucy nor Mac-Morlan could refrain from sympathizing with this unexpected burst of feeling and attachment. "Mr Sampson," said Mac-Morlan, after having had recourse to his snuff-box and handkerchief alternately, "my house is large enough, and if you will accept of a bed there, while Miss Bertram honours us with her residence, I shall think myself very happy, and my roof much favoured by receiving a man of your worth and fidelity."

And then with a delicacy, which was meant to remove any objection on Miss Bertram's part to bringing with her this unexpected satellite, he added, "My business requires my frequently having occasion for a better accountant than any of my present clerks, and I should be glad to have recourse to your assistance in that way now and then."

"Of a surety—of a surety," said Sampson eagerly, "I understand book-keeping by double entry and the Italian method."

Our postillion had thrust himself into the room to announce his chaise and horses; he tarried, unobserved, during this extraordinary scene, and assured Mrs Mac-Candlish it was the most moving thing he ever saw; "the death of the grey mare, puir hizzie, was naething tili't." This trifling circumstance afterwards had consequences of greater importance.

The visitors were hospitably welcomed by Mrs Mac-Morlan, to whom, as well as to others, her husband intimated that he had engaged Dominie Sampson's assistance to disentangle some perplexed accounts; during which occupation, he would, for convenience' sake, reside with the family. Mr Mac-Morlan's knowledge of the world induced him to put this colour upon the matter, aware, that however honourable the fidelity of the Dominie's attachment might be, both to his own heart and to the family of Ellangowan, his exterior ill qualified him to be a "squire of dames," and rendered him, upon the whole, rather a ridiculous appendage to a beautiful young woman of seventeen.

Dominie Sampson achieved with great zeal such tasks as Mr Mac-

Morlan chose to entrust him with: but it was speedily observed, that, at a certain hour after breakfast, he regularly disappeared, and returned again about dinner time. The evening he occupied in the labour of the office. Upon Saturday he appeared before Mac-Morlan with a look of great triumph, and laid on the table two pieces of gold. "What is this for, Dominie?" said Mac-Morlan.

"First to indemnify you of your charges in my behalf, worthy sir—and the balance for the use of Miss Lucy Bertram."

"But, Mr Sampson, your labour in the office much more than recompenses me—I am your debtor, my good friend."

"Then be it all," said the Dominie, waving his hand, "for Miss Lucy Bertram's behoof."

"Well, but Dominie, this money"——

"It is honestly come by, Mr Mac-Morlan—it is the bountiful reward of a young gentleman to whom I am teaching the tongues—reading with him three hours daily."

A few more questions extracted from the Dominie, that this liberal pupil was young Hazlewood, and that he met his preceptor daily at the house of Mrs Mac-Candlish, whose proclamation of Sampson's disinterested attachment to the young lady had procured him this indefatigable and bounteous scholar.

Mac-Morlan was much struck with what he heard. Dominie Sampson was a very good scholar, and an excellent man, and the classics were unquestionably very well worth reading; yet that a young man of twenty should ride seven miles and back again each day in the week, to hold this sort of *tête-à-tête* of three hours, was a zeal for literature to which he was not prepared to give entire credit. Little art was necessary to sift the Dominie, for the honest man's head never admitted any but the most direct and simple ideas. "Does Miss Bertram know how your time is engaged, my good friend?"

"Surely not as yet—Mr Charles recommended it should be concealed from her, lest she should scruple to accept of the small assistance arising from it; but," he added, "it would not be possible to conceal it long, since Mr Charles proposed taking his lessons occasionally in this house."

"O, he does!" said Mac-Morlan. "Yes, yes, I can understand that better.—And pray, Mr Sampson, are these three hours entirely spent in construing and translating?"

"Doubtless, no—we have also colloquial intercourse to sweeten study—*neque semper arcum tendit Apollo*."

The querist proceeded to elicit from this Galloway Phœbus, what their discourse chiefly turned upon.

"Upon our past meetings at Ellangowan—and, truly, I think very often we discourse concerning Miss Lucy—for Mr Charles Hazlewood, in that particular resembleth me, Mr Mac-Morlan. When I begin to

speaking of her I never know when to stop—and, as I say, (jocularly) she cheats us out of half our lessons.”

“O ho!” thought Mac-Morlan, “sits the wind in that quarter? I’ve heard something like this before.”

He then began to consider what conduct was safest for his *protégée*, and even for himself; for the ~~senior~~ Mr Hazlewood was powerful, wealthy, ambitious, and vindictive, and looked for both fortune and title in any connection which his son might form. At length, having the highest opinion of his guest’s good sense and penetration, he determined to take an opportunity, when they should happen to be alone, to communicate the matter to her as a simple piece of intelligence. He did so in as natural a manner as he could!—“I wish you joy of your friend Mr Sampson’s good fortune, Miss Bertram; he has got a pupil who pays him two guineas for twelve lessons of Greek and Latin.”

“Indeed!—I am equally happy and surprised—who can be so liberal?—is Colonel Mannering returned?”

“No, no, not Colonel Mannering; but what do you think of your acquaintance, Mr Charles Hazlewood?—He talks of taking his lessons here—I wish we may have accommodation for him.”

Lucy blushed deeply. “For Heaven’s sake, no, Mr Mac-Morlan—do not let that be—Charles Hazlewood has had enough of mischief about that already.”

“About the classics, my dear young lady?—most young gentlemen have so at one period or another, sure enough; but his present studies are voluntary?”

Miss Bertram let the conversation drop, and her host made no effort to renew it, as she seemed to pause upon the intelligence in order to form some internal resolution.

The next day she took an opportunity of conversing with Mr Sampson. Expressing in the kindest manner her grateful thanks for his disinterested attachment, and her joy that he had got such a provision, she hinted to him that his present mode of superintending Charles Hazlewood’s studies must be inconvenient to his pupil,—that while that engagement lasted, he had better consent to a temporary separation, and reside either with his scholar, or as near him as might be. Sampson refused, as indeed she had expected, to listen a moment to this proposition—he would not quit her to be made preceptor to the Prince of Wales. “But I see,” he added, “you are too proud to share my pittance; and, peradventure, I grow wearisome unto you.”

“No indeed—you were my father’s ancient, almost his only friend—I am not proud—God knows, I have no reason to be so—you shall do what you judge best in other matters; but oblige me by telling Mr Charles Hazlewood, that you had some conversation with me concerning his studies, and that I was of opinion, that his carrying them on

in this house was altogether impracticable, and not to be thought of.”—

Dominie Sampson left her presence altogether crest-fallen, and as he shut the door, could not help muttering the “*varium et mutabile*” of Virgil. Next day he appeared with a very rueful visage, and tendered Miss Bertram a letter.—“Mr Hazlewood,” he said, “was to discontinue his lessons, though he had generously made up the pecuniary loss—But how will he make up the loss to himself of the knowledge he might have acquired under my instruction? Even in that one article of writing, he was an hour before he could write that brief note, and destroyed many scrolls, four quills, and some good white paper—I would have taught him in three weeks a firm, current, clear, and legible hand—he should have been a calligrapher—but God’s will be done.”

The letter contained but a few lines, deeply regretting and murmuring against Miss Bertram’s cruelty, who not only refused to see him, but to permit him in the most indirect manner to hear of her health and contribute to her service. But it concluded with assurances that her severity was vain, and that nothing could shake the attachment of Charles Hazlewood.

Under the active patronage of Mrs Mac-Candlish, Sampson picked up some other scholars—very different indeed from Charles Hazlewood in rank—and whose lessons were proportionally unproductive. Still, however, he gained something, and it was the glory of his heart to carry it to Mr Mac-Morlan weekly, a slight peculium only substracted, to supply his snuff-box and tobacco-pouch.

And here we must leave Kippletringan to look after our hero, lest our readers should fear they have lost sight of him for another quarter of a century.

CHAPTER XVI.

Our Polly is a sad slut, nor heeds what we have taught her;
I wonder any man alive will ever rear a daughter;
For when she’s drest with care and cost, all tempting fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber, she flings herself away.

Beggar’s Opera.

AFTER the death of Mr Bertram, Mannering had set out upon a short tour, proposing to return to the neighbourhood of Ellangowan before the sale of that property should take place. He went, accordingly, to Edinburgh and elsewhere, and it was in his return towards the southwestern district of Scotland, in which our scene lies, that, at a post-town about a hundred miles from Kippletringan, to which he had requested his friend, Mr Mervyn, to address his letters, he received

one from that gentleman, which contained rather unpleasing intelligence. We have assumed already the privilege of acting *a secretis* to this gentleman, and therefore shall present the reader with an extract from this letter.

“I beg your pardon, my dearest friend, for the pain I have given you, in forcing you to open wounds so festering as those your letter referred to. I have always heard, though erroneously perhaps, that the attentions of Mr Brown were intended for Miss Mannering. But, however that were, it could not be supposed that in your situation his boldness should escape notice and chastisement. Wise men say, that we resign to civil society our natural rights of self-defence, only on condition that the ordinances of law should protect us. Where the price cannot be paid, the resignation takes no place. For instance, no one supposes, that I am not entitled to defend my purse and person against a highwayman, as much as if I were a wild Indian, who owns neither law nor magistracy. The question of resistance, or submission, must be determined by my means and situation. But if, armed and equal in force, I submit to injustice and violence from any man, high or low, I presume it will hardly be attributed to religious or moral feeling in me, or in any one but a quaker. An aggression on my honour seems to me much the same. The insult, however trifling in itself, is one of much deeper consequence to all views of life than any wrong which can be inflicted by a depredator on the highway, and redress is much less in the power of public jurisprudence, or rather it is entirely beyond its reach. If any man chuses to rob Arthur Mervyn of the contents of his purse, if he has not means of defence, or the skill and courage to use them, the assizes at Lancaster or Carlisle will do him justice by tucking up the robber :—Yet who will say I am bound to wait for this justice, and submit to being plundered in the first instance, if I have myself the means and spirit to protect my own property? But if an affront is offered to me, submission to which is to tarnish my character for ever with men of honour, and for which the twelve judges of England, with the chancellor to boot, can afford me no redress, by what rule of law or reason am I to be deterred from protecting what ought to be, and is, so infinitely dearer to every man of honour than his whole fortune? Of the religious views of the matter I shall say nothing, until I find a reverend divine who shall condemn self-defence in the article of life and property. If its propriety in that case be generally admitted, I suppose little distinction can be drawn between defence of person and goods, and defence of reputation. That the latter is liable to be assailed by persons of a different rank in life, untainted perhaps in morals, and fair in character, cannot affect my legal right of self-defence. I may be sorry that circumstances have engaged me in personal strife with such an individual; but I should feel the same sorrow for a generous enemy who fell under my sword in a national quarrel. I shall

leave the question with the casuists, however, only observing, that what I have written will not avail either the professed duellist, or him who is the aggressor in a dispute of honour. I only presume to exculpate him who is dragged into the field by such an offence, as submitted to in patience, would forfeit for ever his rank and estimation in society.

“I am sorry you have thoughts of settling in Scotland, and yet glad that you will still be at no immeasurable distance, and that the latitude is all in our favour. To move to Westmoreland from Devonshire might make an East Indian shudder; but to come to us from Gallogway or Dumfriesshire, is a step, though a short one, nearer the sun. Besides, if, as I suspect, the estate in view be connected with the old haunted castle in which you played the astrologer in your northern tour some four or five-and-twenty years since, I have heard you too often describe the scene with comic unction, to hope you will be deterred from making the purchase. I trust, however, the hospitable gossiping Laird has not run himself upon the shallows, and that his chaplain, whom you so often made us laugh at, is still in *rerum naturâ*.

“And here, dear Mannering, I wish I could stop, for I have incredible pain in telling the rest of my story, although I am sure, I can warrant you against any intentional impropriety on the part of my temporary ward, Julia Mannering. But I must still earn my college nickname of ‘Downright Dunstable.’ In one word then, here is the matter.

“Your daughter has much of the romantic turn of your disposition, with a little of that love of admiration which all pretty women share less or more. She will besides, apparently, be your heiress; a trifling circumstance to those who view Julia with my eyes, but a prevailing bait to the specious, artful, and worthless. You know how I have jested with her about her soft melancholy, and lonely walks at morning before any one is up, and in the moonlight when all should be gone to bed, or set down to cards, which is the same thing. The incident which follows may not be beyond the bounds of a joke, but I had rather the jest came from you than me.

“Two or three times during the last fortnight, I heard, at a late hour in the night, or very early in the morning, a flageolet play the little Hindu tune to which your daughter is so partial. I thought for some time that some tuneful domestic, whose taste for music was laid under constraint during the day, chose that silent hour to imitate the strains which he had caught up by the ear during his attendance in the drawing-room. But last night I sat late in my study, which is immediately under Miss Mannering’s apartment, and, to my surprise, I not only heard the flageolet distinctly, but satisfied myself that it came from the lake under the window. Curious to know who serenaded us at that unusual hour, I stole softly to the window of my apartment. But there

were other watchers than I. You may remember Miss Mannering preferred that apartment on account of a balcony which opened from her window upon the lake. Well, sir, I heard the sash of her window thrown up, the shutters opened, and her own voice in conversation with some person who answered from below. This is not 'Much ado about nothing;' I could not be mistaken in her voice, and such tones, so soft, so insinuating—And, to say the truth, the accents from below were in passion's tenderest cadence too—But of the sense I can say nothing. I raised the sash of my own window that I might hear something more than the mere murmur of this Spanish rendezvous, but, though I used every precaution, the noise alarmed the speakers; down slid the young lady's casement and the shutters were barred in an instant. The dash of a pair of oars in the water announced the retreat of the male person of the dialogue. Indeed, I saw his boat, which he sculled with great swiftness and dexterity, fly across the lake like a twelve-oared barge. Next morning I examined some of my domestics, as if by accident, and I found the gamekeeper, when making his rounds, had twice seen that boat beneath the house, with a single person, and had heard the flageolet. I did not care to press any farther questions, for fear of implicating Julia in the opinions of those at whom they might be asked. Next morning at breakfast, I dropped a casual hint about the serenade of the evening before, and I promise you, Miss Mannering looked red and pale alternately. I immediately gave the circumstance such a turn as might lead her to suppose that my observation was merely casual. I have since caused a watch-light to be burnt in my library, and have left the shutters open to deter the approach of our nocturnal guest; and I have stated the severity of approaching winter, and the rawness of the fogs, as an objection to solitary walks. Miss Mannering acquiesced with a passiveness which is no part of her character, and which, to tell you the plain truth, is a feature about the business which I like least of all. Julia has too much of her own dear papa's disposition to be curbed in any of her humours, were there not some little lurking consciousness that it may be as prudent to avoid debate.

Now my story is told, and you will judge what you ought to do. I have not mentioned the matter to my good woman, who, a faithful secretary to her sex's foibles, would certainly remonstrate against your being made acquainted with these particulars, and might, instead, take it into her head to exercise her own eloquence on Miss Mannering; a faculty, which, however powerful when directed against me, its legitimate object, might, I fear, do more harm than good in the case supposed. Perhaps even you yourself will find it most prudent to act without remonstrating, or appearing to be aware of this little anecdote. Julia is very like a certain friend of mine: she has a quick and lively imagination, and keen feelings, which are apt to exaggerate both the

good and evil they find in life. She is a charming girl however, as generous and spirited as she is lovely. I paid her the kiss you sent her with all my heart, and she rapped my fingers for my reward with all hers. Pray return as soon as you can. Meantime rely upon the care of yours faithfully,

ARTHUR MERVYN."

"P. S.—You will naturally wish to know if I have the least guess concerning the person of the serenader. In truth, I have none. There is no young gentleman of these parts, who might be in rank or fortune a match for Miss Julia, that I think at all likely to play such a character. But on the other side of the lake, nearly opposite to Mervyn-Hall, is a d—d cake-house, the resort of walking gentlemen of all descriptions, poets, players, painters, musicians, who come to rave and recite, and madden, about this picturesque land of ours. It is paying some penalty for its beauties, that they are the means of drawing this swarm of cox-combs together. But were Julia my daughter, it is one of those sort of fellows that I should fear on her account. She is generous and romantic, and writes six sheets a-week to a female correspondent; and it's a sad thing to lack a subject in such a case, either for exercise of the feelings or of the pen. Adieu once more—were I to treat this matter more seriously than I have done I should do injustice to your feelings; were I altogether to overlook it, I should discredit my own."

The consequence of this letter was, that, having first despatched the faithless messenger with the necessary powers to Mr Mac-Morlan for purchasing the estate of Ellangowan, Colonel Mannering turned his horse's head in a more southerly direction, and neither "stinted nor staid" until he arrived at the mansion of his friend Mr Mervyn, upon the banks of one of the lakes of Westmoreland.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Heaven first, in its mercy, taught mortals their letters
For ladies in limbo, and lovers in fetters,
Or some author, who, placing his persons before ye,
Ungallantly leaves them to write their own story."

WHEN Mannering returned to England, his first object had been to place his daughter in a seminary for female education of established character. Not, however, finding her progress in the accomplishments which he wished her to acquire so rapid as his impatience expected, he had withdrawn Miss Mannering from the school at the end of the first quarter. So she had only time to form an eternal friendship with Miss Matilda Marchmont, a young lady about her own age, which was nearly eighteen. To her faithful eye were addressed those formidable

quires which issued forth from Mervyn Hall, on the wings of the post, while Miss Mannering was a guest there. The perusal of a few extracts from these may be necessary to render our story intelligible.

“Alas! my dearest Matilda, what a tale is mine to tell! Misfortune from the cradle has set her seal upon your unhappy friend. That we should be severed for so slight a cause—an ungrammatical phrase in my Italian exercise, and three false notes in one of Paesiello’s sonatas! But it is a part of my father’s character—of whom it is impossible to say, whether I love, admire, or fear him the most. His success in life and in war—his habit of making every obstacle yield before the energy of his exertions, even where they seemed insurmountable,—all these have given a hasty and peremptory cast to his character, which can neither endure contradiction, nor make allowance for deficiencies. Then he is himself so very accomplished. Do you know there was a murmur, half confirmed too by some mysterious words which dropped from my poor mother, that he possesses other sciences now lost to the world, which enable the possessor to summon up before him the dark and shadowy forms of future events! Does not the very idea of such a power, or even of the high talent and commanding intellect which the world may mistake for it—Does it not, dear Matilda, throw a mysterious grandeur about its possessor!—You will call this romantic—but consider I was born in the land of talisman and spell, and my childhood lulled by tales which you can only enjoy through the gauzy frippery of a French translation. O Matilda, I wish you could have seen the dusky visages of my Indian attendants, bending in passive attention round the magic narrative, that flowed, half poetry, half prose, from the lips of the tale-teller. No wonder that European fiction sounds cold and meagre, after the wonderful effects which I have seen the romances of the East produce upon the hearers.”

SECOND EXTRACT.

“You are possessed, my dear Matilda, of my bosom-secret in those sentiments with which I regard Brown—I will not say his memory—I am convinced he lives and is faithful. His addresses to me were countenanced by my deceased parent—imprudently countenanced perhaps, considering the prejudices of my father in favour of birth and rank. But I, then almost a girl, could not be expected surely to be wiser than her under whose charge nature had placed me. My father, constantly engaged in military duty, I saw but at rare intervals, and was taught to look up to him with more awe than confidence. Would to Heaven it had been otherwise! It might have been better for us all at this day!”

THIRD EXTRACT.

You ask me why I do not make known to my father that Brown

yet lives, at least that he survived the wound he received in that unhappy duel; and had written to my mother, expressing his entire convalescence, and his hope of speedily escaping from captivity. A soldier, that "in the trade of war has oft slain men," feels probably no uneasiness at reflecting upon the supposed catastrophe, which almost turned me into stone. And should I shew him that letter, does it not follow, that Brown, alive and maintaining with pertinacity the pretensions for which my father formerly sought his life, would be a more formidable disturber of his peace of mind than in his supposed grave? If he escapes from the hands of these marauders, I am convinced he will soon be in England, and it will be then time to consider how his existence is to be disclosed to my father—But if, alas! my earnest and confident hope should betray me, what would it avail to tear open a mystery fraught with so many painful recollections?—My dear mother had such dread of its being known, that I think she even suffered my father to suspect that Brown's attentions were directed towards herself, rather than permit him to discover the real object; and O, Matilda, whatever respect I owe to the memory of a deceased parent, let me do justice to a living one.—I cannot but condemn the dubious policy which she adopted, as unjust to my father, and highly perilous to herself and me.—But peace be with her ashes—her actions were guided by the heart rather than the head; and shall her daughter, who inherits all her weakness, be the first to withdraw the veil from her defects?"

FOURTH EXTRACT.

"MERVYN HALL.

"If India be the land of magic, this, my dearest Matilda, is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods—sounding cataracts—hills which rear their scathed heads to the sky—lakes, that, winding up the shadowy valleys, lead at every turn to yet more romantic recesses—rocks which catch the clouds of heaven. All the wildness of Salvator here, and there the fairy scenes of Claude. I am happy too, in finding at least one object upon which my father can share my enthusiasm. An admirer of nature, both as an artist and a poet, I have experienced the utmost pleasure from the observations by which he explains the character and the effect of these brilliant specimens of her power. I wish he would settle in this enchanting land. But his views lie still farther north, and he is at present absent on a tour in Scotland, looking, I believe, for some purchase of land which may suit him as a residence. He is partial, from early recollections, to that country. So, my dearest Matilda, I must be yet farther removed from you before I be established in a home—And O how delighted shall I be when I can say, Come, Matilda, and be the guest of your faithful Julia.

"I am at present the inmate of Mrs and Mr Mervyn, old friends of

my father. The first is precisely a good sort of woman—lady-like and housewifely—but for accomplishment or fancy—good lack, my dearest Matilda, your friend might as well seek sympathy from Mrs Teach'em, —you see I have not forgot school nicknames. Mervyn is a different—quite a different being from my father, yet he amuses me and endures me—he is fat and good-humoured, gifted with strong shrewd sense, and some powers of humour—I delight to make him scramble to the top of eminences and to the foot of water-falls, and am obliged in return to admire his turnips, his lucerne, and his timothy grass. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple romantic Miss, with some—(the word will be out) beauty, and some good nature; and I hold that the gentleman has good taste for the female outside, and do not expect he should comprehend my sentiments farther. So he rallies, hands, and hobbles, (for the dear creature has got the gout too,) and tells old stories of high life, of which he has seen a great deal, and I listen, and smile, and look as pretty and as pleasant as I can, and we do very well.

“But, alas! my dearest Matilda, how would time pass away, even in this paradise of romance, tenanted as it is by a pair assorting so ill with the scenes around them, were it not for your fidelity in replying to my uninteresting details? Pray do not fail to write three times a-week at least—you can be at no loss what to say.”

FIFTH EXTRACT.

“How shall I communicate what I have now to tell!—My hand and heart still flutter so much that the task of writing is almost impossible.—Did I not say that he lived? did I not say that he was faithful? did I not say I would not despair? How could you suggest, my dear Matilda, that my feelings, considering I had parted from him so young, rather rose from the warmth of my imagination than of my heart?—O I was sure that they were genuine, deceitful as the dictates of our bosom so frequently are—But to my tale—let it be, my friend, the most sacred, as it is the most sincere pledge of our friendship.

“Our hours here are early—earlier than my heart, with its load of care, can compose itself to rest. I, therefore, usually take a book for an hour or two after retiring to my own room, which I think I have told you opens to a small balcony, looking down upon that beautiful lake, of which I attempted to give you a slight sketch. Mervyn Hall, being partly an ancient building, and constructed with a view to defence, is situated on the verge of the water. A stone dropped from the projecting balcony plunges into water deep enough to float a skiff. I had left my window partly unbarred, that, before I went to bed, I might, according to my custom, look out and see the moon-light shining upon the lake. I was deeply engaged with that beautiful scene in the Merchant of Venice, where two lovers, describing the stillness of a summer night, enhance upon each other its charms, and was lost

in the associations of story and of feeling which it awakens, when I heard upon the lake the sound of a flageolet. I have told you it was Brown's favourite instrument. Who could touch it in a night which, though still and serene, was too cold, and too late in the year, to invite forth any wanderer for mere pleasure? I drew yet nearer the window, and hearkened with breathless attention—the sounds paused a space, were then resumed—paused again—and again reached my ear, ever coming nearer and nearer. At length I distinguished plainly that little Hindu air which you called my favourite—I have told you by whom it was taught me—the instrument, the tones were his own—was it earthly music, or notes passing on the wind to warn me of his death?

It was some time ere I could summon courage to step on the balcony—nothing could have emboldened me to do so but the strong conviction of my mind, that he was still alive, and that we should again meet—but that conviction did embolden me, and I ventured, though with a throbbing heart. There was a small skiff with a single person—O Matilda, it was himself!—I knew his appearance after so long an absence, and through the shadow of the night, as perfectly as if we had parted yesterday, and met again in the broad sunshine! He guided his boat under the balcony, and spoke to me—I hardly know what he said, or what I replied. Indeed I could scarcely speak for weeping, but they were joyful tears. We were disturbed by the barking of a dog at some distance, and parted, but not before he had conjured me to prepare to meet him at the same place and hour this evening—but where and to what is all this tending?—Can I answer this question—I cannot—Heaven, that saved him from death and delivered him from captivity, that saved my father, too, from shedding the blood of one who would not have blemished one hair upon his head—that heaven must guide me out of this labyrinth. Enough for me the firm resolution, that Matilda shall not blush for her friend, my father for his daughter, or my lover for her on whom he has fixed his affection."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Talk with a man out of a window!—a proper saying.—

Much Ado about Nothing.

WE must proceed with our extracts of Miss Mannering's letters, which throw light upon natural good sense, principle, and feelings, blemished by an imperfect education, and the folly of a misjudging mother, who called her husband in her heart a tyrant until she feared him as such, and read romances until she became so enamoured of the complicated intrigues which they contain, as to assume the management of a

little family novel of her own, and constitute her daughter, a girl of sixteen, the principal heroine. She delighted in petty mystery, and intrigue, and secrets, and yet trembled at the indignation which these paltry manœuvres excited in her husband's mind. Thus she frequently entered upon a scheme merely for pleasure, or perhaps for the love of contradiction, plunged deeper into it than she was aware, endeavoured to extricate herself by new arts, or to cover her error by dissimulation, became involved in meshes of her own weaving, and was forced to carry on, for fear of discovery, machinations which she had formerly resorted to in mere wantonness.

Fortunately the young man whom she so imprudently introduced into her intimate society, and encouraged to look up to her daughter, had a fund of principle and honest pride, which rendered him a safer inmate than Mrs Mannering ought to have dared to hope or expect. The obscurity of his birth could alone be objected to him—in every other respect,

With prospects bright upon the world he came,
Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame;
Men watched the way his lofty mind would take,
And all foretold the progress he would make.

But it could not be expected that he should resist the snare which Mrs Mannering's imprudence threw in his way, or avoid becoming attached to a young lady whose beauty and manners might have justified his passion, even in scenes where these are more generally met with, than in a remote fortress in our Indian settlements. The scenes which followed have been partly detailed in Mannering's letter to Mr Mervyn; and to expand what is there stated into further explanations would be to abuse the patience of our readers.

We shall therefore proceed with our promised extracts from Miss Mannering's letters to her friend.

SIXTH EXTRACT.

"I have seen him again, Matilda,—seen him twice. I have used every argument to convince him that this secret intercourse is dangerous to us both—I even pressed him to pursue his views of fortune without farther regard to me, and to consider my peace of mind as sufficiently secured by the knowledge that he had not fallen under my father's sword. He answers—but how can I detail all he has to answer? He claims those hopes as his due which my mother permitted him to entertain, and would persuade me to the madness of a union without my father's sanction. But to this, Matilda, I will not be persuaded. I have resisted; I have subdued the rebellious feeling which arose to aid his plea; yet how to extricate myself from this unhappy labyrinth, in which fate and folly have entangled us!

"I have thought upon it, Matilda, till my head is almost giddy—nor

can I conceive a better plan than to make a full confession to my father. He deserves it, for his kindness is unceasing; and I think I have observed in his character, since I have studied it more nearly, that his harsher feelings are chiefly excited where he suspects deceit or imposition; and in that respect, perhaps, his character was formerly misunderstood by one who was dear to him. He has, too, a tinge of romance in his disposition and I have seen the narrative of a generous action, a trait of heroism, or virtuous self-denial, extract tears from him, which refused to flow at a tale of mere distress. But then, Brown urges, that he is personally hostile to him—And the obscurity of his birth—that would be indeed a stumbling-block.—O Matilda, I hope none of your ancestors ever fought at Poitiers or Agincourt. If it were not for the esteem which my father attaches to the memory of old Sir Miles Mannerling, I should make out my explanation with half the tremour which must now attend it.”

SEVENTH EXTRACT.

“I have this instant received your letter—your most welcome letter!—Thanks, my dearest friend, for your sympathy and your counsels—I can only repay them with unbounded confidence.

“You ask me what Brown is by origin, that his descent should be so displeasing to my father. His story is shortly told. He is of Scottish extraction, but, being left an orphan, his education was undertaken by a family of relations settled in Holland. He was bred to commerce, and sent very early to one of our settlements in the East, where his guardian had a correspondent—But this correspondent was dead when he arrived in India, and he had no other resource than to offer himself as a clerk to a counting-house. The breaking out of the war, and the straits to which we were at first reduced, threw the army open to all young men who were disposed to embrace that mode of life; and Brown, whose genius had a strong military tendency, was the first to leave what might have been the road to wealth, and to chuse that of fame. The rest of his history is well known to you; but conceive the irritation of my father, who despises commerce, (though, by the way, the best part of his property was made in that honourable profession by my great uncle,) and has a particular antipathy to the Dutch; think with what ear he would be likely to receive proposals for his only child from Van-beest Brown, educated for charity by the house of Van-beest and Van-bruggen! O, Matilda, it will never do—nay, so childish am I, I hardly can help sympathising with his aristocratic feelings. Mrs Van-beest Brown! The name has little to recommend it.—What children we are?”

EIGHTH EXTRACT.

“It is all over now, Matilda!—I shall never have courage to tell

my father—nay, most deeply do I fear he has already learned my secret from another quarter, which will entirely remove the grace of my communication, and ruin whatever gleam of hope I had ventured to connect with it. Yesternight, Brown came as usual, and his flageolet on the lake announced his approach. We had agreed that he should continue to use this signal. These romantic lakes attract numerous visitors, who indulge their enthusiasm in visiting the scenery at all hours; and we hoped, that if Brown were noticed from the house, he might pass for one of those admirers of nature, who gave vent to his feelings through the medium of music. The sounds might also be my apology should I be observed on the balcony. But last night, while I was eagerly enforcing my plan of a full confession to my father, which he as earnestly deprecated, we heard the window of Mr Mervyn's library, which is under my room, open softly. I signed to Brown to make his retreat, and immediately re-entered, with some faint hopes that our interview had not been observed.

“But, alas! Matilda, these hopes vanished the instant I beheld Mr Mervyn's countenance at breakfast the next morning. He looked so provokingly intelligent and confidential, that, had I dared, I could have been more angry than ever I was in my life; but I must be on good behaviour, and my walks are now limited within his farm precincts, where the good gentleman can amble along by my side without inconvenience. I have detected him once or twice attempting to sound my thoughts, and watch the expression of my countenance. He has talked of the flageolet more than once; and has, at different times, made eulogium upon the watchfulness and ferocity of his dogs, and the regularity with which the keeper makes his rounds with a loaded fowling-piece. He mentioned even men-traps and spring-guns. I should be loth to affront my father's old friend in his own house, but I do long to shew him that I am my father's daughter, a fact of which Mr Mervyn will certainly be convinced, if ever I trust my voice and temper with a reply to these indirect hints. Of one thing I am certain—I am grateful to him on that account—he has not told Mrs Mervyn. Lord help me, I should have had such lectures about the dangers of love and the night air on the lake, the risk arising from colds and fortune-hunters, the comforts and convenience of sack-whey and closed windows!—I cannot help trifling, Matilda, though my heart be sad enough. What Brown will do I cannot guess. I presume, however, the fear of detection prevents his resuming his nocturnal visit. He lodges at an inn on the opposite shore of the lake, under the name, he tells me, of Dawson,—he has a bad choice in names, that must be allowed. He has not left the army, I believe, but he says nothing of his present views.

“To complete my anxiety, my father is returned suddenly, and in high displeasure. Our good hostess, as I learned from a bustling conversation between her house-keeper and her, had no expectation of

seeing him for a week, but I rather suspect his arrival was no surprise to his friend Mr Mervyn. His manner to me was singularly cold and constrained—sufficiently so to have damped all the courage with which I once resolved to throw myself on his generosity. He lays the blame of his being discomposed and out of humour to the loss of a purchase in the south-west of Scotland, on which he had set his heart; but I do not suspect his equanimity of being so easily thrown off its balance. His first excursion was with Mr Mervyn's barge across the lake to the inn I have mentioned. You may imagine the agony with which I awaited his return—had he recognised Brown, who can guess the consequence? He returned, however, apparently without having made any discovery. I understand, that, in consequence of his late disappointment, he means now to hire a house in the neighbourhood of this same Ellangowan, of which I am doomed to hear so much—he seems to think it probable that the estate for which he wishes may soon be again in the market. I will not send away this letter until I hear more distinctly what are his intentions.”

“I have now had an interview with my father, as confidential, as, I presume, he means to allow me. He requested me to-day after breakfast, to walk with him into the library; my knees, Matilda, shook under me, and, it is no exaggeration to say, I could scarce follow him into the room. I feared I knew not what—From my childhood I had seen all tremble around him at his frown—He motioned me to seat myself, and I never obeyed a command so readily, for, in truth, I could hardly stand. He himself continued to walk up and down the room. You have seen my father, and noticed, I recollect, the remarkably expressive cast of his features. His eyes are rather naturally light in colour, but agitation or anger gives them a darker and more fiery glance; he has a custom also of drawing in his lips, when much moved, which implies a combat between native ardour of temper and the habitual power of self-command. This was the first time we had been alone since his return from Scotland, and, as he betrayed these tokens of agitation, I had little doubt that he was about to enter upon the subject I most dreaded.

“To my unutterable relief, I found I was mistaken, and that whatever he knew of Mr Mervyn's suspicions or discoveries, he did not intend to converse with me on the topic. Coward as I was, I was inexpressibly relieved, though if he had really investigated the reports which may have come to his ear, the reality could have been nothing to what his suspicions might have conceived. But, though my spirits rose high at my unexpected escape, I had not courage myself to provoke the discussion, and remained silent to receive his commands.

“Julia,” he said, “my agent writes me from Scotland, that he has

been able to hire a house for me, decently furnished, and with the necessary accommodation for my family—it is within three miles of that I had designed to purchase.”——Then he made a pause, and seemed to expect an answer.

“Whatever place of residence suits you, sir, must be perfectly agreeable to me.”

“Umph!—I do not propose, however, Julia, that you shall reside quite alone in this house during the winter.”

“Mr and Mrs Mervyn, thought I to myself. ‘Whatever company is agreeable to you, sir.’”

“O, there is a little too much of this universal spirit of submission; an excellent disposition in action, but your constantly repeating the jargon of it puts me in mind of the eternal salaams of our black dependants in the East. In short, Julia, I know you have a relish for society, and I intend to invite a young person, the daughter of a deceased friend, to spend a few months with us.”

“Not a governess, for the love of Heaven, papa!” exclaimed poor I, my fears at that moment getting the better of my prudence.

“No, not a governess, Miss Mannering,” replied the Colonel, somewhat sternly, “but a young lady from whose excellent example, bred as she has been in the school of adversity, I trust you may learn the art to govern yourself.”

“To answer this was trenching upon too dangerous ground, so there was a pause.”

“Is the young lady a Scotchwoman, papa?”

“Yes,—” dryly enough.

“Has she much of the accent, sir?”

“Of the devil!” answered my father hastily; “do you think I care about *a*’s and *aa*’s, and *i*’s and *ee*’s—I tell you, Julia, I am serious in the matter. You have a genius for friendship, that is, for running up intimacies which you call such—(was not this very harshly said, Matilda?)—Now I wish to give you an opportunity at least to make one deserving friend, and therefore I have resolved that this young lady shall be a member of my family for some months, and I expect you will pay to her that attention which is due to misfortune and virtue.”

“Certainly, sir—is my future friend red-haired?”

“He gave me one of his stern glances; you will say, perhaps, I deserved it, but I think the deuce prompts me with teasing questions on some occasions.”

“She is as superior to you, my love, in personal appearance, as in prudence and affection for her friends.”

“Lord, papa, do you think that superiority a recommendation?—Well, sir, but I see you are going to take all this too seriously—Whatever the young lady may be, I am sure, being recommended by you,

she shall have no reason to complain of my want of attention.—(After a pause)—Has she any attendant? because you know I must provide for her proper accommodation, if she is without one.”

“N—no—no—not properly an attendant—the chaplain who lived with her father is a very good sort of man, and I believe I shall make room for him in the house.”

“Chaplain, papa? Lord bless us!”

“Yes, Miss, chaplain; is there any thing very new in that word? had we not a chaplain at the Residence, when we were in India?”

“Yes, papa, but you were a commandant then.”

“So I will be now, Miss Mannering,—in my own family at least.”

“Certainly, sir,—but will he read the church of England service?”

“The apparent simplicity with which I asked this question got the better of his gravity. ‘Come, Julia,’ he said, ‘you are a sad girl, but I gain nothing by scolding you—of these two strangers, the young lady is one whom you cannot fail, I think, to love—the person whom, for want of a better term, I called chaplain, is a very worthy and somewhat ridiculous personage, who will never find out you laugh at him, if you don’t laugh very loud indeed.’”

“Dear papa, I am delighted with that part of his character—but pray, is the house we are going to as pleasantly situated as this?”

“Not perhaps as much to your taste—there is no lake under the windows, and you will be under the necessity of having all your music within doors.”

“This last *coup de main* ended the keen encounter of our wits, for you may believe, Matilda, it quelled all my courage to reply.”

“Yet my spirits, as perhaps will appear too manifest from this dialogue, have risen insensibly, and, as it were, in spite of myself. Brown alive, and free, and in England!—embarrassment and anxiety I can and must endure. We leave this in two days for our new residence. I shall not fail to let you know what I think of these Scotch inmates, whom I have but too much reason to believe my father means to quarter in his house as a brace of honourable spies—a sort of Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, one in a cassock, the other in tartan petticoats. What a contrast to the society I would willingly have secured to myself! I shall write instantly on my arriving at our new place of abode, and acquaint my dearest Matilda with the farther fates of—her Julia Mannering.”

CHAPTER XIX.

Which sloping hills around enclose,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers,
Its tides a far-famed river pours.
By nature's beauties taught to please,
Sweet Tusculane of rural ease!—*Warton.*

WOOLBOURNE, the habitation which Mannering, by Mr Mac-Morlan's mediation, had hired for a season, was a large comfortable mansion, snugly situated beneath a hill covered with wood, which shrouded the house upon the north and east; the front looked upon a little lawn bordered by a grove of old trees—beyond were some arable fields, extending down to the river, which was seen from the windows of the house. A tolerable, though old-fashioned garden, a well-stocked dove-cot, and the possession of any quantity of ground which the convenience of the family might require, rendered the place in every respect suitable, as the advertisements have it, for the accommodation of a genteel family.

Here, then, Mannering resolved, for some time at least, to set up the staff of his rest. Though an East-Indian, he was not partial to an ostentatious display of wealth. In fact he was too proud a man to be a vain one. He resolved, therefore, to place himself upon the footing of a country gentleman of easy fortune, without assuming, or permitting his household to assume, any of the *faste* which then was considered as characteristic of a nabob. He had still his eye upon the purchase of Ellangowan, which Mac-Morlan conceived Mr Glossin would be compelled to part with, as some of the creditors disputed his title to retain so large a part of the purchase-money in his own hands, and his power to pay it was much questioned. In that case, Mac-Morlan was assured he would readily give up his bargain, if tempted with something above the price which he had stipulated to pay. It may seem strange, that Mannering was so much attached to a spot which he had seen only once, and that for a short time, in early life. But the circumstances which passed there had laid strong hold on his imagination. There seemed to be a fate which conjoined the remarkable passages of his own family history with those of the inhabitants of Ellangowan, and he felt a mysterious desire to call the terrace his own, from which he had read in the book of heaven a fortune strangely accomplished in the person of the infant heir of that family, and corresponding so closely with one which had been so strikingly fulfilled in his own. Besides, when once this thought had got possession of his imagination, he could not, without great reluctance, brook the idea of his plan being defeated, and by a fellow like Glossin. So pride came to the aid of fancy, and both combined to fortify his resolution to buy the estate if possible.

Let us do Mannering justice. A desire to serve the distressed had also its share in determining him. He had considered the advantages which Julia might receive from the company of Lucy Bertram, whose genuine prudence and good sense could so surely be relied upon. This idea had become much stronger since Mac-Morlan had confided to him, under the solemn seal of secrecy, the whole of her conduct towards young Hazlewood. To propose to her to become an inmate in his family, if distant from the scenes of youth and the few whom she called friends, would have been less delicate; but at Woodbourne she might without difficulty be induced to become the visitor of a season, without being depressed into the situation of an humble companion. Lucy Bertram, with some hesitation, accepted the invitation to reside a few weeks with Miss Mannering. She felt too well, that, however, the Colonel's delicacy might disguise the truth, his principal motive was a generous desire to afford her his countenance and protection. About the same time she received a letter from Mrs Bertram, the relation to whom she had written, as cold and comfortless as could well be imagined. It inclosed, indeed, a small sum of money, but strongly recommended economy, and that Miss Bertram should board herself in some quiet family, either at Kippletringan or in the neighbourhood, assuring her, that though her own income was very scanty, she would not see her kinswoman want. Miss Bertram shed some natural tears over this cold-hearted epistle, for in her mother's time, this good lady had been a guest at Ellangowan for nearly three years, and it was only upon succeeding to a property of about £400 a-year that she had taken farewell of that hospitable mansion, which, otherwise, might have had the honour of sheltering her until the death of its owner. Lucy was strongly inclined to return the paltry donation, which, after some struggles with avarice, pride had extorted from the old lady. But upon consideration, she contented herself with writing, that she accepted it as a loan, which she hoped in a short time to repay, and consulted her relative upon the invitation she had received from Colonel and Miss Mannering. This time the answer came in course of post, so fearful was Mrs Bertram, that some frivolous delicacy or nonsense, as she termed it, might induce her cousin to reject such a promising offer, and thereby at the same time to leave herself still a burthen upon her relations. Lucy, therefore, had no alternative, unless she preferred continuing a burthen upon the worthy Mac-Morlans who were too liberal to be rich. Those who had formerly requested the favour of her company, either silently, or with expressions of resentment that she should have preferred Mac-Morlan's invitation to theirs, had gradually withdrawn their notice.

The fate of Dominie Sampson would have been deplorable had it depended upon any one except Mannering, who was an admirer of originality. Mac-Morlan had given a full account of his proceedings

towards the daughter of his patron. The answer was a request from Mannering to know, whether the Dominie still possessed that admirable virtue of taciturnity by which he was so notably distinguished at Ellangowan? Mac-Morlan replied in the affirmative. "Let Mr Sampson know," said the Colonel's next letter, "that I shall want his assistance to catalogue and put in order the library of my uncle, the bishop, which I have ordered to be sent down by sea. I shall also want him to copy and arrange some papers. Fix his salary at what you think befitting—let the poor man be properly dressed, and accompany his young lady to Woodbourne."

Honest Mac-Morlan received this mandate with great joy, but pondered much upon executing that part of it which related to newly-attiring the worthy Dominie. He looked at him with a scrutinizing eye, and it was but too plain that his present garments were daily waxing more deplorable. To give him money, and bid him go and furnish himself, would be only giving him the means of making himself ridiculous; for when such a rare event arrived to Mr Sampson, as the purchase of new garments, the additions which he made to his wardrobe by the guidance of his own taste usually brought all the boys of the village after him for many days. On the other hand, to bring a tailor to measure him, and send home his clothes as for a school-boy, would probably give great offence. At length he resolved to consult Miss Bertram, and request her interference. She assured him, that she could not pretend to superintend a gentleman's wardrobe, but that nothing was more easy than to arrange the Dominie's—

"At Ellangowan," she said, "whenever my poor father thought any part of the Dominie's dress wanted renewal, a servant was directed to enter his room by night, for he sleeps as fast as a dormouse, carry off the old vestment, and leave the new one; nor could we ever observe that the Dominie exhibited the least consciousness of the change put upon him."

Mac-Morlan, therefore, procured a skilful artist, who, on looking at the Dominie attentively, undertook to make for him two suits of clothes, one black, and one raven-grey, and that they should fit him as well at least, (so the tailor qualified his enterprise,) as a man of such an out-of-the-way build could be fitted by merely human needles and shears. When he had accomplished his task, and the dresses were brought home, Mac-Morlan, judiciously resolving to accomplish his purpose by degrees, withdrew that evening an important part of his dress, and substituted the new article of raiment in its stead. Perceiving that this passed totally without notice, he next ventured on the waistcoat, and last upon the coat. When fully metamorphosed, and arrayed for the first time in his life in a decent dress, they did observe, that the Dominie seemed to have some indistinct and embarrassing consciousness that a change had taken place upon his outward

man. Whenever they observed this dubious expression gather upon his countenance, accompanied with a glance, that fixed now upon the sleeve of his coat, now upon the knees of his breeches, where he probably missed some antique patching and darning, which, being executed with blue thread upon a black ground, had somewhat the effect of embroidery, they always took care to turn his attention into some other channel, until his garments, "by the aid of use, cleaved to their mould." The only remark he was ever known to make upon the subject, was, "The air of a town, like Kippletringan, seemed favourable unto wearing apparel, for he thought his coat looked as new as the first day he put it on, which was when he went to stand trial for his licence as a preacher."

When he heard the liberal proposal of Colonel Mannering, he first turned a jealous and doubtful glance towards Miss Bertram, as if he suspected that the project involved their separation; but when Mr Mac-Morlan hastened to explain that she would be a guest at Woodbourne for some time, he rubbed his huge hands together, and burst into a portentous sort of chuckle, like that of the Afrite in the tale of Caliph Vathek. After this unusual explosion of satisfaction, he remained quite passive in all the rest of the transaction.

It had been settled that Mr and Mrs Mac-Morlan should take possession of the house a few days before Mannering's arrival, both to put every thing in perfect order, and to make the transference of Miss Bertram's residence from their family to his as easy and delicate as possible. Accordingly, in the beginning of the month of December, the party were settled at Woodbourne.

CHAPTER XX.

"A gigantic genius, fit to grapple with whole libraries."

Boswell's Life of Johnson.

THE appointed day arrived, when the Colonel and Miss Mannering were expected at Woodbourne. The hour was fast approaching, and the little circle within doors had each their separate subjects of anxiety. Mac-Morlan naturally desired to attach to himself the patronage and countenance of a person of Mannering's wealth and consequence. He was aware, from his knowledge of mankind, that Mannering, though generous and benevolent, had the foible of expecting and exacting a minute compliance with his directions. He was therefore racking his recollection to discover if every thing had been arranged to meet the Colonel's wishes and instructions, and, under this uncertainty of mind, he traversed the house more than once from the garret to the stables. Mrs Mac-Morlan revolved in a lesser

orbit, comprehending the dining parlour, housekeeper's room, and kitchen. She was only afraid that the dinner might be spoiled, to the discredit of her housewifely accomplishments. Even the usual passiveness of the Dominie was so far disturbed, that he twice went to the window, which looked out upon the avenue, and twice exclaimed, "Why tarry the wheels of their chariot?" Lucy, the most quiet of the expectants, had her own melancholy thoughts. She was now about to be consigned to the charge, almost to the benevolence, of strangers, with whose character, though hitherto very amiably displayed, she was but imperfectly acquainted. The moments, therefore, of suspense passed anxiously and heavily.

At length the trampling of horses, and the sound of wheels, were heard. The servants, who had already arrived, drew up in the hall to receive their master and mistress, with an importance and *empressement*, which, to Lucy, who had never been accustomed to society, or witnessed what is called the manners of the great, had something alarming. Mac-Morlan went to the door to receive the master and mistress of the family, and in a few moments they were in the drawing-room.

Mannerling, who had travelled as usual on horseback, entered with his daughter hanging upon his arm. She was of the middle size, or rather less, but formed with much elegance; piercing dark eyes, and jet-black hair of great length, corresponded with the vivacity and intelligence of features, in which were blended a little haughtiness, and a little bashfulness, a great deal of shrewdness, and some power of humorous sarcasm. "I shall not like her," was the result of Lucy Bertram's first glance; "and yet I rather think I shall," was the thought excited by the second.

Miss Mannerling was furred and mantled up to the throat against the severity of the weather; the Colonel in his military great-coat. He bowed to Mrs Mac-Morlan, whom his daughter also acknowledged with a fashionable courtesy, not dropped so low as at all to incommode her person. The Colonel then led his daughter up to Miss Bertram, and, taking the hand of the latter, with an air of great kindness, and almost paternal affection, he said, "Julia, this is the young lady whom I hope our good friends have prevailed on to honour our house with a long visit. I shall be much gratified indeed if you can render Woodbourne as pleasant to Miss Bertram, as Ellangowan was to me when I first came as a wanderer into this country."

The young lady curtsied acquiescence, and took her new friend's hand. Mannerling now turned his eye upon the Dominie, who had made bows since his entrance into the room, sprawling out his leg, and bending his back like an automaton, which continues to repeat the same movement until the motion is stopped by the artist. "My good friend, Mr Sampson,"—said Mannerling, introducing him to his

daughter, and darting at the same time a reproving glance at the damsel, notwithstanding he had himself some disposition to join her too obvious inclination to risibility: "This gentleman, Julia, is to put my books in order when they arrive, and I expect to derive great advantage from his extensive learning."

"I am sure we are obliged to the gentleman, papa, and, to borrow a ministerial mode of giving thanks, I shall never forget the extraordinary countenance he has been pleased to shew us. But, Miss Bertram," continued she hastily, for her father's brows began to darken, "we have travelled a good way,—will you permit me to retire before dinner?"

This intimation dispersed all the company, save the Dominie, who, having no idea of dressing but when he was to rise, or of undressing but when he meant to go to bed, remained by himself, chewing the cud of mathematical demonstration, until the company again assembled in the drawing-room, and from thence adjourned to the dining-parlour.

When the day was concluded, Mannering took an opportunity to hold a minute's conversation with his daughter in private.

"How do you like your guests, Julia?"

"O, Miss Bertram of all things—but this is a most original parson—why, dear sir, no human being will be able to look at him without laughing."

"While he is under my roof, Julia, every one must learn to do so."

"Lord, papa, the very footmen could not keep their gravity!"

"Then let them strip off my livery, and laugh at their leisure. Mr Sampson is a man whom I esteem for his simplicity and benevolence of character."

"O I am convinced of his generosity too," said this lively lady, "he cannot lift a spoonful of soup to his mouth without bestowing a share on every thing round."

"Julia, you are incorrigible;—but remember I expect your mirth on this subject shall be under such restraint, that it shall neither offend this worthy man's feelings, nor those of Miss Bertram, who may be more apt to feel upon his account than he on his own. And so, good night, my dear, and remember, that though Mr Sampson has not sacrificed to the graces, there are many things in this world more truly deserving of ridicule than either awkwardness of manners or simplicity of character."—

In a day or two Mr and Mrs Mac-Morlan left Woodbourne, after taking an affectionate farewell of their late guest. The household were now settled in their new quarters. The young ladies followed their studies and amusements together. Colonel Mannering was agreeably surprised to find that Miss Bertram was well skilled in French and Italian, thanks to the assiduity of Dominie Sampson,

whose labour had silently possessed him of most modern as well as ancient languages. Of music she knew little or nothing, but her new friend undertook to give her lessons; in exchange for which, she learned from Lucy the habit of walking, and the art of riding, and the courage necessary to defy the season. Mannering was careful to substitute for their amusement in the evening such books as might convey some solid instruction with entertainment, and, as he read aloud with great skill and taste, the winter nights passed pleasantly away.

Society was quickly formed where there were so many inducements. Most of the families of the neighbourhood visited Colonel Mannering, and he was soon able to select from among them such as best suited his taste and habits. Charles Hazlewood held a distinguished place in his favour, and was a frequent visitor, not without the consent and approbation of his parents; for there was no knowing, they thought, what assiduous attention might produce, and the beautiful Miss Mannering, with an Indian fortune, was a prize worth looking after. Dazzled with such a prospect, they never considered the risk which had once been some object of their apprehension, that his boyish and inconsiderate fancy might form an attachment to the pennyless Lucy Bertram, who had nothing on earth to recommend her, but a pretty face, good birth, and a most amiable disposition. Mannering was more prudent. He considered himself acting as Miss Bertram's guardian, and, while he did not think it incumbent upon him altogether to check her intercourse with a young gentleman for whom, excepting in wealth, she was a match in every respect, he laid it under such insensible restraints as might prevent any engagement or eclairsissement taking place until the young man should have seen a little more of life and of the world, and have attained that age when he might be considered as entitled to judge for himself in the matter in which his happiness was chiefly interested.

While these matters engaged the attention of the other members of the Woodbourne family, Dominie Sampson was engaged, body and soul, in the arrangement of the late bishop's library, which had been sent from Liverpool by sea, and conveyed by thirty or forty carts from the sea-port at which it was landed. Sampson's joy at beholding the ponderous contents of these chests arranged upon the floor of the apartment, from whence he was to transfer them to the shelves, baffled all description. He grinned like an ogre, swung his arms like the sails of a windmill, shouted "Prodigious" till the roof rung to his raptures. "He had never," he said, "seen so many books together, except in the College Library;" and now his dignity and delight in being superintendant of the collection, raised him, in his own opinion, almost to the rank of the academical librarian, whom he had always regarded as the greatest and happiest man on earth. Neither were

his transports diminished upon a hasty examination of the contents of these volumes. Some, indeed, of belles lettres, poems, plays, or memoirs, he tossed indignantly aside, with the implied censure of "pssha," or "frivolous;" but the greater and bulkier part of the collection bore a very different character. The deceased prelate, a divine of the old and deeply-learned cast, had loaded his shelves with volumes which displayed the antique and venerable attributes so happily described by a modern poet,

That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid,
Those ample clasps of solid metal made,
The close-press'd leaves unclosed for many an age,
The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page,
On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd,
Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold.

Books of theology and controversial divinity, commentaries, and polyglots, sets of the fathers, and sermons, which might each furnish forth ten brief discourses of modern date, books of science ancient and modern, classical authors in their best and rarest forms; such formed the late bishop's venerable library, and over such the eye of Dominie Sampson gloated with rapture. He entered them in the catalogue in his best running hand, forming each letter with the accuracy of a lover writing a valentine, and placed each individually on the destined shelf with all the reverence which I have seen a lady pay to a jar of old china. With all this zeal his labours advanced slowly. He often opened a volume when half way up the library steps, fell upon some interesting passage, and, without shifting his inconvenient posture, continued immersed in the fascinating perusal until the servant pulled him by the skirts to assure him that dinner waited. He then repaired to the parlour, bolted his food down his capacious throat in squares of three inches, answered aye and no at random to whatever question was asked at him, and again hurried back to the library so soon as his napkin was removed.

"How happily the days
Of Thalaba went bye!"

And having thus left the principal characters of our tale in a situation, which, being sufficiently comfortable to themselves, is, of course, utterly uninteresting to the reader, we take up the history of a person who has as yet only been named, and who has all the interest that uncertainty and misfortune can give.

CHAPTER XXI.

"What say'st thou, Wise-One?—that all powerful Love
Can fortune's strong impediments remove.
Nor is it strange, that worth should wed to worth
The pride of genius with the pride of birth."—*Crabbe*.

V. BROWN—I will not give at full length his thrice unhappy name—had been from infancy a ball for fortune to spurn at; but nature had given him that elasticity of mind, which rises higher from the rebound. His form was tall, manly, and active, and his features corresponded with his person; for, although far from regular, they had an expression of intelligence and good humour, and when he spoke or was particularly animated, might be decidedly pronounced interesting. His manner indicated a good deal the military profession which had been his choice, and in which he had now attained the rank of captain, the person who succeeded Colonel Mannering in his command having laboured to repair the injustice which Brown had sustained by that gentleman's prejudice against him. But this, as well as his liberation from captivity, had taken place after Mannering had left India. Brown followed at no distant period, his regiment being recalled home. His first enquiry was after the family of Mannering, and, easily learning their route northward, he followed it with the purpose of resuming his addresses to Julia. With her father he deemed he had no measures to keep; for, ignorant of the more venomous belief which had been instilled into the Colonel's mind, he regarded him as an oppressive aristocrat, who had used his power as a commanding officer to deprive him of the preferment due to his behaviour, and who had forced upon him a personal quarrel without any better reason than his attentions to a pretty young woman, agreeable to herself, and permitted and countenanced by her mother. He was determined, therefore, to take no rejection unless from the young lady herself, believing that the heavy misfortunes of his painful wound and imprisonment were direct injuries received from the father, which might dispense with his using much ceremony towards him. How far his scheme had succeeded when his nocturnal visit was discovered by Mr Mervyn, our readers are already informed.

Upon this unpleasant occurrence, Captain Brown absented himself from the inn in which he had resided under the name of Dawson, so that Colonel Mannering's attempts to discover and trace him were unavailing. He resolved, however, that no difficulties should prevent his continuing his enterprise, while Julia left him a ray of hope. The interest he had secured in her bosom was such as she had been unable to conceal from him, and with all the courage of romantic gallantry he determined upon perseverance. But we believe the reader will be as well pleased to learn his mode of thinking and intentions from his

own communication to his special friend and confidant, Captain Delasserre, a Swiss gentleman, who had a company in his regiment.

EXTRACT.

“Let me hear from you soon, dear Delasserre—Remember I can learn nothing about regimental affairs but through your friendly medium, and I long to know what has become of Ayre’s court-martial, and whether Elliot gets the majority—also how recruiting comes on, and how the young officers like the mess. Of our kind friend, the Lieutenant-Colonel, I need ask nothing; I saw him as I passed through Nottingham, happy in the bosom of his family. What a happiness it is, Philip, for us poor devils, that we have a little resting-place between the camp and the grave, if we can manage to escape disease, and steel, and lead, and the effects of hard living. A retired old soldier is always a graceful and respected character—he grumbles a little now and then, but then his is licensed murmuring—were a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman, to breathe a complaint of hard luck or want of preferment, a hundred tongues would blame his own incapacity as the cause. But the most stupid veteran that ever faulted out the thrice-told tale of a siege and a battle, and a cock and a bottle, is listened to with sympathy and reverence when he shakes his thin locks, and talks with indignation of the boys that are put over his head. And you and I, Delasserre, foreigners both,—for what am I the better that I was originally a Scotchman, since, could I prove my descent, the English would hardly acknowledge me a countryman?—we may boast that we have fought out our preferment, and gained that by the sword which we had not money to compass otherwise. The English are a wise people. While they praise themselves and affect to undervalue all other nations, they leave us, luckily, trap-doors and back-doors open, by which we strangers, less favoured by nature, may arrive at a share of their advantages. And thus they are, in some respects, like a boastful landlord, who exalts the value and flavour of his six-years-old mutton, while he is delighted to dispense a share of it to all the company. In short, you, whose proud family, and I, whose hard fate, made us soldiers of fortune, have the pleasant recollection, that, in the British service, stop where we may upon our career, it is only for want of money to pay the turn-pike, and not from our being prohibited to travel the road. If, therefore, you can persuade little Weischel to come into *ours*, for God’s sake let him buy the ensigncy, live prudently, mind his duty, and trust to the fates for promotion.

“And now, I hope you are expiring with curiosity to learn the end of my romance. I told you I had deemed it convenient to make a few days’ tour on foot among the mountains of Westmoreland, with Dudley, a young English artist, with whom I have formed some acquaint-

tance. A fine fellow this, you must know, Delaserre—he paints tolerably, draws beautifully, converses well, and plays charmingly on the flute; and, though thus well entitled to be a coxcomb of talent, is, in fact, a modest unpretending young man. Upon our return from our little tour, I learned that the enemy had been reconnoitering. Mr Mervyn's barge had crossed the lake, I was informed by my landlord, with the squire himself and a visitor.

‘What sort of person, landlord?’

‘Why, he was a dark officer-looking mon, at they called colonel—Squire Mervyn questioned me as close as I had been at sizes—I had a guess, Mr Dawson, (I told you that was my feigned name) But I tould him nought of your vagaries, and going out a-laking in the mere a-noights—not I—an I can make no sport, I'se spoil none—and Squire Mervyn's as cross as poy-crust too, mon—he's aye maundering an my guests but land beneath his house, though it be marked for the fourth station in the Survey. Noa, noa, e'en let un smell things out o' themselves for Joe Hodges.’——

“You will allow there was nothing for it after this, but paying honest Joe Hodges' bill, and departing, unless I had preferred making him my confidant, for which I felt in no shape inclined. Besides, I learned that our *ci-devant* colonel was on full retreat for Scotland, carrying off poor Julia along with him. I understand from those who conduct the heavy baggage, that he takes his winter-quarters at a place called Woodbourne, in ——shire in Scotland. He will be all on the alert just now, so I must let him enter his entrenchments without any new alarm. And then, my good Colonel, to whom I owe so many grateful thanks, pray look to your defence.

“I protest to you, Delaserre, I often think there is a little contradiction enters into the ardour of my pursuit. I think I would rather bring this haughty insulting man to the necessity of calling his daughter Mrs Brown, than I would wed her with his full consent, and with the king's permission to change my name for the stile and arms of Mannering, though his whole fortune went with them. There is only one circumstance that chills me a little—Julia is young and romantic. I would not willingly hurry her into a step which her riper years might disapprove—no;—nor would I like to have her upbraid me, were it but with a glance of her eye, with having ruined her fortunes—far less give her reason to say, as some have not been slow to tell their lords, that, had I left her time for consideration, she would have been wiser and done better. No, Delaserre—this must not be. The picture presses close upon me, because I am aware a girl in Julia's situation has no distinct and precise idea of the value of the sacrifice she makes. She knows difficulties only by name, and if she thinks of love and a farm, it is a *ferme ornée*, such as is only to be found in poetic description, or in the park of a gentleman of twelve

thousand a-year. She would be ill prepared for the privations of that real Swiss cottage we have so often talked of, and for the difficulties which must necessarily surround us even before we attained that haven. This must be a point clearly ascertained. Although Julia's beauty and playful tenderness have made an impression on my heart never to be erased, I will be satisfied that she perfectly understands the advantages she foregoes, before she sacrifices them for my sake.

"Am I too proud, Delaserre, when I trust that even this trial may terminate favourably to my wishes?—Am I too vain when I suppose, that the few personal qualities which I possess, with means of competence however moderate, and the determination of consecrating my life to her happiness, may make amends for all I must call upon her to forego? Or will a difference of dress, of attendance, of stile, as it is called, of the power of shifting at pleasure the scenes in which she seeks amusement,—will these outweigh, in her estimation, the prospect of domestic happiness, and the interchange of unabating affection? I say nothing of her father;—his good and evil qualities are so strangely mingled, that the former are neutralized by the latter, and that which she must regret as a daughter is so much blended with what she would gladly escape from, that I place the separation of the father and child as a circumstance which weighs little in her remarkable case. Meantime I keep up my spirits as I may. I have incurred too many hardships and difficulties to be presumptuous or confident in success, and I have been too often and too wonderfully extricated from them to be despondent.

"I wish you saw this country. I think the scenery would delight you. At least it often brings to my recollection your glowing descriptions of your native country. To me in a great measure it has the charm of novelty. Of the Scottish hills, though born among them, as I have always been assured, I have but an indistinct recollection. Indeed my memory rather dwells upon the blank which my youthful mind experienced in gazing on the levels of the isle of Zealand than on any thing which preceded that feeling. But I am confident, from that sensation, as well as from the recollections which preceded it, that hills and rocks have been familiar to me at an early period, and that though now only remembered by contrast, and by the blank which I felt while gazing around for them in vain, they must have made an indelible impression on my infant imagination. I remember when we first mounted that celebrated pass in the Mysore country, while most of the others felt only awe and astonishment at the height and grandeur of the scenery, I rather shared your feelings and those of Cameron, whose admiration of these wild rocks was blended with familiar love, derived from early association. Despite my Dutch education, a blue hill to me is as a friend, and a roaring torrent like the sound of a domestic song that has soothed my infancy. I never felt the impulse so

strongly as in this land of lakes and mountains, and nothing grieves me so much as that the duty prevents your being with me in my numerous excursions among its recesses. Some drawings I have attempted, but I succeed vilely—Dudley, on the contrary, draws delightfully, with that rapid touch which seems like magic, while I labour and botch, and make this too heavy, and that too light, and produce at last a base caricature. I must stick to the flageolet, for music is the only one of the fine arts which deigns to acknowledge me.

“Did you know that Colonel Mannering was a draughtsman?—I believe not, for he scorned to display his accomplishments to the view of a subaltern. He draws beautifully however. Since he and Julia left Mervyn Hall, Dudley was sent for there. The squire, it seems, wanted a set of drawings made up, of which Mannering had done the first four, but was interrupted, by his hasty departure, in his purpose of completing them. Dudley says he has seldom seen any thing so masterly, though slight, and each had attached to it a short poetical description. Is Saul, you will say, among the prophets?—Colonel Mannering write poetry!—Why surely this man must have taken all the pains to conceal his accomplishments that others do to display theirs. How proud and unsociable he appeared among us—how little disposed to enter into any conversation which could become generally interesting?—And then his attachment to that unworthy Archer, so much below him in every respect, and all this, because he was the brother of Viscount Archerfield, a poor Scottish peer! I think if Archer had longer survived the wounds in the affair of Cuddyboram, he would have told something that might have thrown light upon the inconsistencies of this singular man’s character. He repeated to me more than once ‘I have that to say which will alter your hard opinion of our late colonel.’ But death pressed him too hard; and if he owed me any atonement, which some of his expressions seemed to imply, he died before it could be made.

“I propose to make a further excursion through this country while this fine frosty weather serves, and Dudley, almost as good a walker as myself, goes with me for some part of the way. We part on the borders of Cumberland, when he must return to his lodging in Marybone, up three pair of stairs, and labour at what he calls the commercial part of his profession. There cannot, he says, be such a difference betwixt any two portions of existence, as between that in which the artist, if an enthusiast, collects the subjects of his drawings, and that which must necessarily be dedicated to turning over his portfolio, and exhibiting them to the provoking indifference, or more provoking criticism, of fashionable amateurs. ‘During the summer of my year,’ says Dudley, ‘I am as free as a wild Indian, enjoying myself at liberty amid the grandest scenes of nature; while, during my winters and

springs, I am not only cabined, cribbed, and confined in a miserable garret, but condemned to as intolerable subservience to the humour of others, and to as indifferent company, as if I were a literal galley-slave.' I have promised him your acquaintance, Delaserre; you will be delighted with his specimens of art, and he with your Swiss fanaticism for mountains and torrents.

"When I lose Dudley's company, I am informed that I can easily enter Scotland by stretching across a wild country in the upper part of Cumberland; and that route I shall follow, to give the Colonel time to pitch his camp ere I reconnoitre his position.—Adieu! Delaserre—I shall hardly find another opportunity of writing till I reach Scotland."

CHAPTER XXII.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily bend the stile a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad one tires in a mile a.—*Winter's Tale.*

LET the reader conceive to himself a clear frosty November morning, the scene an open heath, having for the back-ground that huge chain of mountains in which Skiddaw and Saddleback are pre-eminent; let him look along that *blind road*, by which I mean that track so slightly marked by the passengers' footsteps, that it can but be traced by a slight shade of verdure from the darker heath around it, and, being only visible to the eye when at some distance, ceases to be distinguished while the foot is actually treading it. Along this faintly-traced path advances the object of our present narrative. His firm step, his erect and free carriage, have a military air, which corresponds well with his well-proportioned limbs, and stature of six feet high. His dress is so plain and simple that it indicates nothing as to rank—it may be that of a gentleman who travels in this manner for his pleasure, or of an inferior person of whom it is the proper and usual garb. Nothing can be on a more reduced scale than his travelling equipment. A volume of Shakspeare in one pocket, a small bundle with a change of linen in the other, an oaken cudgel in his hand, complete our pedestrian's accommodations, and in this equipage we present him to our readers.

Brown had parted that morning from his friend Dudley, and begun his solitary walk towards Scotland.

The first two or three miles were rather melancholy, from want of the society to which he had of late been accustomed. But this unusual mood of his mind soon gave way to the influence of his natural good spirits, excited by the exercise and the bracing effects of the frosty air. He whistled as he went along, not "from want of thought," but to

give vent to those buoyant feelings which he had no other mode of expressing. For each peasant whom he chanced to meet, he had a kind greeting or a good-humoured jest; the hardy Cumbrians grinned as they passed, and said, "That's a kind heart, God bless un!" and the market-girl looked more than once over her shoulder at the athletic form, which corresponded so well with the frank and blithe address of the stranger. A rough terrier dog, his constant companion, who rivalled his master in glee, scampered at large in a thousand wheels round the heath, and came back to jump up on him, and assure him that he participated in the pleasure of the journey. Dr Johnson thought life had few things better than the excitation produced by being whirled rapidly along in a post-chaise; but he who has in youth experienced the confident and independent feeling of a stout pedestrian in an interesting country, and during fine weather, will hold the taste of the great moralist cheap in comparison.

Part of Brown's view in chusing that unusual track which leads through the eastern wilds of Cumberland into Scotland, had been a desire to view the remains of the celebrated Roman Wall, which are more visible in that direction than in any other part of its extent. His education had been imperfect and desultory; but neither the busy scenes in which he had been engaged, nor the pleasures of youth, nor the precarious state of his own circumstances, had diverted him from the task of mental improvement.—"And this, then, is the Roman Wall," said he, scrambling up to a height which commanded the course of that celebrated work of antiquity: "What a people! whose labours, even at this extremity of their empire, comprehended such space, and were executed upon a scale of such grandeur! In future ages, when the science of war shall have changed, how few traces will exist of the labours of Vauban and Coehorn, while this wonderful people's remains will even then continue to interest and astonish posterity! Their fortifications, their aqueducts, their theatres, their fountains, all their public works, bear the grave, solid, and majestic character of their language; and our modern labours, like our modern tongues, seem but constructed out of their fragments." Having thus moralized, he remembered that he was hungry, and pursued his walk to a small public-house, at which he proposed to get some refreshment.

The ale-house, for it was no better, was situated in the bottom of a little dell, through which trilled a small rivulet. It was shaded by a large ash tree, against which the clay-built shed, that served the purpose of a stable, was erected, and upon which it seemed partly to recline. In this shed stood a saddled horse, employed in eating his corn. The cottages in this part of Cumberland partake of the rudeness which characterises those of Scotland. The outside of this house promised little for the interior, notwithstanding the vaunt of a sign, where a tankard of ale, voluntarily decanted itself into a tumbler, and

a hieroglyphical scrawl below attempted to express a promise of "good entertainment for man and horse." Brown was no fastidious traveller—he stooped and entered the cabaret.

The first object which caught his eye in the kitchen, was a tall, stout, country-looking man, in a large jockey great-coat, the owner of the horse which stood in the shed, who was busy discussing huge slices of cold boiled beef, and casting from time to time an eye through the window, to see how his steed sped with his provender. A large tankard of ale flanked his plate of victuals, to which he applied himself by intervals. The good woman of the house was employed in baking. The fire, as is usual in that country, was made on a stone hearth in the midst of an immensely large chimney, which had two seats extended beneath the vent. On one of these sat a remarkably tall woman, in a red cloak and slouched bonnet, with the appearance of a tinker or beggar. She was busily engaged with a short black tobacco-pipe.

At the request of Brown for some food, the landlady wiped with her mealy apron one corner of the deal table, placed a wooden trencher and knife and fork before the traveller, pointed to the round of beef, recommended Mr Dinmont's good example, and, finally, filled a brown pitcher with her home-brewed. Brown lost no time in doing ample credit to both. For a while his opposite neighbour and he were too busy to take much notice of each other, except by a good-humoured nod as each in turn raised the tankard to his head. At length, when our pedestrian began to supply the wants of little Wasp, the Scotch store-farmer, for such was Mr Dinmont, found himself at leisure to enter into conversation.

"A bonnie terrier that, sir—and a fell chield at the vermin, I warrant him—that is, if he's been weel entered, for it a' lies in that."

"Really, sir, his education has been somewhat neglected, and his chief property is being a pleasant companion."

"Ay, sir! that's a pity, begging your pardon—it's a great pity that—beast or body, education should aye be minded. I have six terriers at hame, forbye other dogs. There's auld Pepper and auld Mustard, and young Pepper and young Mustard, and little Pepper and little Mustard—I had them a' regularly entered, first wi' rottens—then wi' stots or weazles—and then wi' the tods and brocks—and now they fear naething that ever cam wi' a hairy skin on't."

"I have no doubt, sir, they are thorough bred—but, to have so many dogs, you seem to have a very limited variety of names for them?"

"O, that's a fancy of my ain to mark the breed, sir—The Deuke himsell has sent as far as Charlies-hope to get ane o' Dandy Dinmont's Pepper and Mustard terriers—Lord, man—he sent Jamie Grieve the keeper, and sicken a day as we had wi' the founmarts and the tods, and sicken a blithe gae-down as we had again e'en! Faith, that was a night!"

"I suppose game is very plenty with you?"

"Plenty, man!—I believe there's mair hares than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl, or the grey-fowl, they lie as thick as doos in a docket—Did ye ever shoot a black-cock, man?"

Really I had never even the pleasure to see one, except in the museum at Keswick."

"There now—I could guess that by your Southland tongue. It's very odd of these English folk that come here, how few of them has seen a black-cock—I'll tell you what—ye seem to be an honest lad, and if you'll call on me—on Dandy Dinmont—at Charlies-hope—ye shall see a black-cock, and shoot a black-cock, and eat a black-cock too, man.

"Why, the proof of the matter is the eating to be sure, sir; and I shall be happy if I can find time to accept your invitation."

"Time, man? what ails ye to gae hame wi' me now! how do you travel?"

"On foot, sir; and if that handsome poney be yours, I should find it impossible to keep up with you."

"No unless you can walk up to fourteen miles an hour—But ye can come ower the night as far as Riccarton, where there is a public—or if ye like to stop at Jockey Grieve's at the Heuch, they would be blithe to see ye, and I am just gaun to stop and drink a dram at the door wi' him, and I would tell him you're coming up—or stay—Gudewife, could ye lend this gentleman the gudeman's galloway, and I'll send it ower the Waste in the morning wi' the callant?"

The galloway was turned out upon the fell, and was swear to catch—"Aweel, aweel, there's nae help for't, but come up the morn at ony rate.—And now, gudewife, I maun ride to get to the Liddel or it be dark, for your Waste has but a kittle character, ye ken yoursell."

"Fie, fie, Mr Dinmont, that's no like you to gie the country an ill name—I wot, there has been nane stirred in the Waste since Sawney Culloch, the travelling merchant, that Rowley Overdees and Jock Penny suffered for at Carlisle twa year since. There's no ane in Bewcastle would do the like o' that now—we be a' true folk now."

"Ay, Tib, that will be when the deil's blind,—and his een's no sair yet. But hear ye, gudewife, I have been through maist feck o' Galloway and Dumfriesshire, and I have been round by Carlisle, and I was at the Staneshiebank fair the day, and I would like ill to be rubbit sae near hame, so I'll take the way."

"Hae ye been in Dumfries and Galloway?" said the old dame, who sate smoking by the fire-side, and who had not yet spoke a word."

"Troth have I, gudewife, and a weary round I've had o't."

"Then ye'll maybe ken a place they ca' Ellangowan?"

"Ellangowan, that was Mr Bertram's—I ken the place weel enough. The Laird died about a fortnight since, as I heard."

“Dead!”—said the old woman, dropping her pipe, rising and coming forward upon the floor—dead!—are ye sure of that?”

“Troth, am I,” said Dinmont, “for it made nae sma’ noise in the country-side. He died just at the roup of the stocking and furniture; it stoppit the roup and mony folk were disappointed. They said he was the last of an auld family too, and mony were sorry—for gude blude’s scarcer in Scotland than it has been.”

“Dead?” replied the old woman, whom our readers have already recognised as their acquaintance Meg Merrilies—“dead! that quits a’ scores. And did ye say he died without an heir!”

“Ay, did he, gudewife, and the estate’s sold by the same token; for they said, they could-na have sold it, if there had been an heir-male.”

“Sold!” echoed the gypsy, with something like a scream, “and wha durst buy Ellangowan that was not of Bertram’s blude?—and wha could tell whether the bonny knave-bairn may not come back to claim his ain?—wha durst buy the estate and the castle of Ellangowan?”

“Troth, gudewife, just ane o’ thae writer chields that buys a’ thing—they ca’ him Glossin, I think.”

“Glossin?—Gibbie Glossin!—that I have carried in my creels a hundred times, for his mother was na muckle better than mysell—he to presume to buy the barony of Ellangowan!—Gude be wi’ us—it is an awfu’ world!—I wished him ill—but no sick a downfall as a’ that neither—wae’s me! wae’s me to think o’!”—She remained a moment silent, but still opposing with her hand the farmer’s retreat, who, betwixt every question, was about to turn his back, but good-humouredly stopped on observing the deep interest his answers appeared to excite.

“It will be seen and heard of—earth and sea will not hold their peace langer!—Can ye say if the same man be now the Sheriff of the county, that has been sae for some years past?”

“Na, he’s got some other birth in Edinburgh, they sae—but gude-day, gudewife, I maun ride.”—She followed him to his horse, and while he drew the girths of his saddle, adjusted the walise, and put on the bridle, still plied him with questions concerning Mr Bertram’s death, and the fate of his daughter; on which, however, she could obtain little information from the honest farmer.

“Did ye ever see a place they ca’ Derncleugh, about a mile frae the Place of Ellangowan?”

“I wot weel have I, gudewife,—a wild looking den it is, wi’ a whin auld wa’s o’ shealings yonder—I saw it when I gaed ower the ground wi’ ane that wanted to take the farm.”

“It was a blithe bit ance!” said Meg, speaking to hersell—“Did ye notice if there was an auld saugh tree that’s maist blawn down, but yet its roots are in the earth, and it hangs ower the bit burn—mony

a day hae I wrought my stocking, and sat on my sunkie under that saugh."

"Hout, deil's i' the wife, wi' her saughs, and her sunkies, and Ellangowans—Godsake, woman, let me away—there's saxpence t'ye to buy half a mutchkin, instead o' claverin about thae auld warld stories."

"Thank to ye, good-man—and now ye hae answered a' my questions, and never speired wherefore I asked them, I'll gie you a bit canny advice, and ye mauna speir what for neither. Tib Mumps will be out wi' the stirrup-dram in a gliffing—She'll ask ye whether ye gang ower Willie's brae, or through Conscowthart moss—tell her ony ane ye like, but be sure (speaking low and emphatically) to take the ane ye dinna tell her." The farmer laughed and promised, and the gypsy retreated.

"Will you take her advice?" said Brown, who had been an attentive listener to this conversation.

"That will I no—the randy quean!—Na, I had far rather Tib Mumps kend which way I was gaun than her—though Tib's no muckle to lippen to neither, and I would wish ye on no account to stay in the house a' night."

In a moment after, Tib, the landlady, appeared with her stirrup-cup, which was taken off. She then, as Meg had predicted, enquired whether he went the hill or the moss road. He answered, the latter; and, having bid Brown good-bye, and again told him, "he depended on seeing him at Charlies-hope, the morn at latest," he rode off at a round pace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway.

Winter's Tale.

THE hint of the hospitable farmer was not lost on Brown. But, while he paid his reckoning, he could not avoid repeatedly fixing his eyes on Meg Merrilies. She was, in all respects, the same witch-like figure as when we first introduced her at Ellangowan-Place. Time had grizzled her raven locks, and added wrinkles to her wild features, but her height remained erect, and her activity was unimpaired. It was remarked of this woman, as of others of the same description, that a life of action, though not of labour, gave her the perfect command of her limbs and figure, so that the attitudes into which she most naturally threw herself, were free, unconstrained and picturesque. At present, she stood by the window of the cottage, her person drawn up so as to show to full advantage her masculine stature, and her head somewhat thrown back, that the large bonnet, with which her face was shrouded, might

not interrupt her steady gaze at Brown. At every gesture he made, and every tone he uttered, she seemed to give an almost imperceptible start. On his part he was surprised to find that he could not look upon this singular figure without some emotion. "Have I dreamed of such a figure?" he said to himself, "or does this wild and singular-looking woman recal to my recollection some of the strange figures I have seen in our Indian pagodas?"

While he embarrassed himself with these discussions, and the hostess was engaged in rummaging out silver in change of half-a-guinea, the gypsy suddenly made two strides, and seized Brown's hand. He expected, of course, a display of her skill in palmistry, but she seemed agitated by other feelings.

"Tell me," she said, "tell me in the name of God, young man, what is your name and whence you came?"

"My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies."

"From the East Indies!" dropping his hand with a sigh, "it cannot be then—I am such an auld fool, that every thing I look on seems the thing I want maist to see. But the East Indies!—that cannot be—Weel, be what you will, ye hae a face and a tongue that puts me in mind of auld times. Good day—make haste on your road, and if ye see any of our folk, meddle not and make not, and they'll do you nae harm."

Brown, who had by this time received his change, put a shilling into her hand, bade his hostess farewell, and, taking the route which the farmer had gone before, walked briskly on, with the advantage of being guided by the fresh hoof-prints of his horse. Meg Merrilies looked after him for some time, and then muttered to herself, "I maun see that lad again—and I maun gang back to Ellangowan too.—The Laird's dead—aweel, death pays a' scores—he was a kind man ance.—The Sheriff's flitted, and I can keep canny in the bush—so there's no muckle hazard o' scouring the camp-ring.—I would like to see bonny Ellangowan again or I die."

Brown meanwhile, proceeded at a round pace along the moorish track called the Waste of Cumberland. He passed a solitary house, towards which the horseman who preceded him had apparently turned up, for his horse's tread was evident in that direction. A little farther, he seemed to have returned again into the road. Mr Dinmont had probably made a visit there either of business or pleasure. "I wish," thought Brown, "the good farmer had staid till I came up; I should not have been sorry to ask him a few questions about the road, which seems to grow wilder and wilder."

In truth, nature, as if she had designed this track of country to be the barrier between two hostile nations, has stamped upon it a character of wildness and desolation. The hills are neither high nor rocky, but the land is all heath and morass; the huts poor and mean, and at

a great distance from each other. Around them there is generally some little attempt at cultivation; but a half-bred foal or two, straggling about with shackles on their hind legs, to save the trouble of inclosures, intimate the farmer's chief resource to be the breeding of horses. The people, too, are of a ruder and more inhospitable class than are elsewhere to be found in Cumberland, arising partly from their own habits, partly from their intermixture with vagrants and criminals who make this wild country a refuge from justice. So much were the men of these districts in early times the objects of suspicion and dislike to their more polished neighbours, that there was, and perhaps still exists, a bye-law of the corporation of Newcastle, prohibiting any freeman of that city to take for apprentice a native of certain of these dales. It is pithily said, "Give a dog an ill name and hang him;" and it may be added, if you give a man, or race of men, an ill name, they are very likely to do something that deserves hanging. Of this Brown had heard something, and suspected more, from the discourse between the landlady, Dinmont, and the gypsy; but he was naturally of a fearless disposition, had nothing about him that would tempt the spoiler, and trusted to get through the *waste* with day-light. In this last particular he was likely to be disappointed. The way proved longer than he had anticipated, and the horizon began to grow gloomy, just as he entered upon an extensive morass.

Chusing his steps with care and deliberation, he proceeded along a path that sometimes sunk between two broken black banks of moss earth, sometimes crossed narrow but deep ravines, filled with a consistence between mud and water, and sometimes along heaps of gravel, and stones, which had been swept together when some torrent or water-spout from the neighbouring hills overflowed the marshy ground below. He began to ponder how a horseman could make his way through such broken ground; the traces of the hoofs, however, were still visible; he even thought he heard their sound at some distance, and, convinced that Mr Dinmont's progress through the morass must be still slower than his own, he resolved to push on, in hopes to overtake him, and have the benefit of his knowledge of the country. At this moment his little terrier sprang forward, barking most furiously.

Brown quickened his pace, and, attaining the summit of a small rising ground, saw the subject of the dog's alarm. In a hollow, about a gun-shot below him, a man, whom he easily recognised to be Dinmont, was engaged with two others in a desperate struggle. He was dismounted, and defending himself as he best could with the butt of his heavy whip. Our traveller hastened on to his assistance; but, ere he could get up, a blow had levelled the farmer with the earth, and one of the robbers, improving his victory, struck him some merciless strokes on the head. The other villain, hastening to meet Brown,

called to his companion to come along, "for that one's *content*," meaning, probably, past resistance or complaint. One ruffian was armed with a cutlass, the other with a bludgeon; but as the road was pretty narrow, "bar fire-arms," thought Brown, "and I may manage them well enough." They met accordingly, with the most murderous threats on the part of the ruffians. They soon found, however, that their new opponent was equally stout and resolute; and, after exchanging two or three blows, one of them told him to "follow his nose over the heath, in the devil's name, for they had nothing to say to him."

Brown rejected this composition, as leaving to their mercy the unfortunate man whom they were about to pillage, if not to murder outright; and the skirmish had just recommenced, when Dinmout unexpectedly recovered his senses, his feet, and his weapon, and hastened to the scene of action. As he had been no easy antagonist, even when surprised and alone, the villains did not chuse to wait his joining forces with a man who had singly proved a match for them both, but fled across the bog as fast as their feet could carry them, pursued by Wasp, who had acted gloriously during the skirmish, annoying the heels of the enemy, and repeatedly effecting a moment's diversion in his master's favour.

"Deil, but your dog's weel entered wi' the vermin now," were the first words uttered by the jolly farmer, as he came up, his head streaming with blood, and recognised his deliverer and his attendant.

"I hope, sir, you are not hurt dangerously?"

"O, deil a bit—my head can stand a gay clour—nae thanks to them though, and mony to you. But now, hinney, you maun help me to catch the beast, and ye maun get on behind me, for we maun off like whittrets before the whole clanjamfray be down upon us—the rest of them will no be far off." The galloway was, by good fortune, easily caught, and Brown made some apology for overloading the palfrey.

"Deil a fear, man," answered the proprietor, "Dumple could carry six folk, if his back was lang aneugh—but God's sake haste ye, get on, for I see some folk coming through the slack yonder, that it may be just as weel no to wait for."

Brown was of opinion, that this apparition of five or six men coming across the moss towards them should abridge ceremony; he therefore mounted Dumple *en croupe*, and the little spirited nag cantered away with two men of great size and strength, as if they had been children of six years old. The rider, to whom the paths of these wilds seemed intimately known, pushed on at a rapid pace, managing, with much dexterity, to chuse the safest route, in which he was aided by the sagacity of the galloway, who never failed to take the difficult passes exactly at the particular spot, and in the special manner, by which they could be most safely crossed. Yet, even with these

advantages, the road was so broken, and they were so often thrown out of the direct course by various impediments, that they did not gain much on their pursuers. "Never mind," said the undaunted Scotchman to his companion, "if we were ance by Withershins' latch, the road's no near sae *saft*, and we'll show them fair play for't."

They soon came to the place he named, a narrow channel, through which soaked, rather than flowed, a small stagnant stream, mantled over with bright green mosses. Dinmont directed his steed towards a pass where the water appeared to flow with more freedom over a harder bottom; but Dumble backed from the proposed crossing place, put his head down as if to reconnoitre the swamp more nearly, stretched forward his fore-feet, and stood as fast as if he had been cut out of stone.

"Had we not better," said Brown, "dismount and leave him to his fate—or can you not urge him through the swamp?"

"No, no," said his pilot, "we maun cross Dumble at no rate—he has mair sense than mony a Christian." So saying, he relaxed the reins, and shook them loosely. "Come now, lad, take your ain way o't—let's see where ye'll take us through,"

Dumble, left to the freedom of his own will, trotted briskly to another part of the *latch*, less promising, as Brown thought, in appearance, but which the animal's sagacity or experience recommended as the safer of the two, and where, plunging in, he attained the other side with little difficulty.

"I'm glad we're out o' that moss," said Dinmont, "where there's mair stables for horses than change-houses for men—we have the *Maiden-way* to help us now at ony rate." Accordingly, they speedily gained a sort of rugged causeway so called, being the remains of an old Roman road, which traverses these wild regions in a due northerly direction. Here they got on at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, Dumble seeking no other respite than what arose from changing his pace from canter to trot. "I could gar him show mair action," said his master, "but we are twa lang-legged chields after a', and it would be a pity to stress Dumble—there was na the like o' him at Staneshie-bank fair the day." Brown readily assented to the propriety of sparing the horse, and added, that, as they were now far out of reach of the rogues, he thought Mr Dinmont had better tie a handkerchief round his head, for fear of the cold frosty air aggravating the wound.

"What would I do that for?" answered the hardy farmer, "the best way's to let the blood barken upon the cut—that saves plaisters, hinney."

Brown, who in his military profession had seen a great many hard blows pass, could not help remarking, "he had never known such severe strokes received with so much apparent indifference."

"Hout, tout, man—I would never be making a hum-dudgeon about

a scart on the pow—but we'll be in Scotland in five minutes now, and ye maun gang up to Charlies-hope wi' me, that's a clear case."

Brown readily accepted the offered hospitality. Night was now falling, when they came in sight of a pretty river winding its way through a pastoral country. The hills were greener and more abrupt than those which Brown had lately passed, sinking their grassy sides at once upon the river. They had no pretensions to magnificence of height or to romantic shapes, nor did their smooth swelling slopes exhibit either rocks or woods. Yet the view was wild, solitary, and pleasingly rural. No inclosures, no roads, almost no tillage—it seemed a land which a patriarch would have chosen to feed his flocks and herds. The remains of here and there a dismantled and ruined tower, showed that it had once harboured beings of a very different description from its present inhabitants; those freebooters, namely, to whose exploits the wars between England and Scotland bear witness.

Descending by a path towards a well-known ford, Dumple crossed the small river, and then, quickening his pace, trotted about a mile briskly up its banks, and approached two or three low thatched houses, placed with their angles to each other, with a great contempt of regularity. This was the farm-steading of Charlies-hope, or, in the language of the country, "the Town." A most furious barking was set up at their approach, by the whole three generations of Mustard and Pepper, and a number of allies, names unknown. The farmer made his well-known voice lustily heard to restore order—the door opened, and a half-dressed ewe-milker, who had done that good office, shut it in their faces, in order that she might run *ben the house*, to cry "Mistress, mistress, it's the master, and another man wi' him." Dumple, turned loose, walked to his own stable-door, and there pawed and whinnied for admission, in strains which were answered by his acquaintances from the interior. Amid this bustle, Brown was fain to secure Wasp from the other dogs, who, with ardour corresponding more to their own names than to the hospitable temper of their owner, were much disposed to use the intruder roughly.

In about a minute a stout labourer was patting Dumple, and introducing him into the stable, while Mrs Dinmont, a well-looking buxom dame, welcomed her husband with unfeigned rapture. "Eh, sirs! gudeman, ye hae been a weary while away!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

Liddell till now, except in Doric lays,
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song—though not a purer stream
Rolls towards the western main.

Art of Preserving Health.

THE present store-farmers of the south of Scotland are a much more refined race than their fathers, and the manners I am now to describe have either altogether disappeared, or are greatly modified. Without losing their rural simplicity of manners, they now cultivate arts unknown to the former generation, not only in the progressive improvements of their possessions, but in all the comforts of life. Their houses are more commodious, their habits of life regulated so as better to keep pace with those of the civilized world, and the best of luxuries, the luxury of knowledge, has gained much ground among their hills during the last thirty years. Deep drinking, formerly their greatest failing, is now fast losing ground; and, while the frankness of their extensive hospitality continues the same, it is, generally speaking, refined in its character, and restrained in its excesses.

“Deil’s in the wife,” said Dandy Dinmont, shaking off his spouse’s embrace, but gently and with a look of great affection; “deil’s in ye, Ailie—d’ye no see the stranger gentleman?”

Ailie turned to make her apology—“Troth, I was sae weel pleased to see the gudeman, that—But, good gracious, what’s the matter wi’ ye baith!”—for they were now in her little parlour, and the candle showed the streaks of blood which Dinmont’s wounded head had plentifully imparted to the clothes of his companion as well as to his own. “Ye’ve been fighting again, Dandy, wi’ some of the Bewcastle horse-coupers—Wow, man, a married man, wi’ a bonny family like yours, should ken better what a father’s life’s worth in the world.”—The tears stood in the good woman’s eyes as she spoke.

“Whisht! whisht! gudewife,” said her husband, with a smack that had much more affection than ceremony in it. “Never mind—never mind—there’s a gentleman that will tell you, that just when I had ga’en up to Lourie Loucher’s, and had biddin the drinking of twa cheerers, and gotten just in again upon the moss, and was whigging cannily awa hame, twa land-loupers jumpit out of a peat-hag on me or I was aware, and got me down and knevelled me sair aneuch, or I could gar my whip walk about their lugs—and troth, gudewife, if this honest gentleman had na come up, I would have gotten mair licks than I like, and lost mair siller than I could weel spare; so you maun be thankful to him for it, under God.” With that he drew from his side-pocket a large greasy leather pocket-book, and bade the gudewife lock it up in his kist.

“God bless the gentleman, and e’en God bless him wi’ a’ my heart! —But what can we do for him, but to give him the meat and quarters we wadna refuse to the poorest body on earth—unless (her eye directed to the pocket-book, but with a feeling of natural propriety which made the inference the most delicate possible,) unless there was any other way”——Brown saw, and estimated at its due rate, the mixture of simplicity and grateful generosity which took the downright way of expressing itself, yet qualified with so much delicacy; he was aware his own appearance, plain at best, and now torn and spattered with blood, made him an object of pity at least, and perhaps of charity. He hastened to say his name was Brown, a captain in the——regiment of cavalry, travelling for pleasure, and upon foot, both from motives of independence and economy; and he begged his kind landlady would look at her husband’s wounds, the state of which he had refused to permit him to examine. Mrs Dinmont was used to her husband’s broken heads more than to the presence of a captain of dragoons. She therefore glanced at a table cloth, not quite clean, and conned over her proposed supper a minute or two, before, patting her husband on the shoulder, she bade him sit down for “a hard-headed loon, that was aye bringing himself and other folk into collie-shangies.”

When Dandy Dinmont, after executing two or three caprioles, and cutting the Highland-fling, by way of ridicule of his wife’s anxiety, at last deigned to sit down, and commit his round, black, shaggy bullet of a head to her inspection, Brown thought he had seen the regimental surgeon look grave upon a more trifling case. The goodwife, however, showed some knowledge of chirurgery—she cut away with her scissors the gory locks, whose stiffened and coagulated clusters interfered with her operations, and clapped on the wound some lint, besmeared with a vulnerary salve, esteemed sovereign by the whole dale, (which afforded upon Fair nights considerable experience of such cases)—she then fixed her plaister with a bandage, and, spite of her patient’s resistance, pulled over all a night-cap, to keep every thing in its right place. Some contusions on the brow and shoulders she fomented with a little brandy, which the patient did not permit till the medicine had paid a heavy toll to his mouth. Mrs Dinmont then simply, but candidly, offered her assistance to Brown.

He assured her he had no occasion for any thing but the accommodation of a bason and towel.

“And that’s what I should have thought of sooner,” she said; “but I durst na open the door, for there’s a’ the bairns, poor things, sae keen to see their father.”

This explained a great drumming and whining at the door of the little parlour, which had somewhat surprised Brown, though his kind landlady had only noticed it by drawing the bolt as soon as she heard it begin. But on her opening the door to seek the bason and towel,

(for she never thought of showing the guest to a separate room), a whole tide of white-headed urchins streamed in, some from the stable, where they had been seeing Duple, and giving him a welcome home with part of their four-hours scones; others from the kitchen, where they had been listening to auld Elspeth's tales and ballads; and the youngest half-naked, out of bed,—all roaring to see daddy, and to enquire what he had brought home for them from the various fairs he had visited in his peregrinations. Our knight of the broken head first kissed and hugged them all round, then distributed whistles, penny-trumpets, and ginger-bread, and, lastly, when the tumults of their joy and welcome got beyond bearing, exclaimed to his guest—"This is a' the gudewife's fault, Captain—she will gie the bairns a' their ain way."

"Me! Lord help me," said Ailie, who at that instant entered with the bason and ewer, "how can I help it?—I have naething else to gie them, poor things!"

Dinmont then exerted himself, and, between coaxing, threats, and shoving, cleared the room of all the intruders, excepting a boy and girl, the two eldest of the family, who could, as he observed, behave themselves "distinctly." For the same reason, but with less ceremony, all the dogs were kicked out, excepting the venerable patriarchs, old Pepper and Mustard, whom frequent castigation and the advance of years had inspired with such a share of passive hospitality, that, after mutual explanations in the shape of some growling, they admitted Wasp, who had hitherto judged it safe to keep beneath his master's chair, to a share of a dried wedder's skin, which, with the wool uppermost and unshorn, served all the purposes of a Bristol hearth-rug.

The active bustle of the mistress (so she was called in the kitchen, and the gudewife in the parlour) had already signed the fate of a couple of fowls, which, for want of time to dress them otherwise, soon appeared reeking from the gridiron—or brander, as Mrs Dinmont denominated it. A huge piece of cold beef-ham, eggs, butter, cakes, and barley-meal bannocks in plenty, made up the entertainment, which was to be diluted with home-brewed ale of excellent quality, and a case-bottle of brandy. Few soldiers would find fault with such cheer after a day's hard exercise, and a skirmish to boot; accordingly Brown did great honour to the eatables. While the goodwife partly aided, partly instructed, a great stout servant-girl, with cheeks as red as her top knot, to remove the supper matters, and supply sugar and hot water, (which, in the damsel's anxiety to gaze upon an actual live captain, she was in some danger of forgetting,) Brown took an opportunity to ask his host, whether he did not repent of having neglected the gypsy's hint.

"Wha kens?" answered he: "they're queer devils;—maybe I

might just have 'scaped ae gang to meet the other. And yet I'll no say that neither; for if that randy wife was coming to Charlies-hope, she should have a pint bottle o' brandy and a pound o' tobacco to wear her through the winter. They're queer devils, as my auld father used to say—they're warst where they're warst guided—there's baith gude and ill about the gypsies."——

This and some other desultory conversation, served as a "shoeing-horn" to draw on another cup of ale and another *cheerer*, as Dinmont termed it in his country phrase, of brandy and water. Brown then resolutely declined all farther conviviality for that evening, pleading his own uneasiness and the effects of the skirmish,—being well aware that it would have availed nothing to have remonstrated with his host on the danger that excess might have occasioned to his own raw wound and his bloody coxcomb. A very small bed-room, but a very clean bed, received the traveller, and the sheets made good the courteous vaunt of the hostess, "that they would be as pleasant as he could find ony gate, for they were washed wi' the fairy-well water, and bleached on the bonnie white gowans, and beetled by Nelly and hersell, and what could woman, if she was a queen, do mair for them?"

They indeed rivalled snow in whiteness, and had, besides, a pleasant fragrance from the manner in which they had been bleached. Little Wasp, after licking his master's hand to ask leave, couched himself on the coverlet at his feet; and the traveller's senses were soon lost in grateful oblivion.

CHAPTER XXV.

———Give, ye Britons, then,
Your sportive fury, pitiless to pour
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthed,
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.—*Thomson's Seasons.*

BROWN rose early in the morning, and walked out to look at the establishment of his new friend. All was rough and neglected in the neighbourhood of the house;—a paltry garden, no pains taken to make the vicinity dry or comfortable, and a total absence of all those little neatnesses which give the eye so much pleasure in looking at an English farm-house. There were, notwithstanding, evident signs that this arose only from want of taste or ignorance, not from poverty, or the negligence which attends it. On the contrary, a noble cow-house, well filled with good milk cows, a feeding-house, with ten bullocks of the most approved breed, a stable with two good teams of horses, the appearance of domestics active, industrious, and apparently contented with their lot; in a word, an air of liberal though sluttish plenty

indicated the wealthy farmer. The situation of the house above the river formed a gentle declivity, which relieved the inhabitants of the nuisances which might otherwise have stagnated around them. At a little distance was the whole band of children, playing and building houses with peats around a huge doddered oak tree, which was called Charlie's-Bush, from some tradition respecting an old freebooter who had once inhabited the spot. Between the farm-house and the hill pasture was a deep morass, termed in that country a slack—it had once been the defence of a fortalice, of which no vestiges now remained, but which was said to have been inhabited by the same doughty hero we have now alluded to. Brown endeavoured to make some acquaintance with the children, “but the rogues fled from him like quicksilver”—though the two eldest stood peeping when they had got to some distance. The traveller then turned his course towards the hill, crossing the aforesaid swamp by a range of stepping-stones, neither the broadest nor steadiest that could be imagined. He had not climbed far up the hill when he met a man descending.

He soon recognised his worthy host, though a *maud*, as it is called, or a grey shepherd's plaid, supplied his travelling jockey coat, and a cap, faced with wild-cat's fur, more commodiously covered his bandaged head than a hat would have done. As he appeared through the morning's mist, Brown, accustomed to judge of men by their thewes and sinews, could not help admiring his height, the breadth of his shoulders, and the steady firmness of his step. Dinmont internally paid the same compliment to Brown, whose athletic form he now perceived somewhat more at leisure than he had done formerly. After the usual greetings of the morning, the guest enquired whether his host found any inconvenient consequences from the last night's affray.

“I had almost forgot it,” said the hardy Borderer; “but I think this morning, now that I am fresh and sober, if you and I were at the Withershin's Latch, wi' ilka ane a gude oak souple in his hand, we wald not turn back, no for half a dozen o' yon scaff-raff.”

“But are you prudent, my good sir, not to take an hour or two's repose after receiving such severe contusions?”

“Confusions! Lord, Captain, naething confuses my head—I ance jumped up and laid the dogs on the fox after I had tumbled from the tap o' Christenbury Craig, and that might have confused me to purpose. Na, naething confuses me, unless it be a screed o' drink at an orra time. Besides, I behoved to be round the hirsle this morning, and see how the herds were coming on—they're apt to be negligent wi' their foot-balls, and fairs, and trysts, when ane's away. And there I met wi' Tam o' Todshaw, and a whin of the rest of the billies on the water side; they're a' for a fox-hunt this morning,—ye'll gang? I'll gie you Duple, and take the brood mare mysell.”

“But I fear I must leave you, Mr Dinmont.”

"The fiend a bit o' that—I'll no part wi' you at ony rate for a fortnight mair—Na, na; we dinna meet sic friends as you on a Bewcastle moss every night."

Brown had not designed his journey should be a speedy one; he therefore readily compounded with this hearty invitation, by agreeing to pass a week at Charlies-hope.

On their return to the house, where the goodwife presided over an ample breakfast, she heard news of the proposed fox-hunt, not indeed with approbation, but without alarm or surprise. "Dand! ye're the auld man yet—naething will make you take warning, till you're brought hame some day with your feet foremost."

"Tut, lass! ye ken yoursell I am never a prin the waur o' my rambles."

So saying, he exhorted Brown to be hasty in dispatching his breakfast, as, "the frost having given way, the scent would lie this morning primely."

Out they sallied accordingly for Otterscope-scaurs, the farmer leading the way. They soon quitted the little valley, and involved themselves among hills as steep as they could be without being precipitous. The sides often presented gullies, down which, in the winter season, or after heavy rain, the torrents descended with great fury. Some dappled mists still floated along the peaks of the hills, the remains of the morning clouds, for the frost had broken up with a smart shower. Through these fleecy screens were seen a hundred little temporary streamlets, or rills, descending the sides of the mountains like silver threads. By small sheep-tracts along these steepes, over which Dinmont trotted with the most fearless confidence, they at length drew near the scene of sport, and began to see other men, both on horse and foot, making towards the place of rendezvous. Brown was puzzling himself to conceive how a fox-chase could take place among hills, where it was barely possible for a poney, accustomed to the ground, to trot along, but where, quitting the track for half a yard's breadth, the rider might be either bogged, or precipitated down the bank. This wonder was not diminished when he came to the place of action.

They had gradually ascended very high, and now found themselves on a mountain-ridge, overhanging a glen of great depth, but extremely narrow. Here the sportsmen had collected, with an apparatus which would have shocked a member of the Pycholy Hunt; for, the object being the removal of a noxious and destructive animal, as well as the pleasures of the chase, poor Reynard was allowed much less fair play than when pursued in form through an open country. The strength of his habitation, however, and the nature of the ground by which it was surrounded on all sides, supplied what was wanting in the courtesy of his pursuers. The sides of the glen were broken banks of earth, and rocks of rotten stone, which sunk sheer down to the little

winding stream below, affording here and there a tuft of scathed brush-wood, or a patch of furze. Along the edges of this ravine, which, as we have said, was very narrow, but of profound depth, the hunters on horse and foot ranged themselves; almost every farmer had with him at least a brace of large and fierce greyhounds, of the race of those deer-dogs which were formerly used in that country, but greatly lessened in size from being crossed with the common breed. The huntsman, a sort of provincial officer of the district, who receives a certain supply of meal, and a reward for every fox he destroys, was already at the bottom of the dell, whose echoes thundered to the chiding of two or three brace of fox-hounds. Terriers, including the whole generation of Pepper and Mustard, were also in attendance having been sent forward under the care of a shepherd. Mongrel, whelp, and cur of low degree, filled up the burthen of the chorus. The spectators on the brink of the ravine, or glen, held their greyhounds in leash, in readiness to slip them at the fox, soon as the activity of the party below should force him to abandon his cover.

The scene, though uncouth to the eye of a professed sportsman, had something in it wildly captivating. The shifting figures on the mountain ridge, having the sky for their back-ground, appeared to move in air. The dogs, impatient of their restraint, and maddened with the bay-ing beneath, sprung here and there, and strained at the slips, which prevented them from joining their companions. Looking down, the view was equally striking. The thin mists were not totally dispersed in the glen, so that it was often through their gauzy medium that the eye strove to discover the motions of the hunters below. Sometimes a breath of wind made the scene visible, the blue rill glittering as it twined itself through its solitary and rude dell. They then could see the shepherds springing with fearless activity from one dangerous point to another, and cheering the dogs on the scent, the whole so diminished by depth and distance, that they looked like pigmies. Again the mists close over them, and the only signs of their continued exertion are the halloos of the men, and the clamours of the hounds, ascending, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth. When the fox, thus persecuted from one strong-hold to another, was at length obliged to abandon his valley, and to break away for a more distant retreat, those who watched his motions from the top slipped their greyhounds, which, excelling the fox in swiftness, and equalling him in ferocity and spirit, soon brought the plunderer to his life's end.

In this way, without any attention to the ordinary rules and decorums of sport, but apparently as much to the gratification both of bipeds and quadrupeds as if all had been followed, four foxes were killed on this active morning; and even Brown himself, though he had seen the princely sports of India, and ridden a-tiger-hunting upon an elephant with the Nabob of Arcot, professed to have received a day's

excellent amusement. When the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlies-hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye, and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which he could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter; he was down-looking, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity, and rode on with his landlord. They found the goodwife prepared for their reception—the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Elliots and Armstrongs did convene,
They were a gallant company!

Ballad of Johnnie Armstrong.

WITHOUT noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon-hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practised at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire-grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar barrels, which shed a strong, though partial light upon the water. Upon the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill-wear, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavoured to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications; the twinkling of a fin, the rising of an air-bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it; but as Brown was not practised to use the spear, he soon tired of making efforts, which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, which lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his own satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters, like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water-kelpy sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tinging them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed by the same red glare, into a colour which might have befitted the regions of Pandæmonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farm-house, gazing in his way at the other persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it afforded to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanour Brown had already noticed with surprise—"Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow."—Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

"Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel!—haud him down—you hae nae the pith of a cat!"—were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those who were on the bank to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank he called out—"Hold up your torch, friend huntsman!"

for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon them by the blaze—But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, in the water.

“The deil’s in Gabriel”—said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream—“the deil’s in the man—I’ll never master him without the light—and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o’ cleeks.”—Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behaviour of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation—Could he be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before?—The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man’s figure and face. To be sure the villains wore their hats much slouched, had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmout on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best to defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cottars, dependants, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savoury addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which were the principal part of their winter food. In the meanwhile a liberal distribution of ale and whiskey was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish,—two or three salmon, namely, plunged into a cauldron, and boiled for their supper.

Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where the savoury mess reeked on an oaken table, massy enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry-men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter, and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveller looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox-hunter, but it was nowhere to be seen.

At length he hazarded a question concerning him. “That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish.”

“Awkward!” returned a shepherd, looking up, (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon) “he deserved his paiks

for't—to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters!—I'm weel convinced Gabriel dropped the *roughies* in the water on purpose—he does na like to see ony body do a thing better than himsell.”

“Aye,” said another, “he’s sair shamed o’ himsell, else he would have been up here the night—Gabriel likes a little o’ the gude thing, as weel as ony o’ us.”

“Is he of this country?” said Brown.

“Na, na, he’s been but shortly in office, but he’s a fell hunter—he’s frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side.”

“And what’s his name, pray?”

“Gabriel.”

“But Gabriel what?”

“Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folk’s after-names muckle here, they run sae much into clans.”

“Ye see, sir,” said an old shepherd, rising, and speaking very slow—“the folks hereabout are a’ Armstrongs and Elliots, and sic like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction’s sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as for example, Tam o’ Todshaw, Will o’ the Flat, Hobbie o’ Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o’ the Charlies-hope—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o’ people, ye’ll observe, are kend by sorts o’ bye-names some o’ them, as Glaikeet Christie, and the Dewke’s Gibbie, or may be, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment, as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He’s no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think ony body kens him by ony other name—But it’s no right to rin him down ahint his back, for he’s a fell fox-hunter, though he’s may be no just sae clever as some o’ the folk here awa wi’ the waster.”

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy their mirth unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlies-hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot but for the good women; for several of the neighbouring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch-bowl was so often replenished, that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revellers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter-hunt the next day, and a badger-baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily.—I hope our traveller will not sink in the reader’s estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him,

that upon this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore-foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged as a particular and personal favour of Mr Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defence, should be permitted to retire to his earth without farther molestation. The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt, had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder.—“Weel,” he said, “that's queer aneugh!—But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day—we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the Captain's brock—and I'm sure I'm glad I can do any thing to oblige you—but, Lord save us, to care about a brock!”

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel, and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favourite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty times, that he would soon return and play over all their favourite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart—“Come back again, Captain,” said one little sturdy fellow, “and Jenny will be your wife.”—Jenny was about eleven years old—she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

“Captain, come back,” said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth to be kissed, “and I'll be your wife my ain sell.”

They must be of harder mould than I who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference. The good dame too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest—“It's little the like of us can do,” she said; “little indeed—but yet—if there were but ony thing”——

“Now, my dear Mrs Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request—would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a grey plaid as the goodman wears?”—He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

“A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us,” said the goodwife brightening, “if you should-na hae that, and as good a tweel as ever came aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn.—Fare ye weel, sir;—and may ye be just as happy yoursell as ye like to see a' body else—and that would be a sair wish to some folk.”

I must not omit to mention, that our traveller left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary.

He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

“A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,”

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favour of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon-fires. But the truth is undeniable; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced, that any one chuses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him upon horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfries-shire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox-hunter; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. “He was a shake-rag-like fellow,” he said; “and he dared to say, had gypsy blood in his veins—but at any rate he was nane of the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss—he would ken them weel if he saw them again.—There were some no bad folk amang the gypsies too, to be such a gang—if ever I see that auld randle-tree of a wife again, I’ll gie her something to buy tobacco—I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a’.”——

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, “Captain, the woo’s sae weel up the year, that it’s paid a’ the rent, and we have naething to do wi’ the rest o’ the siller, when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o’ duds—now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it’s ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar—Now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursell up a step, and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the bit scrape o’ your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take ye’re ain time of settling it—it wad be a great convenience to me.” Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favour, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have

recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

CHAPTER XXVII.

If thou hast any love of mercy in thee,
Turn me upon my face that I may die.—*Joanna Bailie.*

OUR traveller hired a post-chaise at the place where he separated from Dinmont, with the purpose of proceeding to Kippletringan, there to enquire into the state of the family at Woodbourne, before he should venture to make his presence in the country known to Miss Mannerling. The stage was a long one of eighteen or twenty miles, and the road lay across the country. To add to the inconveniences of the journey, the snow began to fall pretty quickly. The postillion, however, proceeded upon his journey for a good many miles, without expressing doubts or hesitation. It was not until the night was completely set in that he intimated his doubts whether he were in the right road. The increasing snow rendered this intimation truly alarming, for as it drove full in the lad's face, and lay whitening all around him, it served in two different ways to confuse his knowledge of the country, and to diminish the chance of his recovering the right track. Brown then himself got out and looked round, not, it may be well imagined, from any better hope than that of seeing some house at which he might make enquiry. But none appeared—he could therefore only tell the lad to drive steadily on. The road on which they were, ran through plantations of considerable extent and depth, and the traveller therefore conjectured that there must be a gentleman's house at no great distance. At length, after struggling wearily on for about a mile, the post-boy stopped, and protested his horses would not budge a foot farther; "but he saw," he said, "a light among the trees, which must proceed from a house; the only way was to enquire the road there." Accordingly he dismounted, heavily encumbered with a long great coat, and a pair of boots which might have rivalled in thickness the sevenfold shield of Ajax. As in this guise he was plodding forth upon his voyage of discovery, Brown's impatience prevailed, and, jumping out of the carriage, he desired the lad to stop where he was, by the horses, and he would himself go to the house—a command which the driver joyfully obeyed.

He groped along the side of the inclosure from which the light glimmered, in order to find some mode of approaching in that direction, and after proceeding for some space, at length found a stile in the hedge, and a pathway leading into the plantation, which in that place

was of great extent. This promised to lead to the light which was the object of his search, and accordingly Brown proceeded in that direction, but soon totally lost sight of it among the trees. The path, which at first seemed broad, and well marked by the opening of the wood through which it winded, was now less easily distinguishable, although the whiteness of the snow afforded some reflected light to assist his search. Directing himself as much as possible through the more open parts of the wood, he proceeded almost a mile without either recovering a view of the light, or seeing any thing resembling a habitation. Still, however, he thought it best to persevere in that direction. It must surely have been a light in the hut of a forester, for it shone too steadily to be the glimmer of an *ignis fatuus*. The ground at length became broken, and declined rapidly, and although Brown conceived he still moved along what had once at least been a path-way, it was now very unequal, and the snow concealing those breaches and inequalities, the traveller had one or two falls in consequence. He began now to think of turning back, especially as the falling snow, which his impatience had hitherto prevented his attending to, was coming on thicker and faster.

Willing, however, to make a last effort, he still advanced a little way, when, to his great delight, he beheld the light opposite at no great distance, and apparently upon a level with him. He quickly found that this last appearance was deception, for the ground continued so rapidly to sink, as made it obvious there was a deep dell, or ravine of some kind, between him and the object of his search. Taking every precaution to preserve his footing, he continued to descend until he reached the bottom of a very steep and narrow glen, through which winded a small rivulet, whose course was then almost choked with snow. He now found himself embarrassed among the ruins of cottages, whose black gables, rendered more distinguishable by the contrast with the whitened surface from which they rose, were still standing; the side-walls had long since given way to time, and, piled in shapeless heaps, and covered with snow, offered frequent and embarrassing obstacles to our traveller's progress. Still, however, he persevered, crossed the rivulet, not without some trouble, and, at length, by exertions which became both painful and perilous, ascended its opposite and very rugged bank, until he came on a level with the building from which the gleam proceeded.

It was difficult, especially by so imperfect a light, to discover the nature of this edifice; but it seemed a square building of small size, the upper part of which was totally ruinous. It had, perhaps, been the abode, in former times, of some lesser proprietor, or a place of strength and concealment, in case of need, for one of greater importance. But only the lower vault remained, the arch of which formed the roof in the present state of the building. Brown first approached

the place from whence the light proceeded, which seemed to be a long narrow slit or loop-hole, such as are usually to be found in old castles. Impelled by curiosity to reconnoitre the interior of this strange place before he entered, Brown gazed in at this aperture. A scene of greater desolation could not well be imagined. There was a fire upon the floor, the smoke of which, after circling through the apartment, escaped by a hole broken in the arch above. The walls, seen by this smoky light, had the rude and waste appearance of a ruin of three centuries old at least. A cask or two, with some broken boxes and packages, lay about the place in confusion. But the inmates chiefly occupied Brown's attention. Upon a lair composed of straw, with a blanket stretched over it, lay a figure, so still, that, except that it was not dressed in the ordinary habiliments of the grave, Brown would have concluded it to be a corpse. On a steadier view he was satisfied it was only on the point of becoming so, for he heard one or two of those low, deep, and hard-drawn sighs, that precede dissolution when the frame is tenacious of life. A female figure, dressed in a long cloak, sat on a stone by this miserable couch; her elbows rested upon her knees, and her face, averted from the light of an iron lamp beside her, was bent upon that of the dying person. She moistened his mouth from time to time with some liquid, and between whiles sung, in a low monotonous cadence, one of those prayers, or rather spells, which, in some parts of Scotland, and the north of England, are used by the vulgar and ignorant to speed the passage of a parting spirit, like the tolling of the bell in catholic days. She accompanied this dismal sound with a slow rocking motion of her body to and fro, as if to keep time with her song. The words ran nearly thus:—

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
 Wrestling thus with earth and clay?
 From the body pass away;—
 Hark! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
 Mary Mother be thy speed,
 Saints to help thee at thy need;—
 Hark! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
 Sleet, or hail, or levin blast;
 Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
 And the sleep be on thee cast
 That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
 Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
 Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
 Day is near the breaking.

The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the

mortal strife—"It will not be," she muttered to herself—"He cannot pass away with that on his mind—it tethers him here—

"Heaven cannot abide it,
Earth refuses to hide it."

"I must open the door;" and, rising, she faced towards the door of the apartment, observing heedfully not to turn back her head, and, withdrawing a bolt or two, (for notwithstanding the miserable appearance of the place, the door was cautiously secured) she lifted the latch,

"Open lock—end strife,
Come death, and pass life."

Brown, who had by this time moved from his post, stood before her as she opened the door. She stepped back a pace, and he entered, instantly recognising, but with no comfortable sensation, the same gypsy woman whom he had met in Bewcastle. She also knew him at once, and her attitude, figure, and the anxiety of her countenance, assumed the appearance of the well-disposed ogress of a fairy tale, warning a stranger not to enter the dangerous castle of her husband. The first words she spoke (holding up her hand in a reproving manner,) were, "Said I not to ye, Make not, meddle not?—Beware of the redding strake! you are come to no house o' fair-strae death." So saying, she raised the lamp, and turned its light on the dying man, whose rude and harsh features were now convulsed with the last agony. A roll of linen about his head was stained with blood, which had soaked also through the blankets and the straw. It was, indeed, under no natural disease that the wretch was suffering. Brown started back from this horrible object, and, turning to the gypsy, exclaimed, "Wretched woman, who has done this?"

"They that were permitted," answered Meg Merrilies, while she scanned with a close and keen glance the features of the expiring man.—"He has had a sair struggle—but it's passing—I knew he would pass when you came in.—That was the death ruckle—he's dead."—Sounds were now heard at a distance, as of voices.—"They are coming," said she to Brown; "you are a dead man if you had as many lives as hairs." Brown eagerly looked round for some weapon of defence. There was none near. He then rushed to the door, with the intention of plunging among the trees, and making his escape by flight, from what he now esteemed a den of murderers, but Merrilies held him with a masculine grasp. "Here," she said, "here—be still and you are safe—stir not whatever you see or hear, and nothing shall befall you."

Brown, in these desperate circumstances, remembered this woman's intimation formerly, and thought he had no chance of safety but in obeying her. She caused him to crouch down among a parcel of straw

situation required assistance. But his attention to a friend and guest of Vich Ian Vohr was anxious and unremitted. Other embrocations were applied to the injured limb, and new spells were put in practice. At length, after more solicitude than was perhaps for the advantage of his health, Fergus took farewell of Waverley for a few days, when, he said, he would return to Tomanrait, and hoped by that time Waverley would be able to ride one of the Highland ponies of his host, and in that manner return to Glennaquoich.

The next day, when his good old host appeared, Edward learned that his friend had departed with dawn, leaving none of his attendants except Callum Beg, the sort of foot-page who used to attend his person, and who had now in charge to wait upon Waverley. On asking his host, if he knew where the Chieftain was gone? the old man looked fixedly at him, with something mysterious and sad in the smile which was his only reply. Waverley repeated his question, to which his host answered in a proverb,—

“What sent the messengers to hell,
Was asking that they knew full well.”

He was about to proceed, but Callum Beg said, rather pertly as Edward thought, that “Ta Tighearnach (*i. e.* the Chief) did not like ta Sassenagh Duinhé-wassel to be pingled wi’ mickle speaking, as she was na tat weil.” From this Waverley concluded he should disoblige his friend by enquiring at a stranger the object of a journey which he himself had not communicated.

It is unnecessary to trace the progress of our hero’s recovery. The sixth morning had arrived, and he was able to walk about with a staff, when Fergus returned with about a score of his men. He seemed in the highest spirits, congratulated Waverley on his progress towards recovery, and finding he was able to sit upon horseback, proposed their immediate return to Glennaquoich. Waverley joyfully acceded, for the form of its fair mistress had lived in his dreams during all the time of his confinement.

Now he has ridden o’er moor and moss,
O’er hill and many a glen,

Fergus all the while, with his myrmidons, striding stoutly by his side, or diverging to get a shot at a roe or a heath-cock. Waverley’s bosom beat thick when they approached the old tower of Ian nan Chaistel, and could distinguish the fair form of its mistress advancing to meet them.

Fergus began immediately, with his usual high spirits, to exclaim, “Open your gates, incomparable princess, to the wounded Moor Abindarez, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, constable of Antiquera, conveys to your castle; or open them, if you like it better, to the re-

nowned Marquis of Mantua, the sad attendant of his half-slain friend, Baldovinos of the mountain.—Ah, long rest to thy soul, Cervantes! without quoting thy remnants, how should I frame my language to besit romantic ears!”

Flora now advanced, and welcoming Waverley with much kindness, expressed her regret for his accident, of which she had already heard particulars, and her surprise that her brother should not have taken better care to put a stranger on his guard against the perils of the sport in which he engaged him. Edward readily exculpated the Chieftain, who, indeed, at his own personal risk, had probably saved his life.

This greeting over, Fergus said three or four words to his sister in Gaelic. The tears instantly sprung to her eyes, but they seemed to be tears of devotion or joy, for she looked up to heaven, and folded her hands as in a solemn expression of prayer or gratitude. After the pause of a minute, she presented to Edward some letters which had been forwarded from Tully-Veolan during his absence, and, at the same time, delivered some to her brother. To the latter she likewise gave three or four numbers of the Caledonian Mercury, the only newspaper which was then published to the north of the Tweed.

Both gentlemen retired to examine their dispatches, and Edward speedily found that those which he had received contained matters of very deep interest,

CHAPTER XXV.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

THE letters which Waverley had hitherto received from his relations in England, were not such as required any particular notice in this narrative. His father usually wrote to him with the pompous affectation of one who was too much oppressed by public affairs to find leisure to attend to those of his own family. Now and then he mentioned persons of rank in Scotland to whom he could wish his son should pay some attention; but Waverley, hitherto occupied by the amusements which he had found at Tully-Veolan and Glennaquoich, dispensed with paying any attention to hints so coldly thrown out, especially as distance, shortness of leave of absence, and so forth, furnished a ready apology. But latterly the burthen of Mr Richard Waverley's paternal epistles consisted in certain mysterious hints of greatness and influence which he was speedily to attain, and which would ensure his son's obtaining the most rapid promotion, should he remain in the military service. Sir Everard's letters were of a different tenor. They were short; for the good Baronet was none of your illi-

"'A does not mind wind and weather—'A has had many a north-easter in his day."

"He had his last yesterday," said another gruffly, "and now old Meg may pray for his last fair wind, as she's often done before."

"I'll pray for name o' him," said Meg, "nor for you neither, you randy dog. The times are sair altered since I was a kinchin-mort. Men were men then, and fought other in the open field, and there was nae milling in the darkmans. And the gentry had kind hearts, and would have given both lap an' pannel to ony poor gypsy; and there was not one, from Johnnie Faa the upright man, to little Christie that was in the panniers, would cloyed a dud from them. But ye are a' altered from the good auld rules, and no wonder that you scour the camp-ring, and trine to the cheat so often. Yes, you are a' altered—you'll eat the goodman's meat, drink his drink, sleep on the strammel in his barn, and break his house and cut his throat for his pains! There's blood on your hands too, ye dogs—more than ever came there by fair fighting. See how ye'll die then—lang it was ere he died—he strove, and strove sair, and could neither die nor live;—but you—half the country will see how ye'll grace the woodie."

The party set up a hoarse laugh at Meg's prophecy.

"What made you come back here?" said one of the gypsies, "you old beldame? could you not have staid where you were, and spaed fortunes to the Cumberland flats?—Bing out and tour, ye old devil, and see that nobody has scented; that's all you're good for now."

"Is that all I am good for now? I was good for mair than that in the great fight between our folk and Patrico Salmon's; if I had not helped you with these very fables, (holding up her hands) Jean Baillie would have frummagem'd you, ye feckless do-little."

There was here another laugh at the expence of the hero who had received this amazon's assistance.

"Here, mother," said one of the sailors, "here's a cup of the right for you, and never mind that bully-huff."

Meg drank the spirits, and, withdrawing herself from farther conversation, sat down before the spot where Brown lay hid, in such a posture that it would have been difficult for any one to have approached it without her rising. The men, however, showed no disposition to disturb her.

They closed around the fire, and held deep consultation together; but the low tone in which they spoke, and the canting language which they used, prevented Brown from understanding much of their conversation. He gathered in general, that they expressed great indignation against some individual. "He shall have his gruel," said one, and then whispered something very low into the ear of his comrade.

"I'll have nothing to do with that," said the other.

"Are you turned hen-hearted, Jack?"

"No, by G—, no more than yourself—but I won't—it was something like that stopped all the trade fifteen or twenty years ago—You have heard of the Loup!"

"I have heard *him* (indicating the corpse by a jerk of his head) tell about that job—G—d, how he used to laugh when he showed us how he fetched him off the perch!"

"Well, but it did up the trade for one while."

"How should that be?"

"Why, the people got rusty about it, and would not deal, and they had bought so many brooms that"—

"Well, for all that, I think we should be down upon the fellow one of these darkmans, and let him get it well."

"But old Meg's asleep now," said another; "she grows a driveller, and is afraid of her shadow. She'll sing out, some of these odd-come-shortlies, if you don't look sharp."

"Never fear," said the old gypsy man; "Meg's true-bred; she's the last in the gang that will start—but she has some queer ways, and often cuts queer words."

With more of this gibberish, they continued the conversation, rendering it thus, even to each other, a dark obscure dialect, eked out by significant nods and signs, but never expressing distinctly, or in plain language, the subject on which it turned. At length one of them observing Meg was still fast asleep, or appeared to be so, desired one of the lads "to hand in the black Peter, that they might flick it open." The boy stepped to the door, and brought in a portmanteau, which Brown instantly recognised for his own. His thoughts immediately turned to the unfortunate lad he had left with the carriage. Had the ruffians murdered him? was the horrible doubt that crossed his mind. The agony of his attention grew yet keener, and while the villains pulled out and admired the different articles of his clothes and linen, he eagerly listened for some indication that might intimate the fate of the postillion. But the ruffians were too much delighted with their prize, and too much busied in examining its contents, to enter into any details concerning the manner in which they had acquired it. The portmanteau contained various articles of apparel, a pair of pistols, a leathern case with a few papers and some money, &c., &c. At any other time it would have provoked Brown excessively to see the unceremonious manner in which the thieves shared his property, and made themselves merry at the expence of the owner. But the moment was too perilous to admit any thoughts but what had immediate reference to self-preservation.

After a sufficient scrutiny into the portmanteau, and an equitable division of its contents, the ruffians applied themselves more closely to the serious occupation of drinking, in which they spent the greater part of the night. Brown was for some time in great hopes that they

would drink so deep as to render themselves insensible, when his escape would have been an easy matter. But their dangerous trade required precautions inconsistent with such unlimited indulgence, and they stopped short on this side of absolute intoxication. Three of them at length composed themselves to rest, while the fourth watched. He was relieved in this duty by one of the others, after a vigil of two hours. When the second watch had elapsed, the sentinel awakened the whole, who, to Brown's inexpressible relief, began to make some preparation as if for departure, bundling up the various articles which each had appropriated. Still, however, there remained something to be done. Two of them after some rummaging, which not a little alarmed Brown, produced a mattock and shovel, another took a pick-axe from behind the straw on which the dead body was extended. With these implements they all left the hut but three, and these, two of whom were the seamen, very strong men, still remained in garrison.

After the space of about half an hour, one of those who had departed again returned, and whispered the others. They wrapped up the dead body in the sea-cloak which had served as a pall, and went out, bearing it along with them. The aged sybil then arose from her real or feigned slumbers. She first went to the door, as if for the purpose of watching the departure of her late inmates, then returned, and commanded Brown, in a low and stifled voice, to follow her instantly. He obeyed; but, on leaving the hut, he would willingly have repossessed himself of his money, or papers at least, but this she prohibited in the most peremptory manner. It immediately occurred to him that the suspicion of having removed any thing, of which he might repossess himself, would fall upon this woman, by whom, in all probability, his life had been saved. He therefore immediately desisted from his attempt, contenting himself with seizing a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had flung aside among the straw. On his feet, and possessed of this weapon, he already found himself half delivered from the dangers which beset him. Still, however, he felt stiffened and cramped, both with the cold, and by the constrained and unaltered position which he had occupied all night. But as he followed the gypsy from the door of the hut, the fresh air of the morning, and the action of walking, restored circulation and activity to his benumbed limbs.

The pale light of a winter's morning was rendered more clear by the snow, which was lying all around, crisped by the influence of a severe frost. Brown cast a hasty glance at the landscape around him, that he might be able again to know the spot. The little tower, of which only a single vault remained, forming the dismal apartment in which he had spent this remarkable night, was perched on the very point of a projecting rock overhanging the rivulet. It was accessible only on one side, and that from the ravine or glen below. On the other three sides the bank was precipitous, so that Brown had on the preceding

evening escaped more dangers than one ; for, if he had attempted to go round the building, which was once his purpose, he must have been dashed to pieces. The dell was so narrow that the trees met in some places from the opposite sides. They were now loaded with snow instead of leaves, and thus formed a sort of frozen canopy over the rivulet beneath, which was marked by its darker colour, as it soaked its way obscurely through wreathes of snow. In one place, where the glen was a little wider, leaving a small piece of flat ground between the rivulet and the bank, were situated the ruins of the hamlet in which Brown had been involved on the preceding evening. The ruined gables, the insides of which were japanned with turf smoke, looked yet blacker, contrasted with the patches of snow which had been driven against them by the wind, and with the drifts which lay around them.

Upon this wintry and dismal scene, Brown could only at present cast a very hasty glance ; for his guide, after pausing an instant, as if to permit him to indulge his curiosity, strode hastily before him down the path which led into the glen. He observed, with some feelings of suspicion, that she chose a track already marked by several feet, which he could only suppose were those of the depredators who had spent the night in the vault. A moment's recollection, however, put his suspicions to rest. It was not to be thought that the woman, who might have delivered him up to her gang when in a state totally defenceless, would have suspended her supposed treachery until he was armed, and in the open air, and had so many better chances of defence or escape. He therefore followed his guide in confidence and silence. They crossed the small brook at the same place where it previously had been passed by those who had gone before. The foot-marks then proceeded through the ruined village, and from thence down the glen, which again narrowed to a ravine, after the small opening in which they were situated. But the gypsy no longer followed the same track ; she turned aside, and led the way by a very rugged and uneven path up the bank which overhung the village. Although the snow in many places hid the pathway, and rendered the footing uncertain and unsafe, Meg proceeded with a firm and determined step, which indicated an intimate knowledge of the ground she traversed. At length they gained the top of the bank, though by a passage so steep and intricate, that Brown, though convinced it was the same by which he had descended on the night before, was not a little surprised how he had accomplished the task without breaking his neck. Above, the country opened wide and uninclosed for about a mile or two on the one hand, and on the other were thick plantations of considerable extent.

Meg, however, still led the way along the bank of the ravine out of which they had ascended until she heard beneath the murmur of voices. She then pointed to a deep plantation of trees at some

distance,—“The road to Kippletringan,” she said, “is on the other side of these enclosures—Make the speed ye can; there’s mair rests on your life than on other folk’s.—But you have lost all—stay.” She fumbled in an immense pocket, from which she produced a greasy purse.—“Many’s the *awmous* your house has gi’en Meg and hers—and she has lived to pay it back in a small degree;”—and she placed the purse in his hand.

“The woman is insane,” thought Brown; but it was no time to debate the point, for the sounds he heard in the ravine below probably proceeded from the banditti. “How shall I repay this money,” he said, “or how acknowledge the kindness you have done me?”

“I hae twa boons to crave,” answered the sybil, speaking low and hastily; “one, that you will never speak of what you have seen this night; the other, that you will not leave this country till you see me again, and that you leave word at the Gordon-arms where you are to be heard of; and when I next call for you, be it in church or market, at wedding or at burial, Sunday or Saturday, meal-time or fasting, that ye leave every thing else and come with me.”

“Why, that will do you little good, mother.”

“But ’twill do yoursell muckle, and that’s what I’m thinking of.—I am not mad, although I have had enough to make me sae—I am not mad, nor doating, nor drunken—I know what I am asking, and I know it has been the will of God to preserve you in strange dangers, and that I shall be the instrument to set you in your father’s seat again.—Sae give me your promise, and mind that you owe your life to me this blessed night.” There’s wildness in her manner, certainly, thought Brown, and yet it is more like the wildness of energy than of madness.

“Well, mother, since you do ask so useless and trifling a favour, you have my promise. It will at least give me an opportunity to repay your money with additions. You are an uncommon kind of a creditor, no doubt, but”——

“Away, away, then!” said she waving her hand. “Think not about the goud—it’s a’ your ain—but remember your promise, and do not dare to follow me or look after me.” So saying, she plunged again into the dell, and descended it with great agility, the icicles and snow-wreaths showering down after her as she disappeared.

Notwithstanding her prohibition, Brown endeavoured to gain some point of the bank, from which he might, unseen, gaze down into the glen; and with some difficulty, (for it must be conceived that the utmost caution was necessary,) he succeeded. The spot which he attained for this purpose was the point of a projecting rock, which rose precipitously from among the trees. By kneeling down among the snow, and stretching his head cautiously forward, he could observe what was going on in the bottom of the dell. He saw, as he expected,

his companions of the last night, now joined by two or three others. They had cleared away the snow from the foot of the rock, and dug a deep pit, which was designed to serve the purpose of a grave. Around this they now stood, and lowered into it something wrapped in a naval cloak, which Brown instantly concluded to be the dead body of the man he had seen expire. They then stood silent for half a minute, as if under some touch of feeling for the loss of their companion. But if they experienced such, they did not long remain under its influence, for all hands went presently to work to fill up the grave; and Brown, perceiving that the task would be soon ended, thought it best to take the gypsy woman's hint, and walk as fast as possible until he should gain the shelter of the plantation.

Having arrived under cover of the trees, his first thought was of the gypsy's purse. He had accepted it without hesitation, though with something like a feeling of degradation, arising from the character of the person by whom he was thus accommodated. But it relieved him from a serious though temporary embarrassment. His money, excepting a very few shillings, was in his portmanteau, and that was in possession of Meg's friends. Some time was necessary to write to his agent, or even to apply to his good host at Charlies-hope, who would gladly have supplied him. In the mean time, he resolved to avail himself of Meg's subsidy, confident he would have a speedy opportunity of replacing it with a handsome gratuity. "It can be but a trifling sum," said he to himself, "and I dare say the good lady may have a share of my bank-notes to make amends."

With these reflections he opened the leathern-purse, expecting to find at most three or four guineas. But how much was he surprised to discover that it contained, besides a considerable quantity of gold pieces, of different coinages and various countries, the joint amount of which could not be short of a hundred pounds, several valuable rings and ornaments set with jewels, and, as appeared from the slight inspection he had time to give them, of very considerable value.

Brown was equally astonished and embarrassed by the circumstances in which he found himself, possessed, as he now seemed to be, of property to a much greater amount than his own, but which had been obtained in all probability by the same nefarious means through which he had himself been plundered. His first thought was to enquire after the nearest justice of peace, and to place in his hands the treasure of which he had thus unexpectedly become the depository, telling, at the same time, his own remarkable story. But a moment's consideration brought several objections to this mode of procedure. In the first place, he should break his promise of silence, and was certain by that means to involve the safety, perhaps the life, of this woman, who had risked her own to preserve his, and who had voluntarily endowed him with this treasure,—a generosity which might

thus become the means of her ruin. This was not to be thought of. Besides he was a stranger, and, for a time at least, unprovided with means of establishing his own character and credit to the satisfaction of a stupid or obstinate country magistrate. "I will think over the matter more maturely," he said; "perhaps there may be a regiment quartered at the county-town, in which case my knowledge of the service, and acquaintance with many officers of the army, cannot fail to establish my situation and character by evidence, which a civil judge could not sufficiently estimate. And then I shall have the commanding officer's assistance in managing matters so as to screen this unhappy mad woman, whose mistake or prejudice has been so fortunate for me. A civil magistrate might think himself obliged to send out warrants for her at once, and the consequence in case of her being taken is pretty evident—No, she has been upon honour with me if she were the devil, and I will be equally upon honour with her—She shall have the privilege of a court-martial, where the point of honour can qualify strict law. Besides I may see her at this place, Kipple—Couple—what did she call it?—and then I can make restitution to her, and e'en let the law claim its own when it can secure her. In the meanwhile, however, I cut rather an awkward figure for one who has the honour to bear his majesty's commission, being little better than the receiver of stolen goods."

With these reflections, Brown took from the gypsy's treasure three or four guineas, for the purpose of his immediate expences, and tying up the rest in the purse which contained them, resolved not again to open it, until he could either restore it to her by whom it was given or put it into the hands of some public functionary. He next thought of the cutlass, and his first impulse was to leave it in the plantation. But when he considered the risk of meeting with these ruffians, he could not resolve upon parting with his arms. His walking-dress, though plain, had so much of a military character as suited not amiss with his having such a weapon. Besides, though the custom of wearing swords by persons out of uniform had been gradually becoming antiquated, it was not yet so totally forgotten as to occasion any particular remark towards those who chose to adhere to it. Retaining, therefore, his weapon of defence, and placing the purse of the gypsy in a private pocket, our traveller strode gallantly on through the wood in search of the promised high-road.

CHAPTER XXIX.

All school day's friendship, childhood innocence,
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporated.—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT.

“How can you upbraid me, my dearest Matilda, with abatement in friendship or fluctuation in affection? Is it possible for me to forget that you are the chosen of my heart, in whose faithful bosom I have deposited every feeling which your poor Julia dares to acknowledge to herself? And you do me equal injustice in upbraiding me with exchanging your friendship for that of Lucy Bertram. I assure you she has not the materials I must seek for in a bosom confidante. She is a charming girl, to be sure, and I like her very much, and I confess our forenoon and evening engagements have left me less time for the exercise of my pen than our proposed regularity of correspondence demands. But she is totally devoid of elegant accomplishments, excepting the knowledge of French and Italian, which she acquired from the most grotesque monster you ever beheld, whom my father has engaged as a kind of librarian, and whom he patronizes, I believe, to show his defiance of the world's opinion. Colonel Mannering seems to have formed a determination, that nothing shall be considered as ridiculous, so long as it appertains to or is connected with him. I remember in India he had picked up some where a little mongrel cur, with bandy legs, a long back, and huge flapping ears. Of this uncouth creature he chose to make a favourite, in despite of all taste and opinion; and I remember one instance which he alleged, of what he called Brown's petulance, was, that he had criticized severely the crooked legs and drooping ears of Bingo. On my word, Matilda, I believe he nurses his high opinion of this most awkward of all pedants upon a similar principle. He seats the creature at table, where he pronounces a grace that sounds like the scream of the man in the square that used to cry mackarel, flings his meat down his throat by shovelfuls, like a person loading a cart, and apparently without the most distant perception of what he is swallowing,—then bleats forth another unnatural set of tones, by way of returning thanks, stalks out of the room, and immerses himself among a parcel of huge worm-eaten folios that are as uncouth as himself! I could endure the creature well enough, had I any body to laugh with; but Lucy Bertram, if I but verge on the border of a jest affecting this same Mr Sampson, (such is the horrid man's horrid name) looks so piteous, that it deprives me of

all spirit to proceed, and my father knits his brow, flashes fire from his eye, bites his lip, and says something that is extremely rude and uncomfortable to my feelings.

“It was not of this creature, however, that I meant to speak to you—only that, being a good scholar in the modern, as well as the ancient languages, he has contrived to make Lucy Bertram mistress of the former, and she has only, I believe, to thank her own good-sense or obstinacy, that the Greek, Latin, (and Hebrew, for ought I know,) were not added to her acquisitions. And thus she really has a great fund of information, and I assure you I am daily surprised at the power which she seems to possess of amusing herself by recalling and arranging the subjects of her former reading. We read together every morning, and I begin to like the Italian much better than when we were teased by that conceited animal Cicipici,—this is the way to spell his name, and not Chichipichi—you see I grow a connoisseur.

“But perhaps I like Miss Bertram more for the accomplishments she wants, than for the knowledge she possesses. She knows nothing of music whatever, and no more of dancing than is here common to the meanest peasants, who, by the way, dance with great zeal and spirit. So that I am instructor in my turn, and she takes with great gratitude lessons from me upon the harpsichord, and I have even taught her some of La Pique’s steps, and you know he thought me a promising scholar.

“In the evening papa often reads, and I assure you he is the best reader of poetry you ever heard—not like that actor, who made a kind of jumble between reading and acting, staring and bending his brow, and twisting his face, and gesticulating as if he were on the stage, and dressed out in all his costume. My father’s manner is quite different—it is the reading of a gentleman who produces effect by feeling, taste, and inflection of voice, not by action or mummery. Lucy Bertram rides remarkably well, and I can now accompany her on horseback, having become emboldened by example. We walk also a good deal in spite of the cold—So upon the whole I have not quite so much time for writing as I used to have.

“Besides, my love, I must really use the apology of all stupid correspondents, that I have nothing to say. My hopes, my fears, my anxieties about Brown are of a less interesting cast, since I know that he is at liberty, and in health. Besides, I must own, I think that by this time the gentleman might have given me some intimation what he was doing. Our intercourse may be an imprudent one, but it is not very complimentary to me, that Mr Vanbeest Brown should be the first to discover that, and to break off in consequence. I can promise him that we might not differ much in opinion should that happen to be his, for I have sometimes thought I have behaved extremely foolishly in that matter. Yet I have so good an opinion of poor Brown

that I cannot but think there is some thing extraordinary in his silence.

“To return to Lucy Bertram—No, my dearest Matilda, she can never, never rival you in my regard, so that all your affectionate jealousy on that account is without foundation. She is, to be sure, a very pretty, a very sensible, a very affectionate girl, and I think there are few persons to whose consolatory friendship I could have recourse more freely in what are called the *real evils* of life. But then these so seldom come in one’s way, and one wants a friend who will sympathize with distresses of sentiment, as well as with actual misfortune. Heaven knows, and you know, my dear Matilda, that these diseases of the heart require the balm of sympathy and affection as much as the evils of a more obvious and determinate character. Now Lucy Bertram has nothing of this kindly sympathy—nothing at all, my dearest Matilda. Were I sick of a fever, she would sit up night after night to nurse me with the most unrepining patience; but with the fever of the heart which my Matilda has soothed so often, she has no more sympathy than her old tutor. And yet what provokes me is, that the demure monkey actually has a lover of her own, and that their mutual affection (for mutual I take it to be) has a great deal of complicated and romantic interest. She was once, you must know, a great heiress, but was ruined by the prodigality of her father, and the villainy of a horrid man in whom he confided. And one of the handsomest young gentlemen in the country is attached to her, but as he is heir to a great estate, she discourages his addresses on account of the disproportion of their fortune.

“But with all this moderation, and self-denial, and modesty, and so forth, Lucy is a sly girl—I am sure she loves young Hazlewood, and I am sure he has some guess of that, and would probably bring her to acknowledge it too, if my father or she would allow him an opportunity. But you must know the Colonel is always himself in the way to pay Miss Bertram those attentions which afford the best direct opportunities for a young gentleman in Hazlewood’s situation. I would have my good papa take care that he does not himself pay the usual penalty of meddling folks. I assure you, if I were Hazlewood, I should look on his compliments, his bowings, his cloakings, his shawlings, and his handings, with some little suspicion; and truly I think Hazlewood does so too at some odd times. Then imagine what a silly figure your poor Julia makes upon such occasions! Here is my father making the agreeable to my friend; there is young Hazlewood watching every word of her lips, and every motion of her eye; and I have not the poor satisfaction of interesting a human being—not even the exotic monster of a parson, for even he sits with his mouth open, and his huge round goggling eyes fixed like those of a statue, admiring Mess Baartram!

“All this makes me sometimes a little nervous, and sometimes a

little mischievous. I was so provoked at my father and the lovers the other day for turning me completely out of their thoughts and society, that I began an attack upon Hazlewood, from which it was impossible for him, in common civility, to escape. He insensibly became warm in his defence—I assure you, Matilda, he is a very clever, as well as a very handsome young man, and I don't think I ever remember having seen him to the same advantage—when, behold, in the midst of our lively conversation, a very soft sigh from Miss Lucy reached my not ungratified ears. I was greatly too generous to prosecute my victory any farther, even if I had not been afraid of papa. Luckily for me, he had at that moment got into a long description of the peculiar notions and manners of a certain tribe of Indians, who live far up the country, and was illustrating them by making drawings on Miss Bertram's work-patterns, three of which he utterly damaged, by introducing among the intricacies of the pattern his specimens of oriental costume. But I believe she thought as little of her own gown at the moment as of the India turbands and cummerbands. However, it was quite as well for me that he did not see all the merit of my little manoeuvre, for he is as sharp-sighted as a hawk, and a sworn enemy to the slightest shade of coquetry.

“Well, Matilda, Hazlewood heard this same half-audible sigh, and instantly repented his temporary attentions to such an unworthy object as your Julia, and, with a very comical expression of consciousness, drew near to Lucy's work-table. He made some trifling observation, and her reply was one in which nothing but an ear as acute as that of a lover, or a curious observer, like myself, could have distinguished any thing more cold and dry than usual. But it conveyed reproof to the self-accusing hero, and he stood abashed accordingly. You will admit that I was called upon in generosity to act as mediator. So I mingled in the conversation, in the quiet tone of an unobserving and uninterested third party, led them into their former habits of easy chat, and, after having served awhile as the channel of communication through which they chose to address each other, set them down to a pensive game at chess, and very dutifully went to tease papa, who was still busied with his drawings. The chess players, you must observe, were placed near the chimney beside a little work-table, which held the board and men, the Colonel, at some distance, with lights upon a library table,—for it is a large old-fashioned room, with several recesses, and hung with grim tapestry, representing what it might have puzzled the artist himself to explain.

‘Is chess a very interesting game, papa?’

‘I am told so,’ without honouring me with his attention.

‘I should think so, from the attention Mr Hazlewood and Lucy are bestowing on it.’

“He raised his head hastily, and held his pencil suspended for an

instant. Apparently he saw nothing that excited his suspicions, for he was resuming the folds of a Mahratta's turban in tranquillity, when I interrupted him with—'How old is Miss Bertram, sir?'

'How should I know, Miss?—about you own age, I suppose.'

'Older, I should think, sir. You are always telling me how much more decorously she goes through all the honours of the tea-table—Lord, papa, what if you should give her a right to preside once and for ever!'

'Julia, my dear, you are either a fool outright, or you are more disposed to make mischief than I have yet believed you.'

'Oh, my dear sir! put your best construction upon it—I would not be thought a fool for all the world.'

'Then why do you talk like one?'

'Lord, sir, I am sure there is nothing so foolish in what I said just now—every body knows you are a very handsome man,' (a smile was just visible) 'that is, for your time of life,' (the dawn was over-cast) 'which is far from being advanced, and I am sure I don't know why you should not please yourself if you have a mind—I am sensible I am but a thoughtless girl, and if a graver companion could render you more happy'——

'There was a mixture of displeasure and grave affection in the manner in which my father took my hand, that was a severe reproof to me for trifling with his feelings. 'Julia,' he said, 'I bear with much of your petulance, because I think I have in some degree deserved it by neglecting to superintend your education sufficiently closely. Yet I would not have you give it the rein upon a subject so delicate. If you do not respect the feelings of your surviving parent towards the memory of her whom you have lost, attend at least to the sacred claims of misfortune; and observe, that the slightest hint of such a jest reaching Miss Bertram's ears, would at once induce her to renounce her present asylum, and go forth, without a protector, into a world she has already felt so unfriendly.'

'What could I say to this, Matilda?—I only cried heartily, begged pardon, and promised to be a good girl in future. And so here am I neutralized again, for I cannot, in honour, or common good nature, tease poor Lucy by interfering with Hazlewood, although she has so little confidence in me; and neither can I, after this grave appeal, venture again upon such delicate ground with papa. So I burn little rolls of paper, and sketch Turks' heads upon visiting cards with the blackened end—I assure you I succeeded in making a superb Hyder-Ally last night—and I jingle on my unfortunate harpsichord, and begin at the end of a grave book and read it backward.—After all, I begin to be very much vexed about Brown's silence. Had he been obliged to leave the country, I am sure he would at least have written to me. Can it be possible that my father can have intercepted his letters?'

But no—that is contrary to all his principles—I don't think he would open a letter addressed to me to-night, to prevent my jumping out of window to-morrow—What an expression I have suffered to escape my pen! I should be ashamed of it, even to you, Matilda, and used in jest. But I need not take much merit for acting as I ought to do—This same Mr Vanbeest Brown is by no means so very ardent a lover as to hurry the object of his attachment into such inconsiderate steps. He gives one full time to reflect, that must be admitted. However, I will not blame him unheard, nor permit myself to doubt the manly firmness of a character which I have so often extolled to you. Were he capable of doubt, of fear, of the shadow of change, I should have little to regret.

“And why, you will say, when I expect such steady and unalterable constancy from a lover, why should I be anxious about what Hazlewood does, or to whom he offers his attentions?—I ask myself the question a hundred times a-day, and it only receives the very silly answer, that one does not like to be neglected, though one would not encourage a serious infidelity.——

“I write all these trifles, because you say that they amuse you, and yet I wonder how they should. I remember in our stolen voyages to the world of fiction, you always admired the grand and the romantic—tales of knights, dwarfs, giants, and distressed damsels, soothsayers, visions, beckoning ghosts, and bloody hands,—whereas I was partial to the involved intrigues of private life, or at farthest, to so much only of the supernatural as is conferred by the agency of an eastern genie or a beneficent fairy. *You* would have loved to shape your course of life over the broad ocean with its dead calms and howling tempests, its tornadoes, and its billows mountain high,—whereas I should like to trim my little pinnace to a brisk breeze in some inland lake or tranquil bay, where there was just difficulty of navigation sufficient to give interest and to require skill, without any great degree of danger. So that, upon the whole, Matilda, I think you should have had my father, with his pride of arms and of ancestry, his chivalrous point of honour, his high talents, and his abstruse and mystic studies—You should have had Lucy Bertram too for your friend, whose fathers, with names which alike defy memory and orthography, ruled over this romantic country, and whose birth took place, as I have been indistinctly informed, under circumstances of deep and peculiar interest—You should have had, too, our residence surrounded by mountains, and our lonely walks to haunted ruins—And I should have had, in exchange, the lawns and shrubs, and green-houses, and conservatories of Pine-park, with your good quiet indulgent aunt, her chapel in the morning, her nap after dinner, her hand at whist in the evening, not forgetting her fat coach-horses, and fatter coachman. Take notice, however, that Brown is not included in this proposed barter of mine—his good humour, lively

conversation, and open gallantry, suit my plan of life, as well as his athletic form, handsome features, and high spirit, would accord with a character of chivalry. So as we cannot change altogether out and out, I think we must e'en abide as we are."

CHAPTER XXX.

I renounce your defiance; if you parley so roughly I'll barricade my gates against you—Do you see yon bay window? Storm,—I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk.—*Merry Devil of Edmonton.*

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT.

"I RISE from a sick-bed, my dearest Matilda, to communicate the strange and frightful scenes which have just passed. Alas! how little we ought to jest with futurity! I closed my letter to you in high spirits, with some flippant remarks on your taste for the romantic and the extraordinary in fictitious narrative. How little I expected to have had such events to record in the course of a few days! And to witness scenes of terror, or to contemplate them in description, is as different, my dearest Matilda, as to bend over the brink of a precipice holding by the frail tenure of a half-rooted shrub, or to admire the same precipice in the landscape of Salvator. But I will not anticipate my narrative.

"The first part of my story is frightful enough, though it had nothing to interest my feelings. You must know that this country is particularly favourable to the commerce of a set of desperate men from the Isle of Man, which is nearly opposite. These smugglers are numerous, resolute, and formidable, and have at different times become the dread of the neighbourhood, when any one has interfered with their contraband trade. The local magistrates, from timidity or worse motives, are become shy of acting against them, and impunity has rendered them equally daring and desperate. With all this, my father, a stranger in the land, and invested with no official authority, had, one would think, nothing to do. But it must be owned, that, as he himself expresses it, he was born when Mars was lord of his ascendant, and that strife and bloodshed find him out in circumstances and situations the most retired and pacific.

"About eleven o'clock on last Tuesday morning, while Hazlewood and my father were proposing to walk to a little lake about three miles distance, for the purpose of shooting wild-ducks, and while Lucy and I were busied with arranging our plan of work and study for the day, we were alarmed by the sound of horses' feet, advancing very fast up the avenue. The ground was hardened by a severe frost, which made the clatter of the hoofs sound yet louder and sharper. In a moment

two or three men, armed, mounted, and each leading a spare horse loaded with packages, appeared on the lawn, and without keeping upon the road, which makes a small sweep, pushed right across the lawn, for the door of the house. Their appearance was in the utmost degree hurried and disordered, and they frequently looked back like men who apprehended a close and deadly pursuit. My father and Hazlewood hurried to the front door to demand who they were, and what was their business. They were revenue officers, they stated, who had seized these horses, loaded with contraband articles, at a place about three miles off. But the smugglers had been reinforced, and were now pursuing them with the avowed purpose of recovering the goods, and putting to death the officers who had presumed to do their duty. The men said, that their horses being loaded, and the pursuers gaining ground upon them, they had fled to Woodbourne, conceiving, that as my father had served the king, he would not refuse to protect the servants of government, when threatened to be murdered in the discharge of their duty.

“My father, to whom, in his enthusiastic feelings of military loyalty, even a dog would be of importance if he came in the king’s name, gave prompt orders for securing the goods in the hall, arming the servants, and defending the house in case it should be necessary. Hazlewood seconded him with great spirit, and even the strange animal they call Sampson stalked out of his den and seized upon a fowling-piece, which my father had laid aside, to take what they call a rifle gun, with which they shoot tigers, &c. in the East. The piece went off in the awkward hands of the poor parson, and very nearly shot one of the excisemen. At this unexpected and voluntary explosion of his weapon, the Dominie (such is his nickname) exclaimed ‘prodigious!’ which is his usual ejaculation when astonished. But no power could force the man to part with his discharged piece, so they were content to let him retain it, with the precaution of trusting him with no ammunition. This (excepting the alarm occasioned by the report) escaped my notice at the time, you may easily believe; but in talking over the scene afterwards, Hazlewood made us very merry with the Dominie’s ignorant but zealous valour.

“When my father had got everything into proper order for defence, and his people stationed at the windows with their fire-arms, he wanted to order us out of danger—into the cellar, I believe—but we could not be prevailed upon to stir. Though terrified to death, I have so much of his own spirit, that I would look upon the danger which threatens us rather than hear it rage around me without knowing its nature or its progress. Lucy, looking as pale as a marble statue, and keeping her eyes fixed on Hazlewood, seemed not even to hear the prayers with which he conjured her to leave the front of the house. But, in truth, unless the hall-door should be forced, we were in little danger

—the windows were almost blocked up with cushions and pillows, and what the Dominie most lamented, with folio volumes, brought hastily from the library, leaving only spaces through which the defenders might fire upon the assailants.

“My father had now made his dispositions, and we sat in breathless expectation in the darkened apartment, the men remaining all silent upon their posts, in anxious contemplation probably of the approaching danger. My father, who was quite at home in such a scene, walked from one to another, and reiterated his orders, that no one should presume to fire until he gave the word. Hazlewood, who seemed to catch courage from his eye, acted as his aid-de-camp, and displayed the utmost alertness in bearing his directions from one place to another, and seeing them properly carried into execution. Our force, with the strangers included, might amount to about twelve men.

“At length the silence of this awful period of expectation was broken by a sound, which, at a distance, was like the rushing of a stream of water, but as it approached, we distinguished the thick-beating clang of a number of horses advancing very fast. I had arranged a loop-hole for myself, from which I could see the approach of the enemy. The noise increased and came nearer, and at length thirty horsemen and more rushed at once upon the lawn. You never saw such horrid wretches! Notwithstanding the severity of the season, they were most of them stripped to their shirts and trowsers, with silk handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, and all well armed with carbines, pistols, and cutlasses. I, who am a soldier’s daughter, and accustomed to see war from my infancy, was never so terrified in my life as by the savage appearance of these ruffians, their horses reeking with the speed at which they had rode, and their furious exclamations of rage and disappointment when they saw themselves baulked of their prey. They paused, however, when they saw the preparations made to receive them, and appeared to hold a moment’s consultation among themselves. At length, one of the party, his face blackened with gunpowder by way of disguise, came forward with a white handkerchief on the end of his carbine, and asked to speak with Colonel Mannering. My father, to my infinite terror, threw open a window near which he was posted, and demanded what he wanted. ‘We want our goods which we have been robbed of by these sharks,’ said the fellow; ‘and our lieutenant bids me say, that if they are delivered, we’ll go off for this bout without clearing scores with the rascals who took them; but if not, we’ll burn the house, and have the hearts blood of every one in it;’—a threat which he repeated more than once, graced by a fresh variety of imprecations, and the most horrid denunciations that cruelty could suggest. ‘And which is your lieutenant?’ said my father in reply.

‘That gentleman upon the grey horse,’ said the miscreant, ‘with the red handkerchief bound about his brow.’

‘Then be pleased to tell that gentleman, that if he, and the scoundrels who are with him, do not ride off the lawn this instant, I will fire upon them without ceremony.’ So saying, my father shut the window, and broke short the conference.

‘The fellow no sooner regained his troop, than, with a loud hurra, or rather a savage yell, they fired a volley against our garrison. The glass of the windows was shattered in every direction, but the precautions already noticed saved the party within from suffering. Three such volleys were fired without a shot being returned from within. My father then observed them getting hatchets and crows, probably to assail the hall door, and called aloud, ‘Let none fire but Hazlewood and I—Hazlewood, mark the ambassador.’ He himself aimed at the man on the grey horse, who fell on receiving his shot.—Hazlewood was equally successful. He shot the spokesman, who had dismounted, and was advancing with an axe in his hand. Their fall discouraged the rest, who began to turn round their horses; and a few shots fired at them soon sent them off, bearing along with them their slain or wounded companions.—We could not observe that they suffered any farther loss. Shortly after their retreat a party of soldiers made their appearance, to my infinite relief. These men were quartered at a village some miles distant, and had marched upon the first rumour of the skirmish. A part of them escorted the terrified revenue officers and their seizure to a neighbouring sea-port as a place of safety, and at my earnest request two or three files remained with us for that and the following day, for the security of the house from the vengeance of these banditti.

‘Such, dearest Matilda, was my first alarm. I must not forget to add, that the ruffians left, at a cottage on the road-side, the man whose face was blackened with powder, apparently because he was unable to bear transportation. He died in about half-an-hour after. Upon examining the corpse, it proved to be that of a boor in the neighbourhood, a person notorious as a poacher and smuggler. We received many messages of congratulation from the neighbouring families, and it was generally allowed that a few such instances of spirited resistance would greatly check the presumption of these lawless men. My father distributed rewards among his servants, and praised Hazlewood’s courage and coolness to the skies. Lucy and I came in for a share of his applause, because we had stood fire with firmness, and had not disturbed him with screams or expostulations. As for the Dominie, my father took an opportunity of begging to exchange snuff-boxes with him. The honest gentleman was much flattered with the proposal, and extolled the beauty of his new snuff-box excessively. ‘It looked,’ he said, ‘as well as if it were real gold from Ophir’—Indeed it would be odd if it should not, being formed in fact of that very metal; but, to do this honest creature justice, I believe the know-

ledge of its real value would not enhance his sense of my father's kindness, supposing it, as he does, to be pinchbeck gilded. He has had a hard task replacing the folios which were used in the barricade, smoothing out the creases and dogs-ears, and repairing the other disasters they have sustained during their service in the fortification. He brought us some pieces of lead and bullets which these ponderous tomes had intercepted during the action, and which he had extracted with great care; and, were I in spirits, I could give you a comic account of his astonishment at the apathy with which we heard of the wounds and mutilation suffered by Thomas Aquinas, or the venerable Chrysostom. But I am not in spirits, and I have yet another and a more interesting incident to communicate. I feel, however, so much fatigued with my present exertion, that I cannot resume the pen till to-morrow. I will detain this letter notwithstanding, that you may not feel any anxiety upon account of your own

“JULIA MANNERING.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

Here's a good world!

——— knew you of this fair work?—*King John.*

JULIA MANNERING TO MATILDA MARCHMONT.

“I MUST take up the thread of my story, my dearest Matilda, where I broke off yesterday.

“For two or three days we talked of nothing but our siege and its probable consequences, and dinned into my father's unwilling ears a proposal to go to Edinburgh, or at least to Dumfries, where there is remarkably good society, until the resentment of these outlaws should blow over. He answered with great composure, that he had no mind to have his landlord's house and his own property at Woodbourne destroyed; that, with our good leave, he had usually been esteemed competent to taking measures for the safety or protection of his family—that if he remained quiet at home, he conceived the welcome the villains had received was not of a nature to invite a second visit, but should he show any signs of alarm, it would be the sure way to incur the very risk which we were afraid of. Heartened by his arguments, and by the extreme indifference with which he treated the supposed danger, we began to grow a little bolder, and to walk about as usual. Only the gentlemen were sometimes invited to take their guns when they attended us, and I observed that my father for several nights paid particular attention to having the house properly secured, and required his domestics to keep their arms in readiness in case of necessity.

“But three days ago chanced an occurrence, of a nature which alarmed me more by far than the attack of the smugglers.

“I told you there was a small lake at some distance from Woodbourne, where the gentlemen sometimes go to shoot wild-fowl. I happened at breakfast to say I should like to see this place in its present frozen state, occupied by skaters and curlers, as they call those who play a particular sort of game upon the ice. There is snow on the ground, but frozen so hard that I thought Lucy and I might venture to that distance, as the footpath leading there was well beaten by the repair of those who frequented it for pastime. Hazlewood instantly offered to attend us, and we stipulated that he should take his fowling-piece. He laughed a good deal at the idea of going a-shooting in the snow, but, to relieve our tremors, desired that a groom, who acts as game-keeper occasionally, should follow us with his gun. As for Colonel Mannering, he does not like crowds or sights of any kind where human figures make up the show, unless indeed it were a military review—so he declined the party.

“We set out unusually early, upon a fine frosty exhilarating morning, and we felt our minds, as well as our nerves, braced by the elasticity of the pure air. Our walk to the lake was delightful, or at least the difficulties were only such as diverted us, a slippery descent for instance, or a frozen ditch to cross, which made Hazlewood’s assistance absolutely necessary. I don’t think Lucy liked her walk the less for these occasional embarrassments.

“The scene upon the lake was beautiful. One side of it is bordered by a steep crag, from which hung a thousand enormous icicles all glittering in the sun; on the other side was a little wood, now exhibiting that fantastic appearance which the pine-trees present when their branches are loaded with snow. On the frozen bosom of the lake itself were a multitude of moving figures, some fitting along with the velocity of swallows, some sweeping in the most graceful circles, and others deeply interested in a less active pastime, crowding round the spot where the inhabitants of two rural parishes contended for the prize at curling—an honour of no small importance, if we were to judge from the anxiety expressed both by the players and bystanders. We walked round the little lake, supported by Hazlewood, who lent us each an arm. He spoke, poor fellow, with great kindness to old and young, and seemed deservedly popular among the assembled crowd. At length we thought of retiring.—

“Why do I mention these trivial occurrences?—not, heaven knows, from the interest I can now attach to them—but because, like a drowning man who catches at a brittle twig, I seize every apology for delaying the subsequent and dreadful part of my narrative. But it must be communicated—I must have the sympathy of at least one friend under this heart-rending calamity.—

“We were returning home by a foot-path, which led through a plantation of firs. Lucy had quitted Hazlewood’s arm—it is only the plea of absolute necessity which reconciles her to accept his assistance. I still leaned upon his other arm. Lucy followed us close, and the servant was two or three paces behind us. Such was our position, when at once, and as if he had started out of the earth, Brown stood before us at a short turn of the road! He was very plainly, I might say, coarsely dressed, and his whole appearance had in it something wild and agitated. I screamed between surprise and terror—Hazlewood mistook the nature of my alarm, and, when Brown advanced towards me as if to speak, commanded him haughtily to stand back, and not to alarm the lady. Brown replied, with equal asperity, he had no occasion to take lessons from him how to behave to that or any other lady. I rather believe that Hazlewood, impressed with the idea that he belonged to the band of smugglers, and had some bad purpose in view, heard and understood him imperfectly. He snatched the gun from the servant, who had come up on a line with us, and pointing the muzzle at Brown, commanded him to stand off at his peril. My screams, for my terror prevented my finding articulate language, only hastened the catastrophe. Brown, thus menaced, sprung upon Hazlewood, grappled with him, and had nearly succeeded in wrenching the fowling-piece from his grasp, when the gun went off in the struggle, and the contents were lodged in Hazlewood’s shoulder, who instantly fell. I saw no more, for the whole scene reeled before my eyes, and I fainted away; but, by Lucy’s report, the unhappy perpetrator of this action gazed a moment on the scene before him, until her screams began to alarm the people upon the lake, several of whom now came in sight. He then bounded over a hedge, which divided the foot-path from the plantation, and has not since been heard of. The servant made no attempt to stop or secure him, and the report he made of the matter to those who came up to us, induced them rather to exercise their humanity in recalling me to life, than shew their courage by pursuing a desperado, described by the groom as a man of tremendous personal strength, and completely armed.

“Hazlewood was conveyed home, that is to Woodbourne, in safety—I trust his wound will prove in no respect dangerous, though he suffers much. But to Brown the consequences must be most disastrous. He is already the object of my father’s resentment, and he has now incurred danger from the law of the country, as well as from the clamorous vengeance of the father of Hazlewood, who threatens to move heaven and earth against the author of his son’s wound. How will he be able to shroud himself from the vindictive activity of the pursuit? how to defend himself, if taken, against the severity of laws which I am told may even affect his life? and how can I find means to warn him of his danger? Then poor Lucy’s ill-concealed distress,

occasioned by her lover's wound, is another source of remorse to me, and every thing round me appears to bear witness against that indiscretion which has occasioned this calamity.

"For two days I was very ill indeed. The news that Hazlewood was recovering, and that the person who had shot him was no where to be traced, only that for certain he was one of the leaders of the gang of smugglers, gave me some comfort. The suspicion and pursuit being directed towards those people, must naturally facilitate Brown's escape, and, I trust, has ere this ensured it. But patrols of horse and foot traverse the country in all directions, and I am tortured by a thousand confused and unauthenticated rumours of arrests and discoveries.

"Meanwhile, my greatest source of comfort is the generous candour of Hazlewood, who persists in declaring, that with whatever intentions the person by whom he was wounded approached our party, he is convinced that the gun went off in the struggle by accident, and that the injury he received was undesigned. The groom, on the other hand, maintains that the piece was wrenched out of Hazlewood's hands, and deliberately pointed at his body, and Lucy inclines to the same opinion—I do not suspect them of intentional exaggeration, yet such is the fallacy of human testimony, for the unhappy shot was most unquestionably discharged unintentionally. Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to Hazlewood—but he is very young, and I feel the utmost repugnance to communicate to him my folly. I once thought of disclosing the mystery to Lucy, and began by asking what she recollected of the person and features of the man whom we had so unfortunately met—but she ran out into such a horrid description of a hedge-ruffian, that I was deprived of all courage and disposition to own my attachment to him. I must say Miss Bertram is strangely biassed by her prepossessions, for there are few handsomer men than poor Brown. I had not seen him for a long time, and even in his strange and sudden apparition on this unhappy occasion, and under every disadvantage, his form seems to me, on reflection, improved in grace, and his features in expressive dignity.—Shall we ever meet again? Who can answer that question?—Write to me kindly, my dearest Matilda—but when did you otherwise?—yet, again, write to me soon, and write to me kindly. I am not in a situation to profit by advice or reproof, nor have I my usual spirits to parry them by raillery. I feel the terrors of a child, who has, in heedless sport, put in motion some powerful piece of machinery; and, while he beholds wheels revolving, chains clashing, cylinders rolling around him, is equally astonished at the tremendous powers which his weak agency has called into action, and terrified for the consequences which he is compelled to await without the possibility of averting them.

"I must not omit to say that my father is very kind and affectionate. The alarm which I have received forms a sufficient apology

for my nervous complaints. My hopes are, that Brown has made his escape into the sister kingdom of England, or perhaps to Ireland, or the Isle of Man. In either case he may wait the issue of Hazlewood's wound with safety and with patience, for the communication of these countries with Scotland, for the purpose of justice, is not (thank Heaven) of an intimate nature. The consequences of his being apprehended would be terrible at this moment. I endeavour to strengthen my mind by arguing against the possibility of such a calamity. Alas! how soon have sorrows and fears, real as well as severe, followed the uniform and tranquil state of existence at which so lately I was disposed to repine! But I will not oppress you any longer with my complaints. Adieu, my dearest Matilda!

"JULIA MANNERING."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A man may see how this world goes with no eyes.—Look with thine ears: See how yon justice rails upon yon simple thief. Hark in thine ear.—Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—*King Lear*.

AMONG those who took the most lively interest in endeavouring to discover the person by whom young Charles Hazlewood had been way-laid and wounded, was Gilbert Glossin, Esquire, late writer in —, now Laird of Ellangowan, and one of the worshipful commission of justices of the peace for the county of —. His motives for exertion upon this occasion were manifold; but we presume that our readers, from what they already know of this gentleman, will acquit him of being actuated by any zealous or intemperate love of abstract justice.

The truth was, that this respectable gentleman felt himself less at ease than he had expected, when his machinations put him into possession of his benefactor's estate. His reflections within doors, where so much occurred to remind him of former times, were not always the self-congratulations of successful stratagem. And when he looked abroad, he could not but be sensible that he was excluded from the society of the gentry of the country, to whose rank he conceived he had raised himself. He was not admitted to their clubs, and at meetings of a public nature found himself thwarted and looked upon with coldness and contempt. Both principle and prejudice co-operated in creating this dislike; for the gentlemen of the country despised him for the lowness of his birth, while they hated him for the means by which he had raised his fortune. With the common people his reputation stood still worse. They would neither yield him the territorial appellation of Ellangowan, nor the usual compliment of *Mr Glossin*;—

with them he was bare Glossin, and so incredibly was his vanity interested by this trifling circumstance, that he was known to give half-a-crown to a beggar because he had thrice called him Ellangowan, in beseeching him for a penny. He therefore felt acutely the general want of respect, and particularly when he contrasted his own character and reception in society with that of Mr Mac-Morlan, who, in far inferior worldly circumstances, was beloved and respected both by rich and poor, and was slowly but securely laying the foundation of a moderate fortune, with the general good-will and esteem of all who knew him.

Glossin, while he repined internally at what he would fain have called the prejudices and prepossessions of the country, was too wise to make any open complaint. He was sensible his elevation was too recent to be immediately forgiven, and the means by which he had attained it too odious to be soon forgotten. But time, thought he, diminishes wonder and palliates misconduct. With the dexterity, therefore, of one who had made his fortune by studying the weak points of human nature, he determined to lie by for opportunities to make himself useful even to those who most disliked him; confiding that his own abilities, the disposition of country gentlemen to fall into quarrels when a lawyer's advice becomes precious, and a thousand other contingencies, of which, with patience and address, he doubted not to be able to avail himself, would soon place him in a more important and respectable light to his neighbours.

The attack upon Colonel Mannering's house, followed by the accident of Hazlewood's wound, appeared to Glossin a proper opportunity to impress upon the country at large the service which could be rendered by an active magistrate, (for he had been in the commission for some time) well acquainted with the law, and no less so with the haunts and habits of the illicit traders. He had acquired the latter kind of experience by a former close alliance with some of the most desperate smugglers, in consequence of which he had occasionally acted, sometimes as partner, sometimes as legal adviser, with these persons. But the connection had been dropped many years; nor, considering how short the race of eminent characters of this description, and the frequent circumstances which occur to make them retire from particular scenes of action, had he the least reason to think that his present researches could possibly compromise any old friend who might possess means of retaliation. The having been concerned in these practices abstractedly, was a circumstance which, according to his opinion, ought in no respect to interfere with his now using his experience in behalf of the public, or rather to further his own private views. To acquire the good opinion and countenance of Colonel Mannering would be no small object to a gentleman who was much disposed to escape from Coventry; and to gain the favour of old Hazlewood, who was a leading man in the country, was of more importance

still. Lastly, if he should succeed in discovering, apprehending, and convicting the culprits, he would have the satisfaction of mortifying, and in some degree disparaging, Mac-Morlan, to whom, as sheriff-substitute of the county, this sort of investigation properly belonged, and who would certainly suffer in public opinion, should the voluntary exertions of Glossin be more successful than his own.

Actuated by motives so stimulating, and well acquainted with the lower retainers of the law, Glossin set every spring in motion to detect and apprehend, if possible, some of the gang who had attacked Woodbourne, and more particularly the individual who had wounded Charles Hazlewood. He promised high rewards, he suggested various schemes, and used his personal interest among his old acquaintances who favoured the trade, urging that they had better make sacrifice of an understrapper or two than incur the odium of having favoured such atrocious proceedings. But for some time all these exertions were in vain. The common people of the country either favoured or feared the smugglers too much to afford any evidence against them. At length this busy magistrate obtained information, that a man, having the dress and appearance of the person who had wounded Hazlewood, had lodged on the evening before the rencontre at the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan. Thither Mr Glossin immediately went, for the purpose of interrogating our old acquaintance Mrs Mac-Candlish.

The reader may remember that Mr Glossin did not, according to this good woman's phrase, stand high in her books. She therefore attended his summons to the parlour slowly and reluctantly, and, on entering the room, paid her respects in the driest possible manner. The dialogue then proceeded as follows :

"A fine frosty morning, Mrs Mac-Candlish."

"Aye, sir; the morning's weel aneuch."

"Mrs Mac-Candlish, I wish to know if the justices are to dine here as usual after the business of the court on Tuesday?"

"I believe—I fancy sae, sir—as usual"—(about to leave the room.)

"Stay a moment, Mrs Mac-Candlish—why, you are in a prodigious hurry, my good friend—I have been thinking a club dining here once a month would be a very pleasant thing."

"Certainly, sir; a club of *respectable* gentlemen."

"True, true, I mean landed proprietors and gentlemen of weight in the country; and I should like to set such a thing agoing."

The short dry cough with which Mrs Mac-Candlish received this proposal, by no means indicated any dislike to the overture abstractedly considered, but only much doubt how far it would succeed under the auspices of the gentleman by whom it was proposed. It was not a cough negative, but a cough dubious, and as such Glossin felt it; but it was not his cue to take offence.

"Have there being brisk doings on the road, Mrs Mac-Candlish? plenty of company, I suppose?"

"Pretty weel, sir,—but I believe I am wanted at the bar."

"No, no,—stop one moment, cannot you, to oblige an old customer?—Pray do you remember a remarkably tall young man, who lodged one night in your house last week?"

"Troth, sir, I canna weel say—I never take heed whether my company be lang or short, if they make a lang bill."

"And if they do not, you can do that for them, eh, Mrs Mac-Candlish?—ha, ha, ha!—But this young man that I enquire after had a dark frock, with metal buttons, light-brown hair unpowdered, blue eyes, and a straight nose, travelled on foot, had no servant or baggage—you surely can remember having seen such a traveller?"

"Indeed, sir, I canna charge my memory about the matter—there's mair to do in a house like this, I trow, than to look after passengers' hair, or their e'en, or noses, either."

"Then, Mrs Mac-Candlish, I must tell you in plain terms, that this person is suspected of having been guilty of a crime, and it is in consequence of these suspicions that I, as a magistrate, require this information from you,—and if you refuse to answer my questions, I must put you upon your oath."

"Troth, sir, I am no free to swear—we aye gaed to the Antiburgher meeting—it's very true, in Baillie Mac-Candlish's time (honest man), we keptit the kirk, whilk was most seemly in his station, as having office—but after his being called to a better place than Kippletringan, I hae gaen back to worthy Maister Mac-Grainer. And so ye see, sir, I am no clear to swear without speaking to the minister—especially against ony sackless puir young thing that's ganging through the country stranger and freendless like."

"I shall relieve your scruples, perhaps, without troubling Mr Mac-Grainer, when I tell you that this fellow whom I enquire after is the man who shot your young friend Charles Hazlewood."

"Gudeness! wha could hae thought the like o' that o' him?—na, if it had been for debt, or e'en for a bit tuilzie wi' the gauger, the deil o' Nelly Mac-Candlish's tongue suld ever hae wranged him. But if he really shot young Hazlewood—But I canna think it, Mr Glossin; this will be some o' your skits now—I canna think it o' sae douce a lad;—na, na, this is just some o' your auld skits.—Ye'll be for having a horning or a caption after him?"

"I see you have no confidence in me, Mrs Mac-Candlish; but look at these declarations, signed by the persons who saw the crime committed, and judge yourself if the description of the ruffian be not that of your guest."

He put the papers into her hand, which she perused very carefully, often taking off her spectacles to cast her eyes up to Heaven, or per-

haps to wipe a tear from them, for young Hazlewood was an especial favourite with the good dame. "Aweel, aweel!" said she, when she had concluded her examination, "since it's e'en sae, I gie him up, the villain—But O, we are erring mortals!—I never saw a face I liked better, or a lad that was mair douce and canny—I thought he had been some gentleman under trouble—But I gie him up, the villain!—to shoot Charles Hazlewood—and before the young ladies, poor innocent things!—I gie him up."

"So you admit, then, that such a person lodged here the night before this vile business."

"Troth did he, sir, and a' the house were ta'en wi' him, he was such a frank pleasant young man. It was na for his spending I'm sure, for he just had a mutton-chop, and a mug of ale, and may be a glass or twa o' wine—and I asked him to drink tea wi' mysell, and did na put that into the bill; and he took nae supper, for he said he was defeat wi' travel a' the night afore—I dare say now it had been on some hellicat errand or other."

"Did you by any chance learn his name?"

"I wot weel did I—for he said it was likely that an auld woman, like a gypsy wife might be asking for him—Aye, aye! tell me your company, and I'll tell you wha ye are! O the villain!—Aweel, sir, when he gaed away in the morning he paid his bill very honestly, and gae something to the chamber-maid, nae doubt, for Grizy has naething frae me, bye twa pair o' new shoon ilka year, and may be a bit compliment at Hansel Monandy —." Here Glossin found it necessary to interfere, and bring the good woman back to the point.

"Ou than, he just said, if there comes such a person to enquire after Mr Brown, you will say I am gone to look at the skaters on Loch Creeran, as you call it, and I will be back here to dinner—But he never came back—though I expected him sae faithfully, that I gae a look to making the friar's chicken mysell, and to the crappit-heads too, and that's what I dinna do for ordinary, Mr Glossin—But little did I think what skating wark he was ganging about—to shoot Mr Charles, the innocent lamb!"

Mr Glossin, having, like a prudent examiner, suffered his witness to give vent to all her surprise and indignation, now began to enquire whether the suspected person had left any property or papers about the inn.

"Troth, he put a parcel—a sma' parcel under my charge, and he gave me some siller, and desired me to get him half-a-dozen ruffled sarks, and Peg Pasley's in hands wi' them e'en now—they may serve him to gang up the Lawn-market in, the scoundrel!" Mr Glossin then demanded to see the packet, but here mine hostess demurred.

"She didna ken—she wad not say but justice should take its course—but when a' thing was trusted to ane in her way, doubtless they

were responsible—but she suld cry in Deacon Bearcliff, and if Mr Glossin liked to tak an inventar o' the property, and gie her a receipt before the Deacon—or, what she wad like muckle better, an it could be sealed up and left in Deacon Bearcliff's hands, it wad mak her mind easy—She was for naething but justice on a' sides."

Mrs Mac-Candlish's natural sagacity and acquired suspicion being inflexible, Glossin sent for Deacon Bearcliff, to speak "anent the villain that had shot Mr Charles Hazlewood." The Deacon accordingly made his appearance, with his wig awry, owing to the hurry with which, at this summons of the Justice, he had exchanged it for the Kilmarnock-cap in which he usually attended his customers. Mrs Mac-Candlish then produced the parcel deposited with her by Brown, in which was found the gypsy's purse. Upon perceiving the value of the miscellaneous contents, Mrs Mac-Candlish internally congratulated herself upon the precautions she had taken before delivering them up to Glossin, while he, with an appearance of disinterested candour, was the first to propose they should be properly inventoried and deposited with Deacon Bearcliff, until they should be sent to the Crown office. "He did not," he observed, "like to be personally responsible for articles which seemed of considerable value, and had doubtless been acquired by the most nefarious practices."

He then examined the paper in which the purse had been wrapt up. It was the back of a letter addressed to V. Brown, Esquire, but the rest of the address was torn away. The landlady,—now as eager to throw light upon the criminal's escape as she had formerly been desirous of withholding it,—for the miscellaneous contents of the purse argued strongly to her mind that all was not right—Mrs Mac-Candlish, I say, now gave Glossin to understand, that her postillion and ostler had both seen the stranger upon the ice that day when young Hazlewood was wounded.

Our readers' old acquaintance, Jock Jabos, was first summoned, and admitted frankly, that he had seen and conversed upon the ice that morning with a stranger, who, he understood, had lodged at the Gordon-Arms the night before.

"What turn did your conversation take?" said Glossin.

"Turn?—ou, we turned nae gate at a', but just keepit straight forward upon the ice like."

"Well, but what did ye speak about?"

"Ou, he just asked questions like ony ither stranger."—

"But about what?"

"Ou, just about the folk that was playing at the curling, and about auld Jock Stevenson that was at the cock, and about the leddies, and sic like."

"What ladies? and what did he ask about them, Jock?"

"What leddies? ou it was Miss Jowlia Mannering and Miss Lucy

Bertram, that ye ken fu' weel yoursell, Mr Glossin—they were walking wi' the young Laird of Hazlewood upon the ice."

"And what did you tell him about them?"

"Tut, we just said that was Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, that should ance have had a great estate in the country—and that was Miss Jowlia Mannering, that was to be married to young Hazlewood—See as she was hinging on his arm—we just spoke about our country clashes like—he was a very frank man."

"Well, and what did he say in answer?"

"Ou, he just stared at the young leddies very keen like, and asked if it was for certain that the marriage was to be between Miss Mannering and young Hazlewood—and I answered him that it was for positive and absolute certain, as I had an undoubted right to say sae—for my third cousin, Jean Claverse, (she's a relation o' your ain, Mr Glossin, you wad ken Jean lang syne?) she's sib to the housekeeper at Woodbourne, and she's tauld me mair nor ance that there was naething mair likely."

"And what did the stranger say, when you told him all this?"

"Say? naething at a'—he just stared at them as they walked round the loch upon the ice, as if he could have eaten them, and he never took his e'e aff them or said another word, though there was the finest fun amang the curlers ever was seen—and he turned round and gaed aff the loch by the kirk stile through Woodbourne fir-plantings, and we saw nae mair o' him."

"Only think," said Mrs Mac-Candlish, "what a hard heart he maun hae had, to think o' hurting the poor young gentleman before the leddy he was to be married to!"

"O, Mrs Mac-Candlish," said Glossin, "there's been many cases such as that on the record—doubtless he was seeking revenge where it would be deepest and sweetest."

"God pity us!" said Deacon Bearcliff, "we're puir creatures when left to ourselfs!—aye, he forgot wha said, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it.'"

"Weel, aweel, sirs," said Jabos, whose hard-headed and uncultivated shrewdness seemed sometimes to start the game when others beat the bush—"Weel, weel, ye may be a' mista'en yet—I'll never believe that a man would lay a plan to shoot another wi' his ain gun. Lord help ye, I was the keeper's assistant down at the Isle mysell, and I'll uphad it, the biggest man in Scotland shouldna take a gun frae me or I had weized the slugs through him, though I'm but sic a little feckless body, fit for naething but the outside o' a saddle and the fore-end o' a poschay—na, na, nae living man wad venture on that. I'll wad my best buckskins, and they were new coft at Kirkeudbright fair, it's been a chance job after a'. But if ye hae naething mair to say to me, I am thinking I maun gang and see my beasts fed"—and he departed accordingly.

The ostler, who had accompanied him, gave evidence to the same purpose. He and Mrs Mac-Candlish were then re-interrogated, whether Brown had no arms with him on that unhappy morning. "None," they said, "but an ordinary bit cutlass or hanger by his side."

"Now," said the Deacon, taking Glossin by the button, for, in considering this intricate subject, he had forgot Glossin's new accession of rank)—"this is but doubtfu' after a', Maister Gilbert—for it was not sae dooms likely that he would go down into battle wi' sic sma' means."

Glossin extricated himself from the Deacon's grasp, and from the discussion, though not with rudeness; for it was his present interest to buy golden opinions from all sorts of people. He enquired the price of tea and sugar, and spoke of providing himself for the year; he gave Mrs Mac-Candlish directions to have a handsome entertainment in readiness for a party of five friends, whom he intended to invite to dine with him at the Gordon-Arms next Saturday week; and, lastly, he gave a half-crown to Jock Jabos, whom the ostler had deputed to hold his steed.

"Weel," said the Deacon to Mrs Mac-Candlish, as he accepted her offer of a glass of bitters at the bar, "the deil's no sae ill as he's ca'd. It's pleasant to see a gentleman pay the regard to the business o' the county that Mr Glossin does."

"Aye, 'deed is't, Deacon," answered the landlady; "and yet I wonder our gentry leave their ain wark to the like o' him.—But as lang as siller's current, Deacon, folk manna look ower nicely at what king's head's on't."

"I doubt Glossin will prove but *shand* after a', mistress," said Jabos, as he passed through the little lobby beside the bar; "but this is a gude half-crown ony way."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A man that apprehends death to be no more dreadful but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.—*Measure for Measure*.

GLOSSIN had made careful minutes of the information derived from these examinations. They threw little light upon the story, so far as he understood its purport; but the better informed reader has received, through means of this investigation, an account of Brown's proceedings, between the moment when we left him upon his walk to Kippletringan, and the time when stung by jealousy, he so rashly and unhappily presented himself before Julia Mannering, and well nigh

brought to a fatal termination the quarrel which his appearance occasioned.

Glossin rode slowly back to Ellangowan, pondering on what he had heard, and more and more convinced that the active and successful prosecution of this mysterious business was an opportunity of ingratiating himself with Hazlewood and Mannering, to be on no account neglected. Perhaps, also, he felt his professional acuteness interested in bringing it to a successful close. It was, therefore, with great pleasure that on his return to his house from Kippletringan, he heard his servants announce hastily, "that Mac-Guffog, the thief-taker, and twa or three con-currents, had a man in hands in the kitchen waiting for his honour."

He instantly jumped from horseback, and hasted into the house. "Send my clerk here directly, ye'll find him copying the survey of the estate in the little green parlour. Set things to rights in my study, and wheel the great leather chair up to the writing-table—set a stool for Mr Scrow.—Scrow, (to the clerk, as he entered the presence-chamber,) hand down Sir George Mackenzie on Crimes; open it at the section *Vis Publica et Privata*, and fold down a leaf at the passage 'anent the bearing of unlawful weapons.' Now lend me a hand off with my muckle coat, and hang it up in the lobby, and bid them bring up the prisoner—I trow I will sort him—but stay, first send up Mac-Guffog.—Now, Mac-Guffog, where did ye find this chield?"

Mac-Guffog, a stout bandy-legged fellow, with a neck like a bull, a face like a fire-brand, and a most portentous squint of the left eye, began, after various contortions by way of courtesy to the Justice, to tell his story, ekeing it out by sundry sly nods and knowing winks, which appeared to bespeak an intimate correspondence of ideas between the narrator and his principal auditor. "Your honour sees I went down to yon place that your honour spoke of, that's kept by her that your honour kens of, by the sea side.—So says she, what are you wanting here? ye'll be come wi' a broom in your pocket frae Ellangowan?—So says I, deel a broom will come frae there awa', for ye ken, says I, his honour Ellangowan himsell in former times—"

"Well, well, no occasion to be particular, tell the essentials."

"Weel, so we sat niffering about some brandy that I said I wanted, till he came in."

"Who?"

"He!" pointing with his thumb inverted to the kitchen, where the prisoner was in custody. "So he had his griego wrapped close round him, and I judged he was not dry-handed—so I thought it was best to speak proper, and so he believed I was a Manks man, and I kept aye between him and her, for fear she had whistled. And then we began to drink about, and then I betted he would not drink out a quartern of Hollands without drawing breath—and then he tried it—and just

then Slounging Jock and Dick Spur'em came in, and we clinked the darbies on him, took him quiet as a lamb—and now he's had his bit sleep out, and is as fresh as a May gowan, to answer what your honour likes to speer." This narrative, delivered with a wonderful quantity of gesture and grimace, received at the conclusion, the thanks and praises which the narrator expected.

"Had he no arms?" asked the Justice.

"Aye, aye, they are never without barkers and slashers."

"Any papers?"

"This bundle," delivering a dirty pocket-book.

"Go down stairs, then, Mac-Guffog, and be in waiting." The officer left the room.

The clink of irons was immediately afterwards heard upon the stair, and in two or three minutes a man was introduced, hand-cuffed and fettered. He was thick, brawny, and muscular, and although his shagged and grizzled hair marked an age somewhat advanced, and his stature was rather low, he appeared, nevertheless, a person whom few would have chosen to cope with in personal conflict. His coarse and savage features were still flushed, and his eye still reeled under the influence of the strong potation which had proved the immediate cause of his seizure. But the sleep, though short, which Mac-Guffog had allowed him, and still more a sense of the peril of his situation, had restored to him the full use of his faculties. The worthy judge, and the no less estimable captive, looked at each other steadily for a long time without speaking. Glossin apparently recognised his prisoner, but seemed at a loss how to proceed with his investigation. At length he broke silence. "Soh, Captain—this is you!—you have been a stranger on this coast for some years."

"Stranger?" replied the other; "strange enough, I think—for hold me der deyvil, if I been ever here before."

"That won't pass, Mr Captain."

"That must pass, Mr Justice—sapperment!"

"And who will you be pleased to call yourself, then, for the present," said Glossin, "just until I shall bring some other folks to refresh your memory, concerning who you are, or at least who you have been?"

"What bin I?—donner and blitzen! I bin Jans Janson, from Cuxhaven—what sall Ich bin?"

Glossin took from a case which was in the apartment, a pair of small pocket pistols, which he loaded with ostentatious care. "You may retire," said he to his clerk, "and carry the people with you, Scrow—but wait in the lobby within call."

The clerk would have offered some remonstrances to his patron on the danger of remaining alone with such a desperate character, although iron'd beyond the possibility of active exertion, but Glossin waved him off impatiently. When he had left the room, the Justice took two short

turns through the apartment, then drew his chair opposite to the prisoner, so as to confront him fully, placed the pistols before him in readiness, and said in a steady voice, "You are Dirk Hatteraick of Flushing, are you not?"

The prisoner turned his eye instinctively to the door, as if he apprehended some one was listening. Glossin rose, opened the door, so that from the chair in which his prisoner sate he might satisfy himself there was no eye's-dropper within hearing, then shut it, resumed his seat, and repeated his question. "You are Dirk Hatteraick, formerly of the Yungfrau Haagenslaapen, are you not?"

"Tousand deyvils!—and if you know that, why ask me?"

"Because I am surprised to see you in the very last place where you ought to be, if you regard your safety."

"Der deyvil!—no man regards his own safety that speak so to me!"

"What? unarmed, and in irons!—well said, Captain! But, Captain, bullying won't do—you'll hardly get out of this country without accounting for a little accident that happened at Warroch Point a few years ago."

Hatteraick's looks grew black as midnight.

"For my part," continued Glossin, "I have no particular wish to be hard upon an old acquaintance—but I must do my duty—I shall send you off to Edinburgh in a post-chaise and four this very day."

"Poz donner! you would not do that—why you had the matter of half a cargo, in bills on Vanbeest and Vanbruggen."

"It is so long since, Captain Hatteraick, that I really forget how I was recompensed for my trouble."

"Your trouble?—your silence, you mean."

"It was an affair in the course of business—and I have retired from business for some time."

"Aye, but I have a notion that I could make you go steady about, and try the old course again. Why, man, hold me der deyvil, but I meant to visit you, and tell you something that concerns you."

"Of the boy?" said Glossin eagerly.

"Yaw, Mynheer."

"He does not live, does he?"

"As lifelich as you or I."

"Good God!—But in India?"

"No, tousand deyvils, here! on this dirty coast of yours."

"But, Hatteraick, this,—that is if it be true, which I do not believe,—this will ruin us both, for he cannot but remember your neat job; and for me—it will be productive of the worst consequences! It will ruin us both, I tell you."

"I tell you it will ruin none but you—for I am done up already; and if I must strap for it, all shall out."

"Zounds, what brought you back to this coast like a madman?"

"Why, all the gelt was gone, and the house was shaking, and I thought the job was clayed over."

"Stay, what can be done?—I dare not discharge you—but might you not be rescued in the way—aye sure—a word to Lieutenant Brown,—and I would send the people with you by the coast-road."

"No, no! that wont do—Brown's dead—shot—laid in the locker, man—the devil has the picking of him."

"Dead?—shot?—at Woodbourne, I suppose?"

"Yaw, Mynheer."

Glossin paused—the sweat broke upon his brow with the agony of his feelings, while the hard-featured miscreant who sat opposite, coolly rolled his tobacco in his cheek, and squirted the juice into the fire-grate. "It would be ruin," said Glossin to himself, "absolute ruin, if the heir should re-appear—and then what might be the consequence of conniving with these men?—yet there is so little time to take measures—Hark you, Hatteraick; I can't set you at liberty, but I can put you where you may set yourself at liberty—I always like to assist an old friend. I shall confine you in the old castle for to-night, and give these people double allowance of grog. Mac-Guffog will fall in the trap in which he caught you. The stancheons on the window of the strong room, as they call it, are wasted to pieces, and it is not above twelve feet from the level of the ground without, and the snow lies thick."

"But the darbies," said Hatteraick, looking upon his fetters.

"Hark ye," said Glossin, going to a tool chest, and taking out a small file; "there's a friend for you, and you know the road to the sea by the stairs." Hatteraick shook his chains in exstasy, as if he were already at liberty, and strove to extend his fettered hand towards his protector. Glossin laid his finger upon his lips with a cautious glance at the door, and then proceeded in his instructions. "When you escape, you had better go to the Kaim of Derncleugh."

"Donner! that howff is blown."

"The devil!—well then, you may steal my skiff that lies on the beach there, and away. But you must remain snug at the Point of Warroch till I come to see you."

"The point of Warroch?" said Hatteraick, his countenance again falling, "What, in the cave I suppose?—I would rather it were anywhere else;—es spuckt da!—they say for certain that he walks—But, donner and blitzen! I never shunned him alive, and I won't shun him dead—Strafe mich helle! it shall never be said Dirk Hatteraick feared either dog or devil!—So I am to wait there till I see you?"

"Aye, aye," answered Glossin; "and now I must call in the men."

"I can make nothing of Captain Janson, as he calls himself, Mac-Guffog, and it's now too late to bundle him off to the county jail. Is there not a strong room up yonder in the old castle?"

"Aye is there, sir; my uncle, the constable, ance kept a man there

for three days in auld Ellangowan's time. But there was an unco dust about it—it was tried in the inner house afore the fifteen."

"I know all that, but this person will not stay there very long—it's only a makeshift for a night. There is a small room through which it opens, you may light a fire for yourselves there, and I'll send you plenty of stuff to make you comfortable. But be sure you lock the door upon the prisoner; and, hark ye, let him have a fire in the strong room too, the season requires it. Perhaps he'll make a clean breast to-morrow."

With these instructions, and with a large allowance of food and liquor, the Justice dismissed his party to keep guard for the night in the old castle, under the full hope and belief that they would neither spend the night in watching nor prayer.

There was little fear that Glossin himself should that night sleep oversound. His situation was perilous in the extreme, for the schemes of a life of villainy seemed at once to be crumbling around and above him. He laid himself to rest, and tossed upon his pillow for a long time in vain. At length he fell asleep, but it was only to dream of his patron,—now, as he had last seen him, with the paleness of death upon his features, then again transformed into all the vigour and comeliness of youth, approaching to expel him from the mansion-house of his fathers. Then he dreamed, that after wandering long over a wild heath, he came at length to an inn, from which sounded the voice of revelry, and that when he entered, the first person he met was Frank Kennedy, all smashed and gory, as he had lain on the beach at Warroch Point, but with a reeking punch-bowl in his hand. Then the scene changed to a dungeon, where he heard Dirk Hatteraick, whom he imagined to be under sentence of death, confessing his crimes to a clergyman.—“After the bloody deed was done,” said the penitent, “we retreated into a cave close beside, the secret of which was known but to one man in the country; we were debating what to do with the child, and we thought of giving it up to the gypsies, when we heard the cries of the pursuers halooing to each other. One man alone came straight to our cave, and it was that man who knew the secret—but we made him our friend at the expence of half the value of the goods saved. By his advice we carried off the child to Holland in our consort, which came the following night to take us from the coast. That man was”——

“No, I deny it!—It was not I,” said Glossin: and, struggling in his agony to express his denial more distinctly, he awoke.

It was, however, conscience, that had prepared this mental phantasmagoria. The truth was, that knowing much better than any other person the haunts of the smugglers, he had, while the others were searching in different directions, gone straight to the cave, even before he had learned the murder of Kennedy, whom he expected to find

their prisoner. He came upon them with some idea of mediation, but found them in the midst of their guilty terrors, while the rage, which had hurried them on to murder, began, with all but Hatteraick, to sink into remorse and fear. Glossin was then indigent and greatly in debt, but he was already possessed of Mr Bertram's ear, and aware of the facility of his disposition, he saw no difficulty in enriching himself at his expence, provided the heir-male were removed, in which case the estate became the unlimited property of the weak and prodigal father. Stimulated by present gain and the prospect of contingent advantage, he accepted the bribe which the smugglers offered in their terror, and connived at, or rather encouraged, their intention of carrying away the child of his benefactor, who, if left behind, was old enough to have described the scene of blood which he had witnessed. The only palliative that the ingenuity of Glossin could offer to his conscience was, that the temptation was great, and came suddenly upon him, embracing as it were the very advantages upon which his mind had so long rested, and promising to relieve him from distresses which must have otherwise speedily overwhelmed him. Besides, he endeavoured to think that self-preservation rendered his conduct necessary. He was, in some degree, in the power of the robbers, and pleaded hard with his conscience, that, had he declined their offers, the assistance which he could have called for, though not distant, might not have arrived in time to save him from men, who, on less provocation, had just committed murder.

Galled with the anxious forebodings of a guilty conscience, Glossin now arose, and looked out upon the night. The scene, which we have already described in the beginning of our first volume, was now covered with snow, and the brilliant, though waste, whiteness of the land, gave to the sea by contrast a dark and livid tinge. A landscape covered with snow, though abstractedly it may be called beautiful, has, both from the association of cold and barrenness, and from its comparative infrequency, a wild, strange, and desolate appearance. Objects, well known to us in their common state, have either disappeared, or are so strangely varied and disguised, that we seem gazing on an unknown world. But it was not with such reflections, that the mind of this bad man was occupied. His eye was upon the gigantic and gloomy outlines of the old castle, where, in a flanking tower of enormous size and thickness, glimmered two lights, one from the window of the strong room, where Hatteraick was confined, the other from that of the adjacent apartment occupied by his keepers. "Has he made his escape, or will he be able to do so?—Have these men watched who never watched before, in order to complete my ruin?—If morning finds him there, he must be committed to prison; Mac-Morlan or some other person will take the matter up—he will be detected—convicted—and will tell all in revenge!"——

While these racking thoughts glided rapidly through Glossin's mind, he observed one of the lights obscured, as by an opaque body placed at the window. What a moment of interest!—"He has got clear of his irons!—he is working at the stanchions of the window—they are surely quite decayed, they must give way—O God! they have fallen outward, I heard them clink among the stones!—the noise cannot fail to wake them—furies seize his Dutch awkwardness!—The light burns free again—they have torn him from the window, and are binding him in the room!—No! he had only retired an instant on the alarm of the falling bars—he is at the window again—the light is quite obscured now—he is getting out!"——

A heavy sound, as of a body dropped from a height among the snow, announced that Hatteraick had completed his escape, and shortly after Glossin beheld a dark figure, like a shadow, steal along the whitened beach, and reach the spot where the skiff lay. New cause for fear! "His single strength will be unable to float her," said Glossin to himself; "I must go to the rascal's assistance.—But no! he has got her off, and now, thank God, her sail is spreading itself against the moon—aye, he has got the breeze now—would to heaven it were a tempest to sink him to the bottom!"—After this last cordial wish, he continued watching the progress of the boat as it stood away towards the Point of Warroch, until he could no longer distinguish the dusky sail from the gloomy waves over which it glided. Satisfied then that the immediate danger was averted, he retired with somewhat more composure to his guilty pillow.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallowed and blood-stain'd hole?

Titus Andronicus.

ON the next morning, great was the alarm and confusion of the officers, when they discovered the escape of their prisoner. Mac-Guffog appeared before Glossin with a head perturbed with brandy and fear, and incurred a most severe reprimand for neglect of duty. The resentment of the Justice appeared only to be suspended by his anxiety to recover possession of the prisoner, and the thief-takers, glad to escape from his awful and incensed presence, were sent off in every direction (except the right one) to recover their prisoner, if possible. Glossin particularly recommended a careful search at the Kaim of Derncleugh, which was occasionally occupied under night by vagrants of different descriptions. Having thus dispersed his myrmidons in various directions, he himself hastened by devious paths through the Wood of Warroch, to

his appointed interview with Hatteraick, from whom he hoped to learn, at more leisure than last night's conference admitted, the circumstances attending the return of the heir of Ellangowan to his native country.

With manœuvres like those of a fox when he doubles to avoid the pack, Glossin strove to approach the place of appointment in a manner which should leave no distinct track of his course. "Would to Heaven it would snow," said he, looking upward, "and hide these foot-prints. Should one of the officers light upon them, he would run the scent up like a blood hound, and surprise us.—I must get down upon the sea-beach, and contrive to creep along beneath the rocks."

And, accordingly, he descended from the cliffs with some difficulty, and scrambled along between the rocks and the advancing tide, now looking up to see if his motions were watched from the rocks above him; now casting a jealous glance to mark if any boat appeared upon the sea, from which his course might be discovered.

But even the feelings of selfish apprehension were for a time superseded, as Glossin passed the spot where Kennedy's body had been found. It was marked by the fragment of rock which had been precipitated from the cliff above, either with the body or after it. The mass was now encrusted with small shell-fish, and tassel'd with tangle and sea-weed; but still its shape and substance were different from those of the other rocks which lay scattered around. His voluntary walks, it will readily be believed, had never led to this spot; so that finding himself now there for the first time after the terrible catastrophe, the scene at once recurred to his mind with all its accompaniments of horror. He remembered how, like a guilty thing, gliding from the neighbouring place of concealment, he had mingled with eagerness, yet with caution, among the terrified group who surrounded the corpse, dreading lest any one should ask from whence he came. He remembered, too, with what conscious fear he had avoided gazing upon that ghastly spectacle. The wild scream of his patron, "My bairn! my bairn!" again rang in his ears. "Good God!" he exclaimed, and is all I have gained worth the agony of that moment, and the thousand anxious fears and horrors which have since embittered my life!—O how I wish that I lay where that wretched man lies, and that he stood here in life and health!—But these regrets are all too late."

Stifling, therefore, his feelings, he crept forward to the cave, which was so near the spot where the body was found, that the smugglers might have heard from their hiding place the various conjectures of the bye-standers concerning the fate of their victim. But nothing could be more completely concealed than the entrance to their asylum. The opening, not larger than that of a fox-earth, lay in the face of the cliff directly behind a large black rock, or rather upright stone, which served at once to conceal it from strangers, and as a mark to point out its situation to those who used it as a place of retreat. The

space between the stone and the cliff was exceedingly narrow, and being heaped with sand and other rubbish, the most minute search would not have discovered the mouth of the cavern, without removing those substances which the tide had heaped before it. For the purpose of farther concealment, it was usual with the contraband traders who used this haunt, after they had entered, to stuff the mouth with withered seaweed, loosely piled together as if drifted there by the waves. Dirk Hatteraick had not forgotten this precaution.

Glossin, though a bold and hardy man, felt his heart throb, and his knees knock together, when he prepared to enter this den of secret iniquity, in order to hold conference with a felon, whom he justly accounted one of the most desperate and depraved of men. "But he has no interest to injure me," was his consolatory reflection. He examined his pocket-pistols, however, before removing the weeds and entering the cavern, which he did upon hands and knees. The passage, which at first was low and narrow, just admitting entrance to a man in a creeping posture, expanded after a few yards into a high arched vault of considerable width. The bottom, ascending gradually, was covered with the purest sand. Ere Glossin had got upon his feet, the hoarse yet suppressed voice of Hatteraick growled through the recesses of the cave.

"Hagel and donner!—be'st du?"

"Are you in the dark?"

"Dark? der deyvil! aye; where should I have a glim?"

"I have brought light;" and Glossin accordingly produced a tinder-box, and lighted a small lanthorn.

"You must kindle some fire too, for hold mich der deyvil, Ich bin ganz geforne!"——

"It is a cold place to be sure," said Glossin, gathering together some decayed staves of barrels and pieces of wood, which had perhaps lain in the cavern since Dirk Hatteraick was there last.

"Cold? Snow-wasser and hagel! it's perdition—I could only keep myself alive by rambling up and down this d—d vault, and thinking about the merry rouses we have had in it."

The flame now began to blaze sprightly, and Hatteraick hung his bronzed visage, and expanded his hard and sinewy hands over it, with an avidity resembling that of famine to which food is exposed. The light shewed his savage and stern features, and the smoke, which in his agony of cold he seemed to endure almost to suffocation, after circling round his head, rose to the dim and rugged roof of the cave, through which it escaped by some secret rents or clefts in the rock; the same doubtless that afforded air to the cavern when the tide was in, at which time the aperture to the sea was filled with water.

"And now I have brought you some breakfast," said Glossin, producing some cold meat and a flask of spirits. The latter Hatteraick

eagerly seized upon, and applied to his mouth; and, after a hearty draught, he exclaimed with great rapture, "Das schmeckt!—That is good—that warms the liver!"—Then broke into the fragment of a High-Dutch song,

"Saufen bier, und brante-wein,
Schmeissen alle die fenstern ein;
Ich ben liederlich,
Du bist liederlich,
Sind wir nicht liederlich leute a."

"Well said, my hearty Captain!" cried Glossin, endeavouring to catch the tone of revelry,—

"Gin by pailfuls, wine in rivers,
Dash the window-glass to shivers!
For three wild lads were we, brave boys,
And three wild lads were we;
Thou on the land, and I on the sand,
And Jack on the gallows-tree!"

"That's it, my bully-boy! Why, you're alive again now!—And now let us talk about our business."

"Your business, if you please," said Hatteraick; "hagel and donner!—mine was done when I got out of the bilboes."

"Have patience, my good friend:—I'll convince you our interests are just the same."

Hatteraick gave a short dry cough, and Glossin after a pause proceeded.

"How came you to let the boy escape?"

"Why, fluch and blitzen! he was no charge of mine. Lieutenant Brown gave him to his cousin that's in the Middleburgh house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and told him some goose's gazette about his being taken in a skirmish with the land-sharks—he gave him for a foot-boy. Me let him escape?—the bastard kinchin should have walked the plank ere I troubled myself about him."

"Well, and was he bred a foot-boy then?"

"Nein, nein; the kinchin got about the old man's heart, and he gave him his own name, and bred him up in the office, and then sent him to India—I believe he would have packed him back here, but his nephew told him it would do up the free trade for many a day, if the youngster got back to Scotland."

"Do you think he knows much of his own origin, now?"

"Deyvil! how should I tell what he knows now? But he remembered something of it long. When he was but ten years old, he persuaded another Satan's limb of an English bastard like himself to steal my lugger's khan—boat—what do you call it—to return to his country, as he called it—fire him! Before we could overtake them, they had the skiff out of channel as far as the Deurloo—the boat might have been lost."

"I wish to Heaven she had—with him in her!"

"Why, I was so angry myself, that, sapperment! I did give him a tip over the side—but split him—the comical little devil swam like a duck; so I made him swim astern for a mile to teach him manners, and then took him in when he was sinking.—By the knocking Nicholas! he'll plague you, now he's come over the herring-pond! When he was so high, he had the spirit of thunder and lightening."

"How did he get back from India?"

"Why, how should I know?—The house there was done up, and that gave us a shake at Middleburgh, I think—so they sent me again to see what could be done among my old acquaintances here—for we held old stories were done away and forgotten. So I had got a pretty trade on foot within the last two trips; but that stupid houndsfoot schelm, Brown, has knocked it on the head again, I suppose, with getting himself shot by the colonel-man."

"Why were you not with them?"

"Why, you see, sapperment! I fear nothing—but it was too far within land, and I might have been scented."

"True. But to return to this youngster"——

"Aye, aye, donner and blitzen! *he's* your affair."

"—How do you really know that he is in this country?"

"Why, Gabriel saw him up among the hills."

"Gabriel? who is he?"

"A fellow from the gypsies, that, about eighteen years since, was pressed on board that d—d fellow Pritchard's sloop of war—It was he came off and gave us warning that the Shark was coming round upon us the day Kennedy was done; and he told us how Kennedy had given the information. The gypsies and Kennedy had some quarrel besides. He went to the East Indies in the same ship with your youngster, and, sapperment! knew him well, though the other did not remember him. Gab. kept out of his eye though, as he had served the States against England, and was a deserter to boot; and he sent us word directly, that we might know of his being here—though it does not concern us a rope's end."

"So he really is in this country then, Hatteraick, between friend and friend?"

"Wetter and donner, yaw! What do you take me for?"

"A blood-thirsty, fearless miscreant!" thought Glossin internally, but said aloud, "And which of your people was it that shot young Hazlewood?"

"Sturm-wetter! do you think we were mad?—none of *us*, man—Gott! the country was too hot for the trade already with that d—d frolic of Brown."

"Why, I am told it was Brown shot Hazlewood?"

"Not our lieutenant, I promise you; for he was laid six feet deep

at Derncleugh the day before the thing happened.—Tausend deyvils, man! do you think that he could rise out of the earth to shoot another man?"

A light here began to break upon Glossin's confusion of ideas. "Did you not say that the younker, as you call him, goes by the name of Brown?"

"Of Brown? yaw—Vanbeest Brown; old Vanbeest Brown of our Vanbeest and Vanbruggen gave him his own name—he did."

"Then," said Glossin, rubbing his hands, "it is he, by Heaven, who has committed this crime!"

"And what have we to do with that?" answered Hatteraick.

Glossin paused, and, fertile in expedients, hastily ran over his project in his own mind, and then drew near the smuggler with a confidential air. "You know, my dear Hatteraick, it is our principal business to get rid of this young man?"

"Umh!" answered Dirk Hatteraick.

"Not," continued Glossin—"not that I would wish any personal harm to him—if—if—we can do without. Now, he is liable to be seized upon by justice, both as bearing the same name with your lieutenant, who was engaged in that affair at Woodbourne, and for firing at young Hazlewood with intent to kill or wound."

"Aye, aye—but what good will that do you? He'll be loose again so soon as he shews himself to carry other colours."

"True, my dear Dirk; well noticed, my friend Hatteraick! But there is ground enough for a temporary imprisonment till he fetch his proofs from England or elsewhere, my good friend. I understand the law, Captain Hatteraick, and I'll take it upon me, simple Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, justice of peace for the county of ———, to refuse his bail, if he should offer the best in the country, until he is brought up for a second examination—Now where d'ye think I'll incarcerate him?"

"Hagel and wetter! what do I care?"

"Stay, my friend—you do care a great deal. Do you know your goods, that were seized and carried to Woodbourne, are now lying in the custom-house at Portanferry? (a small fishing town)—Now I will commit this younker"—

"When you have caught him?"

"Aye, aye, when I have caught him; I shall not be long about that—I will commit him to the Workhouse, or Bridewell, which you know is beside the Custom-house."

"Yaw, the Rasp-house; I know it very well."

"I will take care that the red-coats are dispersed through the country; you land at night with the crew of your lugger, receive your own goods, and carry the younker Brown with you back to Flushing. Won't that do?"

"Aye, or—to America?"

"Aye, aye, my friend."

"Or—to Jericho?"

"Pshaw! Wherever you have a mind."

"Aye, or—pitch him overboard?"

"Nay, I advise no violence."

"Nein, nein—you leave that to me. Sturm-wetter! I know you of old. But, hark ye, what am I, Dirk Hatteraick, to be the better of this?"

"Why, is it not your interest as well as mine?—Besides, I set you free this morning."

"You set me free!—Donner and deyvil! I set myself free. Besides it was all in the way of your profession, and happened a long time ago, ha, ha, ha!"

"Pshaw! pshaw! don't let us jest; I am not against making a handsome compliment—but it's your affair as well as mine."

"What do you talk of *my* affair? Is it not you that keep the younker's whole estate from him? Dirk Hatteraick never touched a stiver of his rents."

"Hush—hush—I tell you it shall be a joint business."

"Why, will ye give me half the kitt?"

"What, half the estate?—d'ye mean we should set up house together at Ellangowan, and take the barony, ridge about?"

"Sturm-wetter, no! but you might give me half the value—half the gelt. Live with you? nein—I would have a lust-haus of mine own on the Middleburgh dyke, and a blumen-garten like a burgo-master's."

"Aye, and a wooden lion at the door, and a painted sentinel in the garden, with a pipe in his mouth!—But hark ye, Hatteraick; what will all the tulips, and flower gardens, and pleasure-houses in the Netherlands do for you, if you are hanged here in Scotland?"

Hatteraick's countenance fell. "Der deyvil, hanged?"

"Aye, hanged! mein heer Captain.—The devil can scarce save Dirk Hatteraick from being hanged for a murderer and kidnapper, if the younker of Ellangowan should settle in this country, and if the gallant Captain chances to be caught here re-establishing his fair trade! And I won't say, but as peace is now so much talked of, their High Mightinesses may not hand him over to oblige their new allies, even if he remained in fader-land."

"Poz hagel blitzen and donner! I—I doubt you say true."

"Not," said Glossin, perceiving he had made the desired impression, "not that I am against being civil," and he slid into Hatteraick's passive hand a bank-note of some value.

"Is this all?" said the smuggler; "you had the price of half a cargo for winking at our job, and made us do your business too."

"But, my good friend, you forget—in this case you will recover all your own goods."

"Aye, at the risk of our own necks—we could do that without you."

"I doubt that, Captain Hatteraick; because you would probably find a dozen red-coats at the custom-house. Come, come, I will be as liberal as I can, but you should have a conscience."

"Now strafe mich der deylfel!—this provokes me more than all the rest!—You rob and you murder, and you want me to rob and murder, and play the silver-cooper, or kidnapper, as you call it, a dozen times over, and then, hagel and wind-sturm! you speak to me of conscience!—Can you think of no fairer way of getting rid of this unlucky lad?"

"No, mein heer; but as I commit him to your charge"——

"To *my* charge—to the charge of steel and gunpowder! and—well, if it must be, it must—but you have a good guess what's like to come of it."

"O, my dear friend, I trust no degree of severity will be necessary."

"Severity!" said the fellow, with a kind of groan; "I wish you had had my dreams when I first came to this dog-hole, and tried to sleep among the dry sea-weed.—First there was that d—d fellow there with his broken back, sprawling as he did when I hur'd the rock over a-top on un—ha, ha! you would have sworn he was lying on the floor where you stand, wriggling like a crushed frog;—and then"——

"Nay, my friend, what signifies going over this nonsense?—If you are turned chicken-hearted, why the game's up, that's all—the game's up with us both."

"Chicken-hearted?—No. I have not lived so long upon the account to start at last, neither for deyvyl nor Dutchman."

"Well, then, take another schnaps—the cold's at your heart still.—And now tell me, are any of your old crew with you?"

"Nein—all dead, hanged, drowned and damned. Brown was the last—all dead but Gypsy Gab., and he would go off the country for a spill of money—or he'll be quiet for his own sake—or old Meg, his aunt, will keep him quiet for her's."

"Which Meg?"

"Meg Merrilies, the old devil's limb of a gypsy witch."

"Is she still alive?"

"Yaw."

"And in this country?"

"And in this country. She was at the Kaim of Derncleugh, at Vanbeest Brown's last wake, as they call it, the other night, with two of my people, and some of her own blasted gypsies."

"That's another breaker a-head, Captain! Will she not squeak, think ye?"

"Not she—she won't start—she swore by the salmon, if we did the kinchin no harm, she would never tell how the gauger got it. Why, man, though I gave her a wipe with my hanger in the heat of the matter, and cut her arm, and though she was so long after in trouble about it up at your borough-town there, der deyvil! old Meg was true as steel."

"Why, that's true as you say. And yet if she could be carried over to Zealand, or Hamburg, or—or——any where else, you know,—it were as well."

Hatteraick jumped upright upon his feet, and looked at Glossin from head to heel.—"I don't see the goat's foot," he said, "and yet he must be the very deyvil!—But Meg Merrilies is closer yet with the Kobold than you are—aye, and I had never such weather as after having drawn her blood.—Nein, nein—I'll meddle with her no more—she's a witch of the fiend—a real deyvil's kind—but that's her affair. Donner and wetter! I'll neither make nor meddle—that's her work.—But for the rest—why, if I thought the trade would not suffer, I would soon rid you of the younker, if you send me word when he's under embargo."

In brief and under tones the two worthy associates concerted their enterprize, and agreed at which of his haunts Hatteraick should be heard of. The stay of his lugger on the coast was not difficult, as there were no king's vessels there at the time.

CHAPTER XXXV.

You are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bids you—Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians.—*O!hello.*

WHEN Glossin returned home, he found among other letters and papers sent to him, one of considerable importance. It was signed by Mr Protocol, an attorney in Edinburgh, and, addressing him as the agent for Godfrey Bertram, Esq., late of Ellangowan, and his representatives, acquainted him with the sudden death of Mrs Margaret Bertram of Singleside, requesting him to inform his clients thereof, in case they should judge it proper to have any person present for their interest, at opening the repositories of the deceased. Mr Glossin perceived at once that the letter-writer was unacquainted with the breach which had taken place between him and his late patron. The estate of the deceased lady should by rights, as he well knew, descend to Lucy Bertram; but it was a thousand to one that the caprice of the

old lady might have altered its destination. After running over contingencies and probabilities in his fertile mind, to ascertain what sort of personal advantage might accrue to him from this incident, he could not perceive any mode of availing himself of it, except in so far as it might go to assist his plan of recovering, or rather creating, a character, the want of which he had already experienced, and was likely to feel yet more deeply. "I must place myself," thought he, "on strong ground, that, if anything goes wrong with Dirk Hatteraick's project, I may have prepossessions in my favour at least."—Besides, to do Glossin justice, bad as he was, he might feel some desire to compensate to Miss Bertram in a small degree, and in a case in which his own interest did not interfere with hers, the infinite mischief which he had occasioned to her family. He therefore resolved early the next morning to ride over to Woodbourne.

It was not without hesitation that he took this step, having the natural reluctance to face Colonel Mannering, which fraud and villainy have to encounter honour and probity. But he had great confidence in his own *savoir faire*. His talents were naturally acute, and by no means confined to the line of his profession. He had at different times resided a good deal in England, and his address was free both from country rusticity and professional pedantry; so that he had considerable powers both of address and persuasion, joined to an unshaken effrontery, which he affected to disguise under plainness of manner. Confident, therefore, in himself, he appeared at Woodbourne, about ten in the morning, and was admitted as a gentleman come to wait upon Miss Bertram.

He did not announce himself until he was at the door of the breakfast parlour, when the servant, by his desire, said aloud, "Mr Glossin, to wait upon Miss Bertram."—Lucy, remembering the last scene of her father's existence, turned as pale as death, and had well nigh fallen from her chair. Julia Mannering flew to her assistance, and they left the room together. There remained Colonel Mannering, Charles Hazlewood, with his arm in a sling, and the Dominie, whose gaunt visage and wall-eyes assumed a most hostile aspect upon recognizing Glossin.

That honest gentleman, though somewhat abashed by the effect of his first introduction, advanced with confidence, and hoped he did not intrude upon the ladies. Colonel Mannering, in a very upright and stately manner, observed, that he did not know to what he was to impute the honour of a visit from Mr Glossin.—"Hem! hem! I took the liberty to wait upon Miss Bertram, Colonel Mannering, on account of a matter of business."

"If it can be communicated to Mr Mac-Morlan, her agent, I believe it will be more agreeable to Miss Bertram."

"I beg pardon, Colonel Mannering;—you are a man of the world—

there are some cases in which it is most prudent for all parties to treat with principals."

"Then, if Mr Glossin will take the trouble to state his object in a letter, I will answer that Miss Bertram pays proper attention to it."

"Certainly—but there are cases in which a *viva voce* conference—I perceive—I know Colonel Mannering has adopted some prejudices which may make my visit appear intrusive; but I submit to his good sense, whether he ought to exclude me from a hearing without knowing the purpose of my visit, or of how much consequence it may be to the young lady whom he honours with his protection."

"Certainly, sir, I have not the least intention to do so. I will learn Miss Bertram's pleasure upon the subject, and acquaint Mr Glossin, if he can spare time to wait for her answer." So saying, he left the room.

Glossin had still remained standing in the midst of the apartment. Colonel Mannering had made not the slightest motion to invite him to sit, and indeed had remained standing himself during their short interview. When he left the room, however, Glossin seized upon a chair, and threw himself into it with an air between embarrassment and effrontery. He felt the silence of his companions disconcerting and oppressive, and resolved to interrupt it.

"A fine day, Mr Sampson."

The Dominie answered with something between an acquiescent grunt and an indignant groan.

"You never come down to see your old acquaintances on the Ellangowan property, Mr Sampson—You would find most of the old stagers still stationary there. I have too much respect for the late family to disturb old residents, even under pretence of improvement.—Besides it's not my way—I don't like it—I believe, Mr Sampson, Scripture particularly condemns those who oppress the poor, and remove landmarks."

"Or who devour the substance of orphans," subjoined the Dominie. "Anathema, Maranatha!" So saying, he rose, shouldered the folio which he had been perusing, faced to the right about, and marched out of the room with the strides of a grenadier.

Mr Glossin, no way disconcerted, or at least feeling it necessary not to appear so, turned to young Hazlewood, who was apparently busy with the newspaper. "Any news, sir?"—Hazlewood raised his eyes, looked at him, and pushed the paper towards him, as if to a stranger in a coffee-house, then rose, and was about to leave the room. "I beg pardon, Mr Hazlewood—but I can't help wishing you joy of getting so easily over that infernal accident."—This was answered by a sort of inclination of the head as slight and stiff as could well be imagined. Yet it encouraged our man of law to proceed. "I can promise you, Mr Hazlewood, few people have taken the interest in

that matter which I have done, both for the sake of the country, and on account of my particular respect for your family, which has so high a stake in it—indeed, so very high a stake, that, as Mr Featherhead is turning old now, and as there's a talk since his last stroke, of his taking the Chiltern Hundreds, it might be worth your while to look about you.—I speak as a friend, Mr Hazlewood, and as one who understands the roll; and if in going over it together ”——

“I beg pardon, sir, but I have no views in which your assistance could be useful.”

“O very well—perhaps you are right—it's quite time enough, and I love to see a young gentleman cautious. But I was talking of your wound—I think I have got a clue to that business—I think I have—and if I do not bring the fellow to condign punishment!”

“I beg your pardon, sir, once more—but your zeal outruns my wishes. I have every reason to think the wound was accidental—certainly it was not premeditated. Against ingratitude and premeditated treachery, should you find any one guilty of them, my resentment will be as warm as your own.”

Another rebuff, thought Glossin; I must try him upon the other tack.—“Right, sir; very nobly said! I would have no more mercy on an ungrateful man than I would on a woodcock—And now we talk of sport, (this was a sort of diverting of the conversation which Glossin had learned from his former patron) I see you often carry a gun, and I hope you will be soon able to take the field again. I observe you confine yourself always to your own side of the Hazleshaws-burn. I hope, my dear sir, you will make no scruple of following your game to the Ellangowan bank: I believe it is rather the best exposure of the two for woodcocks, although both are capital.”

As this offer only excited a cold and constrained bow, Glossin was obliged to remain silent, and was presently afterwards somewhat relieved by the entrance of Colonel Mannering.

“I have detained you some time, I fear, sir,” said he, addressing Glossin; “I wished to prevail upon Miss Bertram to see you, as in my opinion, her objections ought to give way to the necessity of hearing in her own person what may be of importance that she should know. But I find that circumstances of recent occurrence, and not easily to be forgotten, have rendered her so utterly repugnant to a personal interview with Mr Glossin, that it would be cruelty to insist upon it: and she has deputed me to receive his commands, or proposal, or, in short, whatever he may wish to say to her.”

“Hem, hem! I am sorry, sir—I am very sorry, Colonel Mannering, that Miss Bertram should suppose—that any prejudice, in short—or idea that any thing on my part ”——

“Sir, where no accusation is made, excuses or explanations are unnecessary. Have you any objection to communicate to me, as Miss

Bertram's temporary guardian, the circumstances which you conceive to interest her?"

"None, Colonel Mannering; she could not chuse a more respectable friend, or one with whom I, in particular, would more anxiously wish to communicate frankly."

"Have the goodness to speak to the point, sir, if you please."

"Why, sir, it is not so easy all at once—but Mr Hazlewood need not leave the room.—I mean so well to Miss Bertram, that I could wish the whole world to hear my part of the conference."

"My friend Mr Charles Hazlewood will not probably be anxious, Mr Glossin, to listen to what cannot concern him—and now when he has left us alone, let me pray you to be short and explicit in what you have to say. I am a soldier, sir, somewhat impatient of forms and introductions." So saying, he drew himself up in his chair, and waited for Mr Glossin's communication.

"Be pleased to look at that letter."

The Colonel read it, and returned it, after pencilling the name of the writer in his memorandum-book. "This, sir, does not seem to require much discussion—I will see that Miss Bertram's interest is attended to."

"But, sir,—but, Colonel Mannering, there is another matter which no one can explain but myself. This lady—this Mrs Margaret Bertram, to my certain knowledge, made a general settlement of her affairs in Miss Lucy Bertram's favours while she lived with my old friend, Mr Bertram, at Ellangowan. The Dominie—that was the name by which my deceased friend always called that very respectable man Mr Sampson—he and I witnessed the deed. And she had full power at that time to make such a settlement, for she was in fee of the estate of Singleside even then, although it was life-rented by an elder sister. It was a whimsical settlement of old Singleside's, sir; he pitted the two cats his daughters against each other, ha, ha!"

"Well, sir,—but to the purpose. You say that this lady had power to settle her estate on Miss Bertram, and that she did so?"

"Even so, Colonel.—I think I should understand the law—I have followed it for many years, and though I have given it up to retire upon a handsome competence, I did not throw away that knowledge which is better than house and land, and which I take to be the knowledge of the law, since, as our common rhyme has it,

'Tis most excellent
To win the land that's gone and spent.

No, no, I love the smack of the whip—I have a little, a very little law yet, at the service of my friends."

Glossin ran on in this manner, thinking he had made a favourable impression on Mannering. The Colonel indeed reflected that this

might be a most important crisis for Miss Bertram's interest, and resolved that his strong inclination to throw Glossin out at window, or at door, should not interfere with it. He put a strong curb on his temper, and resolved to listen with patience at least, if without complacence. He therefore let Mr Glossin get to the end of his self-congratulations, and then asked him if he knew where the deed was?

"I know—that is, I think—I believe I can recover it—In such cases custodiers have sometimes made a charge."

"We won't differ as to that, sir," said the Colonel, taking out his pocket-book.

"But, my dear sir, you take me so very short—I said *some persons might* make such a claim—I mean for payment of the expences of the deed, trouble in the affair, &c.—but I, for my own part, only wish Miss Bertram and her friends to be satisfied that I am acting towards her with honour. There's the paper, sir! It would have been a satisfaction to me to have delivered it into Miss Bertram's own hands, and to have wished her joy of the prospects which it opens. But since her prejudices on the subject are invincible, it only remains for me to transmit her my best wishes through you, Colonel Mannering, and to express that I shall willingly give my testimony in support of that deed when I shall be called upon. I have the honour to wish you a good morning, sir."

This parting speech was so well got up, and had so much the tone of conscious integrity unjustly suspected, that even Colonel Mannering was staggered in his bad opinion. He followed him two or three steps, and took leave of him with more politeness (though still cold and formal) than he had paid during his visit. Glossin left the house, half pleased with the impression he had made, half mortified by the stern caution and proud reluctance with which he had been received. "Colonel Mannering might have had more politeness," he said to himself—"it is not every man that can bring a good chance of £400 a-year to a penniless girl. Singleside must be up to £400 a-year now—there's Reilageganbeg, Gillifidget, Loverless, Liealone, and the Spinster's Knowe—good £400 a-year. Some people might have made their own of it in my place—and yet, to own the truth, after much consideration, I don't see how that is possible."

Glossin was no sooner mounted and gone, than the Colonel dispatched a groom for Mr Mac-Morlan, and, putting the deed into his hand, requested to know if it was likely to be available to his friend Lucy Bertram. Mac-Morlan perused it with eyes that sparkled with delight, snapped his fingers repeatedly, and at length exclaimed, "Available!—it's as tight as a glove—naebody could make better work than Glossin, when he did na let down a steek on purpose—but (his countenance falling) the auld b——, that I should say so, might alter at pleasure."

“How shall we know that?”

“Somebody must attend on Miss Bertram’s part, when the repositories of the deceased are opened.”

“Can you go?”

“I fear not—I must attend a jury trial before our court.”

“Then I will go myself—I’ll set out to-morrow. Sampson shall go with me—he is witness to this settlement. But I shall want a legal adviser?”

“The gentleman that was lately sheriff of this county is high in reputation; I will give you a card of introduction to him.”

“What I like about you, Mr Mac-Morlan,” said the Colonel, “is, that you always come straight to the point. Let me have it instantly—Shall we tell Miss Lucy her chance of becoming an heiress?”

“Surely, because you must have some powers from her which I will instantly draw out. Besides, I will be caution for her prudence, and that she will consider it only in the light of a chance.”

Mac-Morlan judged well. It could not be discerned from Miss Bertram’s manner, that she founded exulting expectations upon the prospect thus unexpectedly opening before her. She did indeed, in the course of the evening, ask Mr Mac-Morlan, as if by accident, what might be the annual income of the Hazlewood property; but shall we therefore aver for certain that she was considering whether an heiress of four hundred a-year might be a suitable match for the young Laird?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red—For I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes’ vein.—*Henry IV. Part I.*

MANNERING, with Sampson for his companion, lost no time in his journey to Edinburgh. They travelled in the Colonel’s post-chariot, who, knowing his companion’s habits of abstraction, did not chuse to give him out of his own sight, far less to trust him upon horseback, where, in all probability, a knavish stable-boy might with little address have contrived to mount him with his face to the tail. Accordingly, with the aid of his valet, who attended on horseback, he contrived to bring Mr Sampson safe to an inn in Edinburgh,—for hotels in these days there were none,—without any other accident than arose from his straying twice upon the road. Upon one occasion he was recovered by Barnes, who understood his humour, when, after engaging in close colloquy with the schoolmaster of Moffat, respecting a disputed quantity in Horace’s 7th Ode, Book II., the dispute led on to another controversy, concerning the exact meaning of the word *Malobathro*, in that lyric effusion. His other escapade was made for the purpose of

visiting the field of Rullion-green, which was dear to his presbyterian predilections. Having got out of the carriage for an instant, he saw the sepulchral monument of the slain at the distance of about a mile, and was arrested by Barnes in his progress up the Pentland-hills, having on both occasions forgot his friend, patron, and fellow-traveller, as completely, as if he had been in the East Indies. On being reminded that Colonel Mannering was waiting for him, he uttered his usual ejaculation of "Prodigious!—I was oblivious," and then strode back to his post. Barnes was surprised at his master's patience on both occasions, knowing by experience how little he brooked neglect or delay; but the Dominie was in every respect a privileged person. His patron and he were never for a moment in each other's way, and it seemed obvious that they were formed to be companions through life. If Mannering wanted a particular book, the Dominie could bring it; if he wished to have accounts summed up, or checked, his assistance was equally ready; if he desired to recall a particular passage in the classics, he could have recourse to the Dominie as to a dictionary; and all the while this walking statue was neither presuming when noticed, nor sulky when left to himself. To a proud, shy, reserved man, and such in many respects was Mannering, this sort of living catalogue, and animated automaton, had all the advantages of a literary dumb-waiter.

So soon as they arrived in Edinburgh, and were established at the George inn, near Bristo-port, (I love to be particular) the Colonel desired the waiter to procure him a guide to Mr Pleydell's, the advocate, for whom he had a letter of introduction from Mr Mac-Morlan. He then commanded Barnes to have an eye to the Dominie, and walked forth with a chairman, who was to usher him to the man of law.

The period was near the end of the American war. The desire of room, of air, and of decent accommodation, had not as yet made very much progress in the capital of Scotland. Some efforts had been made upon the south side of the town towards building houses *within themselves*, as they are emphatically termed; and the New Town on the north, since so much extended, was then just commenced. But the great bulk of the better classes, and particularly those connected with the law, still lived in flats or dungeons of the Old Town. The manners also of some of the veterans of the law had not admitted innovation. One or two eminent lawyers still saw their clients in taverns, as was the general custom fifty years before; and although their habits were already considered as old-fashioned by the younger barristers, yet the custom of mixing wine and revelry with serious business, was still maintained by those senior counsellors who loved the old road, either because it was such, or because they had got too well used to it to travel any other. Among these praisers of the past time, who with ostentatious obstinacy affected the manners of a former generation, was this same Paulus Pleydell, Esq. otherwise a good scholar, an excellent lawyer and a worthy man.

Under the guidance of his trusty attendant, Colonel Mannering, after threading a dark lane or two, reached the High-street, then clanging with the voice of oyster-women and the bells of pyemen, for it had, as his guide assured him, just "chappit eight upon the Tron." It was long since Mannering had been in the street of a crowded metropolis, which, with its noise and clamour, its sounds of trade, of revelry, and of licence, its variety of lights, and the eternally changing bustle of its hundred groupés, offers, by night especially, a spectacle, which, though composed of the most vulgar materials when they are separately considered, has, when they are combined, a striking and powerful effect upon the imagination. The extraordinary height of the houses was marked by lights, which, glimmering irregularly along their front, ascended so high among the attics, that they seemed at length to twinkle in the middle sky. This *coup d'œil*, which still subsists in a certain degree, was then more striking, owing to the uninterrupted range of buildings on each side, which, broken only at the space where the North Bridge joins the main street, formed a superb and uniform Place, extending from the front of the Luckenbooths to the head of the Canongate, and corresponding in breadth and length to the uncommon height of the buildings on either side.

Mannering had not much time to look and to admire. His conductor hurried him across this striking scene, and suddenly dived with him into a very steep paved lane. Turning to the right, they entered a scale stair-case, as it is called, the state of which, so far as it could be judged of by one of his senses, annoyed Mannering's delicacy not a little. When they had ascended cautiously to a considerable height, they heard a heavy rap at a door, still two stories above them. The door opened, and immediately ensued the sharp and worrying bark of a dog, the squalling of a woman, the screams of an assaulted cat, and the hoarse voice of a man, who cried in a most imperative tone, "Will ye, Mustard! Will ye! down, sir, down!"

"Lord preserve us!" said the female voice, "an he had worried our cat, Mr Pleydell would ne'er hae forgien me!"

"Aweel, my doo, the cat's no a prin the waur—so he's no in, ye say?"

"Na, Mr Pleydell's ne'er in the house on Saturday."

"And the morn's Sabbath too," said the querist; "I dinna ken what will be done."

"By this time Mannering appeared, and found a tall strong countryman, clad in a coat of pepper-and-salt-coloured mixture, with huge metal buttons, a glazed hat and boots, and a large horse-whip beneath his arm, in colloquy with a slip-shod damsel, who had in one hand the lock of the door, and in the other a pail of whiting, or *camstane*, as it is called, mixed with water—a circumstance which indicates Saturday night in Edinburgh.

"So Mr Pleydell is not at home, my good girl?" said Mannering.

"Aye sir, he's at hame, but he's no in the house: he's aye out on Saturday at e'en."

"But, my good girl, I am a stranger, and my business express—Will you tell me where I can find him?"

"His honour," said the chairman, "will be at Clerihugh's about this time—Hersell could hae tauld ye that, but she thought ye wanted to see his house."

"Well then, shew me to this tavern—I suppose he will see me, as I come on business of some consequence?"

"I dinna ken, sir," said the girl; "he does-na like to be disturbed on Saturdays wi' business—but he's aye civil to strangers."

"I'll gang to the tavern too," said our friend Dinmont; "for I am a stranger, and on business e'en sic like."

"Na," said the hand-maiden, "an he see the gentleman, he'll see the simple body too—but, Lord's sake, dinna say it was me sent ye there."

"Atweel, I am a simple body that's true, hinny, but I am no come to steal ony o' his skill for naething," said the farmer in his honest pride, and strutted away down stairs, followed by Mannering and the cadie. Mannering could not help admiring the determined stride with which the stranger who preceded them divided the press, shouldering from him by the mere weight and impetus of his motion, both drunk and sober passengers. "He'll be a Teviotdale tup tat ane," said the chairman, "tat's for keeping ta crown o' ta causeway tat gate—he'll no gang far or he'll get somebody to bell ta cat wi' him."——

His shrewd augury, however, was not fulfilled. Those who recoiled from the colossal weight of Dinmont, upon looking up at his size and strength, apparently judged him too heavy metal to be rashly encountered, and suffered him to pursue his course unchallenged. Following in the wake of this first-rate, Mannering proceeded till the farmer made a pause, and, looking back to the chairman, said, "I am thinking this will be the close, friend?"

"Aye, aye," replied Donald, "tat's ta close."

Dinmont descended confidently, then turned into a dark alley—then up a dark stair—and then into an open door. While he was whistling shrilly for the waiter, as if he had been one of his collie-dogs, Mannering looked round him, and could hardly conceive how a gentleman of a liberal profession, and good society should chuse such a scene for social indulgence. Besides the miserable entrance, the house itself seemed paltry and half ruinous. The passage in which they stood had a window to the close, which admitted a little light during the day-time, and a villainous compound of smells at all times, but more especially towards evening. Corresponding to this window was a borrowed light on the other side of the passage, looking into the kitchen, which had no direct communication with the free air, but received in the day-time,

at second hand, such straggling and obscure light as found its way from the lane through the window opposite. At present the interior of the kitchen was visible by its own huge fires—a sort of Pandæmonium, where men and women, half undressed, were busied in baking, broiling, roasting oysters, and preparing devils on the gridiron; the mistress of the place, with her shoes slip-shod, and her hair straggling like that of Megæra from under a round-eared cap, toiling, scolding, receiving orders, giving them, and obeying them all at once, seemed the mistress enchantress of that gloomy and fiery region.

Loud and repeated bursts of laughter from different quarters of the house proved that her labours were acceptable, and not unrewarded by a generous public. With some difficulty a waiter was prevailed upon to show Colonel Mannering and Dinmont the room where their friend, learned in the law, held his hebdomadal carousals. The scene which it exhibited, and particularly the attitude of the counsellor himself, the principal figure therein, struck his two clients with astonishment.

Mr Pleydell was a lively sharp-looking gentleman, with a professional shrewdness in his eye, and, generally speaking, a professional formality in his manners. But this, like his three-tailed wig and black coat, he could slip off on a Saturday evening when surrounded by a party of jolly companions, and disposed for what he called his altitudes. Upon the present occasion, the revel had lasted since four o'clock, and, at length, under the direction of a venerable comptator, who had shared the sports and festivity of three generations, the frolicsome company had begun to practise the ancient and now forgotten pastime of *High Jinks*. This game was played in several different ways. Most frequently the dice were thrown by the company, and those upon whom the lot fell were obliged to assume and maintain, for a time, a certain fictitious character, or to repeat a certain number of fescennine verses in a particular order. If they departed from the characters assigned, or if their memory proved treacherous in the repetition, they incurred forfeits, which were either compounded for by swallowing an additional bumper, or by paying a small sum towards the reckoning. At this sport the jovial company were closely set when Mannering entered the room.

Mr Counsellor Pleydell, such as we have described him, was enthroned, as a monarch, in an elbow-chair placed on the dining-table, his scratch wig on one side, his head crowned with a bottle-slider, his eye leering with an expression betwixt fun and the effects of wine, while his court around him resounded with such crambo scraps of verse as these:

Where is Gerunto now? and what's become of him?
Gerunto's dead because he could not swim, &c., &c.

Such, O Themis, were anciently the sports of thy Scottish children! Dinmont was first in the room. He stood aghast a moment—and

then exclaimed, "It's him, sure enough—Deil o' the like o' that I ever saw!"

At the sound of "Mr Dinmont and Colonel Mannering wanting to speak to you, sir," Pleydell turned his head, and blushed a little when he saw the very genteel figure of the English stranger. He was, however, of the opinion of Falstaff, "Out, ye villains, play out the play!" wisely judging it the better way to appear totally unconcerned. "Where be our guards?" exclaimed this second Justinian; "see ye not a stranger knight from foreign parts arrived at this our court of Holy-rood,—with our bold yeoman Andrew Dinmont, who has succeeded to the keeping of our royal flocks within the forest of Jedwood, where, thanks to our royal care in the administration of justice, they feed as safe as if they were within the bounds of Fife? Where be our heralds, our pursuivants, our Lyon, our Marchmount, our Carrick, and our Snowdown?—Let the strangers be placed at our board, and regaled as beseemeth their quality, and this our high holiday—to-morrow we will hear their tidings."

"So please you, my liege, to-morrow's Sunday," said one of the company.

"Sunday, is it? then we will give no offence to the assembly of the kirk—on Monday shall be their audience."

Mannering who had stood at first uncertain whether to advance or retreat, now resolved to enter for the moment into the whim of the scene, though internally fretting at Mac-Morlan for sending him to consult with a crack-brained humourist. He therefore advanced with three profound congees, and craved permission to lay his credentials at the feet of the Scottish monarch, in order to be perused at his best leisure. The gravity with which he accommodated himself to the humour of the moment, and the deep and humble inclination with which he at first declined, and then accepted, a seat presented by the master of the ceremonies, procured him three rounds of applause.

"Deil hae me, if they are na a' mad thegither!" said Dinmont, occupying with less ceremony a seat at the bottom of the table, "or els they hae ta'en Yule before it comes, and are ganging a guisarding."

A large glass of claret was offered to Mannering, who drank it to the health of the reigning monarch. "You are, I presume to guess," said the monarch, "that celebrated Sir Miles Mannering, so renowned in the French wars, and may well pronounce to us if the wines of Gascon lose their flavour in our more northern realm."

Mannering, agreeably flattered by this allusion to the fame of his celebrated ancestor, replied, by professing himself only a distant relation of the prierix chevalier, and added, "that in his opinion the wine was superlatively good."

"It's ower cauld for my stomach," said Dinmont, setting down the glass, (empty however.)

"We will correct that quality," answered King Paulus, the first of the name; "we have not forgotten that the moist and humid air of our valley of Liddle inclines to stronger potations.—Seneschal, let our faithful yeoman have a cup of brandy; it will be more german to the matter."

"And now," said Mannering, "since we have unwarily intruded upon your majesty at a moment of mirthful retirement, be pleased to say when you will indulge a stranger with an audience on these affairs of weight which have brought him to your northern capital."

"The monarch opened Mac-Morlan's letter, and running it hastily over, exclaimed, with his natural voice and manner, "Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan, poor dear lassie!"

"A forfeit! a forfeit!" exclaimed a dozen voices, "his majesty has forgot his kingly character."

"Not a whit! not a whit!" replied the king; "I'll be judged by this courteous knight. May not a monarch love a maid of low degree? Is not King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid, an adjudged case in point?"

"Professional! professional!—another forfeit," exclaimed the tumultuary nobility.

"Had not our royal predecessors," continued the monarch, exalting his sovereign voice to drown these disaffected clamours,—"Had they not their Jean Logies, their Bessie Carmichaels, their Oliphants, their Sandilands, and their Weirs, and shall it be denied to us even to name a maiden whom we delight to honour? Nay, then, sink state and perish sovereignty! for, like a second Charles V., we will abdicate, and seek in the private shades of life those pleasures which are denied to a throne."

So saying, he flung away his crown, sprung from his exalted station with more agility than could have been expected from his age, ordered lights and a wash-hand bason and towel, with a cup of green tea, into another room, and made a sign to Mannering to accompany him. In less than two minutes he washed his face and hands, settled his wig in the glass, and, to Mannering's great surprise, looked perfectly a different man from the childish Bacchanal he had been a moment before. "There are folks," he said, "Mr Mannering, before whom one should take care how they play the fool—because they have either too much malice, or too little wit, as the poet says. The best compliment I can pay Colonel Mannering, is to shew I am not ashamed to expose myself before him—and truly I think it is a compliment I have not spared to-night upon your good-nature—But what's that great strong fellow wanting?"

Dinmont, who had pushed after Mannering into the room, began with a scrape with his foot and a scratch of his head in unison. "I am Dandie Dinmont, sir, of the Charlies-hope—the Liddesdale lad—ye'll mind me?—it was for me ye won yon grand plea."

"What plea, you loggerhead? d'ye think I can remember all the fools that come to plague me?"

"Lord, sir, it was the grand plea about the grazing o' the Langtae-head!"

"Well, curse thee, never mind; give me the memorial, and come to me on Monday at ten."

"But sir, I hae na got ony distinct memorial."

"No memorial, man?"

"Na, sir, nae memorial! for your honour said before, Mr Pleydell, ye'll mind, that ye liked best to hear us hill-folk tell our ain tale by word o' mouth."

"Beshrew my tongue, that said so! it will cost my ears a dinning—well, say in two words what you've got to say—you see the gentleman waits."

"Ou, sir, if the gentleman likes he may play his ain spring first; it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Now, you looby, cannot you conceive that your business can be nothing to him, but that he may not chuse to have these great ears of thine regaled with his matters?"

"Aweel, sir, just as you and he like—so ye see to my business. We're at the auld wark of the marches again, Jock o' Dawston Cleugh and me. Ye see we march on the tap o' Touthop-rigg after we pass the Pomoragrains; for the Pomoragrains, and Slackenspool, and Bloodylaws, they come in there, and they belang to the Peel; but after ye pass Pomoragrains at a muckle great saucer-headed cutlugged stane, that they ca' Charlie's Chuckie, there Dawston Cleugh and Charlies-hope they march. Now, I say, the march rins on the tap o' the hill where the wind and water shears, but Jock o' Dawston Cleugh again, he contravenes that, and says that it hauds down by the auld drove road that gaes awa' by the Knot of the Gate ower to Keelderward—and that makes an unco difference."

"And what difference does it make, friend? How many sheep will it feed?"

"Ou, no mony—it's lying high and exposed—it may feed a hog, or aiblins twa in a good year."

"And for this grazing, which may be worth about five shillings a year, you are willing to throw away a hundred pound or two?"

"Na, sir, it's no for the value of the grass—it's for justice."

"My good friend, justice, like charity, should begin at home. Do you justice to your wife and family, and think no more about the matter."

Dinmont still lingered, twisting his hat in his hand—"It's no for that, sir—but I would like ill to be bragged wi' him—he threeps—he'll bring a score o' witnesses and mair—and I'm sure there's as mony will swear for me as for him, folk that lived a' their days upon

the Charlies-hope, and wad-na like to see the land lose its right."

"Zounds, man, if it be a point of honour, why don't your landlords take it up?"

"I dinna ken, sir, (scratching his head) there's been nae election-dusts lately, and the lairds are unco neighbourly, and Jock and I canna get them to yoke thegither about it a' that we can say—but if ye thought we might keep up the rent"——

"No! no! that will never do—confound you, why don't you take good cudgels and settle it?"

"Odd, sir, we tried that three times already—that's twice on the land and ance at Lockerbie fair.—But I dinna ken—we're baith gay good at single-stick, and it could-na weel be judged."

"Then take broad-swords, and be d—d to you, as your fathers did before you."

"Aweel, sir, if ye think it wad-na be again the law, it's a' ane to Dandie."

"Hold! hold! we shall have another Lord Soulis' mistake—Pr'y-thee, man, comprehend me; I wish you to consider how very trifling and foolish a law-suit you wish to engage in."

"Aye, sir? So you winna take on wi' me, I'm doubting?"

"Me! not I—go home, go home, take a pint and agree." Dandie looked but half contented, and still remained stationary. "Any thing more, my friend?"

"Only, sir, about the succession of this leddy that's dead, auld Mrs Margaret Bertram o' Singleside."

"Aye, what about her?" said the counsellor, rather surprised.

"Ou, we have nae connexion at a' wi' the Bertrams—they were grand folk by the like o' us—But Jean Liltup, that was auld Singleside's housekeeper, and the mother of these twa young ladies that are gane—the last o' them's dead at a ripe age, I trow—Jean Liltup came out o' Liddel water, and she was as near our connexion as second cousin to my mother's half-sister—She drew up wi' Singleside, nae doubt, when she was his housekeeper, and it was a sair vex and grief to a' her kith and kin. But he acknowledged a marriage, and satisfied the kirk—and now I wad ken frae you if we hae not some claim by law?"

"Not the shadow."

"Aweel, we're nae puirer—but she may hae thought on us if she was minded to make a testament.—Weel, sir, I've said my say—I'se e'en wish you good night, and"——putting his hand in his pocket.

"No, no, my friend; I never take fees on Saturday nights, or without a memorial—away with you, Dandie." And Dandie made his reverence, and departed accordingly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Put this poor farce has neither truth nor art,
To please the fancy or to touch the heart ;
Dark but not awful, dismal but yet mean,
With anxious bustle, moves the cumbrous scene,
Presents no objects tender or profound,
But spreads its cold unmeaning gloom around.

Parish Register.

“YOUR Majesty,” said Mannering, laughing, “has solemnized your abdication by an act of mercy and charity—That fellow will scarce think of going to law.”

“O, you are quite wrong—The only difference is, I have lost my client and my fee. He’ll never rest till he finds somebody to encourage him to commit the folly he has predetermined—No ! no ! I have only shewn you another weakness of my character—I always speak truth of a Saturday night.”

“And sometimes through the week, I should think,” said Mannering, continuing the same tone.

“Why, yes ! as far as my vocation will permit. I am, as Hamlet says, indifferent honest, when my clients and their solicitors do not make me the medium of conveying their double-distilled lies to the bench. But *oportet vivere* ! it is a sad thing.—And now to our business. I am glad my old friend Mac-Morlan has sent you to me ; he is an active, honest, and intelligent man, long sheriff-substitute of the county of —— under me, and still holds the office. He knows I have a regard for that unfortunate family of Ellangowan, and for poor Lucy. I have not seen her since she was twelve years old, and she was then a sweet pretty girl under the management of a very silly father. But my interest in her is of an early date. I was called upon, Mr Mannering, being then sheriff of that county, to investigate the particulars of a murder which had been committed near Ellangowan the day before this poor child was born ; and which, by a strange combination which I was unhappily not able to trace, involved the death or abstraction of her only brother, a boy of about five years old. No, Colonel, I shall never forget the misery of the house of Ellangowan that morning !—the father half-distracted—the mother dead in premature travail—the helpless infant, with scarce any one to attend it, coming wawling and crying into this miserable world at such a moment of unutterable misery. We lawyers are not of iron, sir, or of brass, any more than you soldiers are of steel. We are conversant with the crimes and distresses of civil society, as you are with those that occur in a state of war, and to do our duty in either case a little apathy is perhaps necessary—But the devil take a soldier whose heart can be as hard as his sword, and his dam take the lawyer who bronzes his bosom instead of his forehead !—But come, I am losing my Saturday at e’en

—will you have the kindness to trust me with these papers which relate to Miss Bertram's business?—and stay—to-morrow you'll take a bachelor's dinner with an old lawyer,—I insist upon it, at three precisely—and come half an hour sooner.—The old lady is to be buried on Monday; it is the orphan's cause, and we'll borrow an hour from the Sunday to talk over this business—although I fear nothing can be done if she has altered her settlement—unless perhaps it occurs within the sixty days, and then if Miss Bertram can shew that she possesses the character of heir-at-law, why——

“But, hark! my lieges are impatient of their *interregnum*—I do not invite you to rejoin us, Colonel; it would be a trespass on your complaisance, unless you had begun the day with us, and gradually glided on from wisdom to mirth, and from mirth to—to—to—extravagance.—Good night—Harry, go home with Mr Mannering to his lodging—Colonel, I expect you at a little past two to-morrow.”——

The Colonel returned home, equally surprised at the childish frolics in which he found his learned counsellor engaged, at the candour and sound sense which he had in a moment summoned up to meet the exigencies of his profession, and at the tone of feeling which he displayed when he spoke of the friendless orphan.

In the morning, while the Colonel and his most quiet and silent of all retainers, Dominie Sampson, were finishing the breakfast which Barnes had made and poured out, after the Dominie had scalded himself in the attempt, Mr Pleydell was suddenly ushered in. A nicely-dressed bob-wig, upon every hair of which a zealous and careful barber had bestowed its proper allowance of powder; a well-brushed black suit, with very clean shoes and gold buckles and stock-buckle; a manner rather reserved and formal than intrusive, but with all that, shewing only the formality of manner, by no means that of awkwardness; a countenance, the expressive and somewhat comic features of which were in complete repose,—all shewed a being perfectly different from the choice spirit of the evening before. A glance of shrewd and piercing fire in his eye was the only marked expression which recalled the man of “Saturday at e'en.”

“I am come,” said he, with a very polite address, “to use my regal authority in your behalf in spirituals as well as temporals—can I accompany you to the Presbyterian kirk, or Episcopal meeting-house?—*Tros Tyriusve*, a lawyer, you know, is of both religions, or rather I should say of both forms—or can I assist in passing the forenoon otherwise? You'll excuse my old-fashioned importunity—I was born in a time when a Scotchman was thought inhospitable if he left a guest alone a moment, except when he slept—but I trust you will tell me at once if I intrude.”

“Not at all, my dear sir—I am delighted to put myself under your pilotage. I should wish much to hear some of your Scottish preachers

whose talents have done such honour to your country—your Blair, your Robertson, or your Henry; and I embrace your kind offer with all my heart—Only,” drawing the lawyer a little aside, and turning his eye towards Sampson, “my worthy friend there in the reverie is a little helpless and abstracted, and Barnes, who is his pilot in ordinary, cannot well assist him here, especially as he has expressed his determination of going to some of your darker and more remote places of worship.”

The lawyer's eye glanced at him. “A curiosity worth preserving—and I'll find you a fit custodier.—Here you, sir, (to the waiter) go to Luckie Finlayson's in the Cowgate for Miles Macfin the cadie, he'll be there about this time, and tell him I wish to speak to him.”

The person wanted soon arrived. “I will commit your friend to this man's charge,” said Pleydell; “he'll attend him, or conduct him, wherever he chuses to go, with a happy indifference as to kirk or market, meeting or court of justice, or—any other place whatever—and bring him safe home at whatever hour you appoint; so that Mr Barnes there may be left to the freedom of his own will.”

This was easily arranged, and the Colonel committed the Dominion to the charge of this man while they should remain in Edinburgh.

“And now, sir, if you please, we shall go to the Greyfriars church to hear our historian of Scotland, of the Continent, and of America.”

They were disappointed—he did not preach that morning.—“Never mind,” said the counsellor, “have a moment's patience, and we shall do very well.”

The colleague of Dr R—— ascended the pulpit. His external appearance was not prepossessing. A remarkably fair complexion was strangely contrasted with a black wig without a grain of powder; a narrow chest and a stooping posture, hands which, placed like props on either side of the pulpit, seemed necessary rather to support the person than to assist the gesticulation of the preacher,—no gown, not even that of Geneva, a tumbled band, and a gesture which seemed scarce voluntary, were the first circumstances which struck a stranger. “The preacher seems a very ungainly person,” whispered Mannering to his new friend.

“Never fear, he's the son of an excellent Scottish lawyer—he'll shew blood, I'se warrant him.”

The learned counsellor predicted truly. A lecture fraught with new, striking, and entertaining views of Scripture history—a sermon in which the Calvinism of the Kirk of Scotland was ably supported, yet made the basis of a sound system of practical morals, which should neither shelter the sinner under the cloak of speculative faith or of peculiarity of opinion, nor leave him loose to the waves of unbelief and schism. Something there was of an antiquated turn of argument and metaphor. but it only served to give zest and peculiarity to the

style of elocution. The sermon was not read—a scrap of paper containing the heads of the discourse was occasionally referred to, and the enunciation, which at first seemed imperfect and embarrassed, became, as the preacher warmed in his progress, animated and distinct; and although the discourse could not be quoted as a correct specimen of pulpit eloquence, yet Mannering had seldom heard so much learning, metaphysical acuteness, and energy of argument, brought into the service of Christianity.

“Such,” he said, going out of the church, “must have been the preachers, to whose unfearing minds, and acute, though sometimes rudely exercised talents, we owe the Reformation.”

“And yet that reverend gentleman,” said Pleydell, “whom I love for his father’s sake and his own, has nothing of the souring or pharisaical pride which has been imputed to some of the early fathers of the Calvinistic Kirk of Scotland. His colleague and he differ, and head different parties in the kirk, about particular points of church discipline; but without for a moment losing personal regard or respect for each other, or suffering malignity to interfere in an opposition steady, constant, and apparently conscientious on both sides.”

“And you, Mr Pleydell, what do you think of their points of difference?”

“Why, I hope, Colonel, a plain man may go to heaven without thinking about them at all—besides, *entre nous*, I am a member of the suffering and Episcopal Church of Scotland—the shadow of a shade now, and fortunately so—but I love to pray where my fathers prayed before me, without thinking worse of the Presbyterian forms, because they do not affect me with the same associations.” And with this remark they parted until dinner-time.

From the awkward access to the lawyer’s mansion, Mannering was induced to form very moderate expectations of the entertainment which he was to receive. The approach looked even more dismal by day-light than on the preceding evening. The houses on each side of the lane were so close, that the neighbours might have shaken hands with each other from the different sides, and occasionally the space between was traversed by wooden galleries, and thus entirely closed up. The stair—the scale-stair, was not well cleaned, and upon entering the house, Mannering was struck with the narrowness and meanness of the wain-scotted passage. But the library, into which he was shewn by an elderly respectable-looking man-servant, was a complete contrast to these unpromising appearances. It was a well-proportioned room, hung with a portrait or two of Scottish characters of eminence, by Jamieson, the Caledonian Vandyke, and surrounded with books, the best editions of the best authors. “These,” said Pleydell, “are my tools of trade; a lawyer without history or literature is a mechanic, a mere working mason; if he possesses some knowledge of these, he

may call himself an architect." But Mannering was chiefly delighted with the view from the windows, which commanded that incomparable prospect of the ground between Edinburgh and the sea; the Frith of Forth, with its islands; the embayment which is terminated by the Law of North Berwick; and the varied shores of Fife to the northward, indenting with a hilly outline the clear blue horizon.

When Mr Pleydell had sufficiently enjoyed the surprise of his guest, he called his attention to Miss Bertram's affairs. "I was in hopes," he said, "though but faint, to have discovered some means of ascertaining her indefeasible right to this property of Singleside; but my researches have been in vain. The old lady was certainly absolute fiar and might dispose of it in full right of property. All that we have to hope is, that the devil may not have tempted her to alter this very proper settlement. You must attend the old girl's funeral to-morrow to which you will receive an invitation, for I have acquainted her agent with your being here on Miss Bertram's part, and I will meet you afterwards at the house she inhabited, and be present to see fair play at the opening of the settlement. The old cat had a little girl, the orphan of some relation, who lived with her as a kind of slavish companion. I hope she has had the conscience to make her independent, in consideration of the *peine forte et dure* to which she subjected her during her life-time."

Three gentlemen now appeared, and were introduced to the stranger. They were men of good sense, gaiety, and general information, so that the day passed very pleasantly over; and Colonel Mannering assisted about eight o'clock at night, in discussing the landlord's bottle, which was, of course, a *magnum*. Upon his return to the inn, he found a card inviting him to the funeral of Mrs Margaret Bertram, late of Singleside, which was to proceed from her own house to the place of interment in the Greyfriars church-yard, at one o'clock afternoon.

At the appointed hour Mannering went to a small house in the suburbs to the southward of the city, where he found the place of mourning, indicated, as usual in Scotland, by two rueful figures with long black cloaks, white crapes and hatbands, holding in their hands poles adorned with melancholy streamers of the same description. By two other mutes, who, from their visages, seemed suffering under the pressure of some strange calamity, he was ushered into the dining-parlour of the defunct, where the company were assembled for the funeral.

In Scotland is universally retained the custom, now disused in England, of inviting the relations of the deceased to the interment. Upon many occasions this has a singular and striking effect, but upon some it degenerates into mere empty form and grimace, in cases where the defunct has had the misfortune to live unloved and die unlamented. The English service for the dead, one of the most beautiful and impressive parts of the ritual of the church, would have, in such cases

the effect of fixing the attention, and uniting the thoughts and feelings of the audience present, in an exercise of devotion so peculiarly adapted to such an occasion. But according to the Scottish custom, if there be not real feeling among the assistants, there is nothing to supply the want, and exalt or rouse the attention; so that a sense of tedious form, and almost hypocritical restraint, is too apt to pervade the company assembled for the mournful solemnity. Mrs Margaret Bertram was unfortunately one of those whose good qualities had attached no general friendship. She had no near relations who might have mourned from natural affection, and therefore her funeral exhibited merely the exterior trappings of sorrow.

Mannering, therefore, stood among this lugubrious company of cousins in the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth degree, composing his countenance to the decent solemnity of all who were around him, and looking as much concerned upon Mrs Margaret Bertram's account, as if the deceased lady of Singleside had been his own sister or mother. After a deep and awful pause, the company began to talk aside—under their breaths, however, and as if in the chamber of a dying person. "Our poor friend," said one grave gentleman, scarcely opening his mouth, for fear of deranging the necessary solemnity of his features, and sliding his whisper from between his lips, which were as little unclosed as possible,—“Our poor friend has died well to pass in the world.”

“Nae doubt,” answered the person addressed, with half-closed eyes; “poor Mrs Margaret was aye careful of the gear.”

“Any news to-day, Colonel Mannering?” said one of the gentlemen, whom he had dined with the day before, but in a tone which might, for its impressive gravity, have communicated the death of his whole generation.

“Nothing particular, I believe, sir,” said Mannering, in the cadence which was, he observed, appropriated to the house of mourning.

“I understand,” continued the first speaker, emphatically, and with the air of one who is well informed; “I understand there *is* a settlement”——

“And what does little Jenny Gibson get?”

“A hundred, and the auld repeater.”

“That's but sma' gear, puir thing: she had a sair time o't with the auld leddy. But it's ill waiting for dead folk's shoon.”

“I am afraid,” said the politician, who was by Mannering, “we have not done with your old friend Tippoo Saib yet—I doubt he'll give the Company more plague; and I am told, but you'll know for certain, that East India Stock is not rising.”

“I trust it will, sir, soon.”

“Mrs Margaret,” said another person, mingling in the conversation, “had some India bonds. I know that, for I drew the interest

for her—it would be desirable now for the trustees and legatees to have the Colonel's advice about the time and mode of converting them into money. For my part I think—But there's Mr Mortcloke to tell us they are gaun to lift.”—Mr Mortcloke the undertaker did accordingly, with a visage of professional length and most grievous solemnity, distribute among the pall-bearers little cards, assigning their respective situations in attendance upon the coffin. As this precedence is supposed to be regulated by propinquity to the defunct, the undertaker, however skilful a master of these lugubrious ceremonies, did not escape giving some offence. To be related to Mrs Bertram was to be of kin to the lands of Singleside, and was a propinquity of which each relative present at that moment was particularly jealous. Some murmurs there were upon the occasion, and our friend Dinmont gave more open offence, being unable either to repress his discontent, or to utter it in the key properly modulated to the solemnity. “I think ye might hae at least given me a leg o' her to carry,” he exclaimed, in a voice considerably louder than propriety admitted; “God! an it had-na been for the rigs o' land, I would hae got her a' to carry mysell, for as mony gentles as are here.”—A score of frowning and reproving brows were bent upon the unappalled yeoman, who, having given vent to his displeasure, stalked sturdily down stairs with the rest of the company, totally disregarding the censures of those whom his remark had scandalized.

And then the funeral pomp set forth; saulies with their batons, and gumphions of tarnished white crape, in honour of the well-preserved maiden fame of Mrs Margaret Bertram. Six starved horses, themselves the very emblems of mortality, well cloaked and plumed, lugging along the hearse with its dismal emblazonry, crept in slow state towards the place of interment, preceded by Jamie Duff, an idiot, who, with weepers and cravat made of white paper, attended upon every funeral, and followed by six mourning coaches, filled with the company. Many of these now gave more free loose to their tongues, and discussed with unrestrained earnestness the amount of the succession, and the probability of its destination. The principal expectants, however, kept a prudent silence, indeed ashamed to express hopes which might prove fallacious; and the agent, or man of business, who alone knew exactly how matters stood, maintained a countenance of mysterious importance, as if determined to preserve the full interest of anxiety and suspense.

At length they arrived at the church-yard gates, and from thence, amid the gaping of some dozen of idle women with infants in their arms, and accompanied by some twenty children who ran gamboling and screaming alongside of the sable procession, they finally arrived at the burial place of the Singleside family. This was a square enclosure, guarded on one side by a veteran angel, without a nose, and

having only one wing, who had the merit of having maintained his post for a century, while his comrade cherub, who had stood sentinel on the corresponding pedestal, lay a broken trunk among the hemlock, burdock and nettles, which grew in gigantic luxuriance around the walls of the mausoleum. A moss-grown and broken inscription informed the reader, that in the year 1650 Captain Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, descended of the very ancient and honourable house of Ellangowan, had caused this monument to be erected for himself and his descendants. A reasonable number of scythes and hour-glasses, and death's heads, and cross bones, garnished the following sprig of sepulchral poetry to the memory of the founder of the mausoleum :

Nathaniel's heart, Bezaleel's hand,
If ever any had,
These boldly do I say had he,
Who lieth in this bed.

Here then, amid the deep black fat loam into which her ancestors were now resolved, they deposited the body of Mrs Margaret Bertram; and, like soldiers returning from a military funeral, the nearest relations who might be interested in the settlements of the lady, urged the dog-cattle of the hackney coaches to all the speed of which they were capable, in order to put an end to farther suspense on that interesting topic.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"Die and endow a college or a cat."—*Pope.*

THERE is a fable told by Lucian, that while a troop of monkeys, well drilled by an intelligent manager, were performing a tragedy with great applause, the decorum of the whole scene was at once destroyed, and the natural passions of the actors called forth into very indecent and active emulation, by a wag who threw a handful of nuts upon the stage. In like manner, the approaching crisis stirred up among the expectants feelings of a nature very different from those, of which, under the superintendance of Mr Mortcloke, they had lately been endeavouring to imitate the expression. Those eyes which were lately devoutly cast up to heaven, or with greater humility bent solemnly upon earth, were now sharply and alertly darting their glances through shuttles, and trunks, and drawers, and cabinets, and all the odd corners of an old maiden lady's repositories. Nor was their search without interest, though they did not find the will of which they were in quest.

Here was a promissory note for £20, by the minister of the non-juring chapel, interest marked as paid to Martinmas last, carefully folded up in a new set of words to the old tune of "Over the Water

to Charlie;"—there was a curious love correspondence between the deceased and a certain Lieutenant O'Kean of a marching regiment of foot; and tied up with the letters was a document, which at once explained to the relatives why a connection which boded them little good had been suddenly broken off, being the Lieutenant's bond for two hundred pounds, upon which *no* interest whatever appeared to have been paid. Other bills and bonds to a larger amount, and signed by better names (I mean commercially) than those of the worthy divine and gallant soldier, also occurred in the course of their researches, besides a hoard of coins of every size and denomination, and scraps of broken gold and silver, old ear-rings, hinges of cracked snuff-boxes, mountings of spectacles, &c., &c., &c. Still no will made its appearance, and Colonel Mannerling began full well to hope that the settlement which he had obtained from Glossin contained the ultimate arrangement of the old lady's affairs. But his friend Pleydell, who now came into the room, cautioned him against entertaining this belief. "I know the gentleman," he said, "who is conducting the search, and I guess from his manner that he knows something more of the matter than any of us."

Meantime, while the search proceeds, let us take a brief glance at one or two of the company who seem most interested. Of Dinmont, who, with his large hunting-whip under his arm, stood poking his large round face over the shoulder of the *homme d'affaires*, it is unnecessary to say any thing. That thin-looking oldish man, in a most correct and gentleman-like suit of mourning, is Mac-Casquil, formerly of Drumquag, who was ruined by having a legacy bequeathed to him of two shares in the Ayr bank. His hopes upon the present occasion are founded on a very distant relationship, upon his sitting in the same pew with the deceased every Sunday, and upon his playing at cribbage with her regularly on the Saturday evenings—taking great care never to come off a winner. That other coarse-looking man, wearing his own greasy hair tied in a leathern cue more greasy still, is a tobacconist, a relation of Mrs Bertram's mother, who, having a good stock in trade when the colonial war broke out, trebled the price of his commodity to all the world, Mrs Bertram alone excepted, whose tortoise-shell snuff-box was weekly filled with the best rappee at the old prices, because the maid brought it to the shop with Mrs Bertram's respects to her cousin Mr Quid. That young fellow who has not had the decency to put off his boots and buckskins, might have stood as forward as most of them in the graces of the old lady, who loved to look upon a comely young man. But it is thought he has forfeited the moment of fortune by sometimes neglecting her tea-table when solemnly invited; sometimes appearing there, when he had been dining with blither company; twice treading upon her cat's tail, and once affronting her parrot.

To Mannering, the most interesting of the group was the poor girl, who had been a sort of humble companion of the deceased, as a subject upon whom she could at all times expectorate her bad humour. She was for form's sake dragged into the room by the deceased's favourite female attendant, where, shrinking into a corner as soon as possible, she saw with wonder and affright the intrusive researches of the strangers amongst those recesses to which from childhood she had looked with awful veneration. This girl was regarded with an unfavourable eye by all the competitors, honest Dinmont only excepted; the rest conceived they should find in her a formidable competitor, whose claims might at least encumber and diminish their chance of succession. Yet she was the only person present who seemed really to feel sorrow for the deceased. Mrs Bertram had been her protectress, although from selfish motives, and her capricious tyranny was forgotten at the moment while the tears followed each other fast down the cheeks of her frightened and friendless dependant. "There's ower muckle saut water there, Drumquag," (said the tobacconist to the ex-proprietor) "to bode ither folk muckle gude. Folk seldom greet that gate but they ken what it's for." Mr Mac-Casquil only replied with a nod, feeling the propriety of asserting his gentry in presence of Mr Pleydell and Colonel Mannering.

"Very queer if there suld be nae will after a', friend," said Dinmont, who began to grow impatient, to the man of business.

"A moment's patience, if you please—she was a good and prudent woman, Mrs Margaret Bertram—a good and prudent and well-judging woman, and knew to chuse friends and depositaries—she will have put her last will and testament, or rather her *mortis causa* settlement, as it relates to heritage, into the hands of some safe friend."——

"I'll bet a rump and dozen," said Pleydell, whispering to the Colonel, "he has got it in his own pocket;"—then addressing the man of law, "Come, sir, we'll cut this short if you please—here is a settlement of the estate of Singleside, executed several years ago, in favour of Miss Lucy Bertram of Ellangowan"—The company stared fearfully wild. "You, I presume, Mr Protocol, can inform us if there is a later deed?"

"Please to favour me, Mr Pleydell;"—and so saying, he took the deed out of the learned counsel's hand, and glanced his eye over the contents.

"Too cool," said Pleydell, "too cool by half—he has another deed in his pocket still."

"Why does he not shew it then, and be d—d to him?" said the military gentleman, whose patience began to wax threadbare.

"Why, how should I know?" answered the barrister,—“why does a cat not kill a mouse when she takes him?—the love of power and of teasing, I suppose.—Well, Mr Protocol, what say you to that deed?”

“Why, sir, the deed is a well-drawn deed, properly authenticated and tested in forms of the statute.”

“But recalled by another of posterior date in your possession, eh?”

“Something of the sort I confess, Mr Pleydell,”—producing a bundle tied with tape, and sealed at each fold and ligation with black wax. “That deed, Mr Pleydell, which you produce and found upon, is dated 1st June, 17—, but this”—breaking the seals and unfolding the document slowly—“is dated the 20th—no, I see it is the 21st, of April of this present year, being ten years posterior.”

“Marry, hang her, brock!” said the counsellor, borrowing an exclamation from Sir Toby Belch; “just the month in which Ellangowan’s distresses became generally public. But let us hear what she has done.”

Mr Protocol accordingly, having required silence, began to read the settlement aloud in a slow, steady, business-like tone. The group around, in whose eyes hopes alternately awakened and faded, and who were straining their apprehensions to get at the drift of the testator’s meaning through the mist of technical language in which the conveyance had involved it, might have made a study for Hogarth.

The deed was of an unexpected nature. It set forth with conveying and disposing all and whole the estate and lands of Singleside and others, with the lands of Loverless, Lyalone, Spinster’s Knowe and heaven knows what besides, “to and in favours of (here the reader softened his voice to a gentle and modest piano) Peter Protocol, clerk to the signet, having the fullest confidence in his capacity and integrity, (these are the very words which my worthy deceased friend insisted upon inserting) “But in TRUST always,” (here the reader recovered his voice and stile, and the visages of several of the hearers, which had attained a longitude that Mr Mortcloke might have envied, were perceptibly shortened) “in TRUST always, and for the uses, ends, and purposes herein after-mentioned.”

In these “uses, ends, and purposes,” lay the cream of the affair. The first was introduced by a preamble setting forth, that the testatrix was lineally descended from the ancient house of Ellangowan, her respected great-grand-father, Andrew Bertram, first of Singleside, of happy memory, having been second son to Allan Bertram, fifteenth Baron of Ellangowan. It proceeded to state, that Henry Bertram, son and heir of Godfrey Bertram, now of Ellangowan, had been stolen from his parents in infancy, but that she, the testatrix, *was well assured that he was yet alive in foreign parts, and by the providence of heaven would be restored to the possessions of his ancestors*—in which case the said Peter Protocol was bound and obliged, like as he bound and obliged himself, by acceptance of these presents, to denude himself of the said lands of Singleside and others, and of all the other effects thereby conveyed (excepting always a proper gratification for his own

trouble) to and in favour of the said Henry Bertram upon his return to his native country. And during the time of his residing in foreign parts, or in case of his never again returning to Scotland, Mr Peter Protocol, the trustee, was directed to distribute the rents of the land, and interest of the other funds, (deducting always a proper gratification for his trouble in the premises) in equal portions, among four charitable establishments pointed out in the will. The power of management, of letting leases, of raising and lending out money, in short, the full authority of a proprietor, was vested in this confidential trustee, and, in the event of his death, went to certain official persons named in the deed. There were only two legacies; one of a hundred pounds to a favourite waiting-maid, another of the like sum to Janet Gibson (whom the deed stated to have been supported by the charity of the testatrix) for the purpose of binding her an apprentice to some honest trade.

A settlement in mortmain is in Scotland termed a *mortification*, and in one great borough (Aberdeen, if I remember rightly) there is a municipal officer who takes care of these public endowments, and is thence called the Master of Mortifications. One would almost presume, that the term had its origin in the effect which such settlements usually produce upon the kinsmen of those by whom they are executed. Heavy at least was the mortification which befell the audience, who, in the late Mrs Margaret Bertram's parlour, had listened to this unexpected destination of the lands of Singleside. There was a profound silence after the deed had been read over.

Mr Pleydell was the first to speak. He begged to look at the deed, and having satisfied himself that it was correctly drawn and executed, he returned it without any observation, only saying aside to Mannering, "Protocol is not worse than other people, I believe; but this old lady has determined that if he do not turn rogue, it shall not be for want of temptation."

"I really think," said Mr Mac-Casquil of Drumquag, who, having gulped down one half of his vexation, determined to give vent to the rest, "I really think this is an extraordinary case! I should like now to know from Mr Protocol, who, being sole and unlimited trustee, must have been consulted upon this occasion; I should like, I say, to know, how Mrs Bertram could possibly believe in the existence of a boy, that a' the world kens was murdered many a year since?"

"Really, sir," said Mr Protocol, "I do not conceive it is possible for me to explain her motives more than she has done herself. Our excellent deceased friend was a good woman, sir—a pious woman—and might have grounds for confidence in the boy's safety which are not accessible to us, sir."

"Hout," said the tobacconist, "I ken very weel what were her grounds for confidence. There's Mrs Rebecca (the maid) sitting there,

has tell'd me a hundred times in my ain shop, there was nae kenning how her lady wad settle her affairs, for an auld gypsy witch wife at Gilsland had possessed her with a notion, that the callant—Harry Bertram ca's she him?—would come alive again some day after a'—ye'll no deny that, Mrs Rebecca?—though I dare to say ye forgot to put your mistress in mind of what ye promised to say when I gied ye mony a half-crown—But ye'll no deny what I am saying now, lass?"

"I ken naething at a' about it," answered Rebecca doggedly, and looking straight forward with the firm countenance of one not disposed to be compelled to remember more than was agreeable to her.

"Weel said, Rebecca! ye're satisfied wi' your ain share ony way," rejoined the tobacconist.—The buck of the second-head, for a buck of the first-head he was not, had hitherto been slapping his boots with his switch-whip, and looking like a spoiled child that has lost its supper. His murmurs, however, were all vented inwardly, or at most in a soliloquy such as this—"I am sorry, by G—, I ever plagued myself about her—I came here, by G—, one night to drink tea, and I left King, and the Duke's rider Will Hack. They were toasting a round of running horses; by G—, I might have got leave to wear the jacket as well as other folk, if I had carried it on with them—and she has not so much as left me that hundred!"

"We'll make the payment of the note quite agreeable," said Mr Protocol, who had no wish to increase at that moment the odium attached to his office—"And now, gentlemen, I fancy we have no more to wait for here, and—I shall put the settlement of my excellent and worthy friend on record to-morrow, that every gentleman may examine the contents, and have free access to take an extract; and"—He proceeded to lock up the repositories of the deceased with more speed than he had opened them—"Mrs Rebecca, ye'll be so kind as to keep all right here until we can let the house—I had an offer this morning, if such a thing should be, and if I was to have any management."——

Our friend Dinmont, having had his hopes as well as another, had hitherto sate sulky enough in the arm-chair formerly appropriated to the deceased, and in which she would have been not a little scandalized to have seen this colossal specimen of the masculine gender lolling at length. His employment had been rolling up, into the form of a coiled snake, the long lash of his horse-whip, and then letting it uncoil itself into the middle of the floor.—The first words he said when he had digested the shock, contained a magnanimous declaration, which he probably was not conscious of having uttered aloud—"Weel—blood's thicker than water—she's welcome to the cheeses and the hams just the same." But when the trustee had made the above-mentioned motion for the mourners to depart, and talked of the house being immediately let, honest Dinmont got upon his feet, and stunned the company with this blunt question, "And what's to come o' this poor lassie then,

Jenny Gibson? Sae mony o' us as thought oursells sib to the family when the gear was parting, we may do something for her amang us surely." This proposal seemed to dispose most of the assembly instantly to evacuate the premises, although upon Mr Protocol's motion they had lingered as if around the grave of their disappointed hopes. Drumquag said, or rather muttered, something of having a family of his own, and took precedence, in virtue of his gentle blood, to depart as fast as possible. The tobacconist sturdily stood forward and scouted the motion—"A little huzzie like that was weel enough provided for already; and Mr Protocol at ony rate was the proper person to take direction of her, as he had charge of her legacy;" and after uttering such his opinion in a steady and decisive tone of voice, he also left the place. The buck made a stupid and brutal attempt at a jest upon Mrs Bertram's recommendation that the poor girl should be taught some honest trade; but encountered a scowl from Colonel Mannering's darkening eye (to whom, in his ignorance of the tone of good society, he had looked for applause) that made him ache to the very back-bone. He shuffled down stairs therefore, as fast as possible.

Protocol, who was really a good sort of man, next expressed his intention to take a temporary charge of the young lady, under protest always, that his so doing should be considered as merely eleemosynary; when Dinmont at length got up, and having shaken his huge dreadnought great-coat, as a Newfoundland dog does his shaggy hide when he comes out of the water, ejaculated, "Weel, deil hae me then, if ye hae ony fash wi' her, Mr Protocol; if she likes to gang hame wi' me, that is. Ye see, Ailie and me we're weel to pass, and we would like the lassies to hae a wee bit mair lair than oursells, and to be 'neighbour-like—that would we.—And ye see she canna miss but to ken manners, and the like o' reading books, and sewing seams—having lived sae lang wi' a grand lady like Lady Singleside. Or if she does na ken ony thing about it, I'm jealous that our bairns will like her a' the better; and I'll take care o' the bits o' claes, and what spending siller she maun hae, and the hundred pounds may rin on in your hands, Mr Protocol, and I'll be adding something till't, till she'll may be get a Liddesdale joe that wants something to help to buy the hirsell.—What d'ye say to that, hinny? I'll take out a ticket for ye in the fly to Jeddart—Odd, but ye maun take a poney after that o'er the Limestane rig—deil a wheeled carriage ever gaed into Liddesdale:—and I'll be very glad if Mrs Rebecca comes wi' you, hinny, and stays a month or twa while you're stranger like."

While Mrs Rebecca was curtseying, and endeavouring to make the poor orphan girl curtsey instead of crying, and while Dandie, in his rough way, was encouraging them both, old Pleydell had recourse to his snuff-box. "It's meat and drink to me, now, Colonel," he said, as he recovered himself, "to see a clown like this—I must gratify him

in his own way, must assist him to ruin himself—there's no help for it.—Here, you Liddesdale—Dandie—Charlies—hope—what do they call you?"

The farmer turned, infinitely gratified even by this sort of notice, for in his heart, next to his own landlord, he honoured a lawyer in high practice.

"So you will not be advised against trying that question about your marches?"

"N—no, sir—naeboddy likes to lose their right, and to be laughed at down the hail water. But since you honour's no agreeable, and is may be a friend to the other side like, we maun try some other advocate."

"There—I told you so, Colonel Mannering!—Well, sir, if you must needs be a fool, the business is to give you the luxury of a law-suit at the least possible expence, and to bring you off conqueror if possible. Let Mr Protocol send me your papers, and I will advise him how to conduct your cause. I don't see, after all, why you should not have your law-suits too, and your feuds in the court of Session, as well as your forefathers had their man-slaughters and fire-raising."

"Very natural, to be sure, sir. We would just take the auld gate as readily, if it were no for the law. And as the law binds us, the law should loose us. Besides, a man's aye the better thought of in our country for having been afore the feifteen."

"Excellently argued, my friend! Away with you, and send your papers to me.—Come, Colonel, we have no more to do here."

"God, we'll ding Jock o' Dawston Cleugh now after a'," said Dinmont, slapping his thigh in great exultation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

— — — — I am going to the parliament;
 You understand this bag: If you have any business
 Depending there, be short, and let me hear it,
 And pay your fees.—*Little French Lawyer.*

"WILL you be able to carry this honest fellow's cause for him?" said Mannering.

"Why, I don't know; the battle is not to the strong, but he shall come off triumphant over Jock of Dawston if we can make it out. I owe him something. It is the pest of our profession, that we seldom see the best side of human nature. People come to us with every selfish feeling, newly pointed and grinded; they turn down the very caulkers of their animosities and prejudice, as smiths do with horses' shoes in a white frost. Many a man has come to my garret yonder, that I have at first longed to pitch out at the window, and yet, at length,

have discovered that he was only doing as I might have done in his case, being very angry, and, of course, very unreasonable. I have now satisfied myself, that if our profession sees more of human folly and human roguery than others, it is as affording the only channel through which they can vent themselves. In civilized society, law is the chimney through which all that smoke discharges itself that used to circulate through the whole house, and put every one's eyes out—no wonder, therefore, that the vent itself should sometimes get a little sooty.—But we will take care our Liddesdale-man's cause is well conducted and well argued, so all unnecessary expence will be saved—he shall have his pine-apple at wholesale price.”

“Will you do me the pleasure,” said Mannering as they parted, “to dine with me at my lodgings? my landlord says he has a bit of red-deer venison, and some excellent wine.”

“Venison—eh? But no! it's impossible—and I can't ask you home neither. Monday's a sacred day—so's Tuesday—and Wednesday, we are to be heard in the great teind case in presence—But stay—it's frosty weather, and if you don't leave town, and that venison would keep till Thursday”——

“You will dine with me that day?”

“Under certification.”

“Well, then, I will indulge a thought I had of spending a week here; and if the venison will not keep, why we will see what else our landlord can do for us.”

“O, the venison will keep,” said Pleydell; “and now good bye—look at these two or three cards, and deliver them if you like the addresses. I wrote them for you this morning—Farewell, my clerk has been waiting this hour to begin a d—d information.”—And away walked Mr Pleydell with great activity, diving through closes and ascending covered stairs, in order to attain the High-street by an access, which, compared to the common route, was what the Straits of Magellan are to the more circuitous, but open passage around Cape Horn.

Upon looking at the cards of introduction which Pleydell had thrust into his hand, Mannering was gratified with seeing that they were addressed to some of the first literary characters of Scotland. “To David Hume, Esq.” “To John Home.” “To Dr Ferguson.” “To Dr Black.” “To Lord Kaimes.” “To Mr Hutton.” “To John Clerk, Esq. of Eldin.” “To Adam Smith, Esq.” “To Dr Robertson.”——

“Upon my word, my legal friend has a good selection of acquaintances—these are names pretty widely blown indeed—an East-Indian must rub up his faculties a little, and put his mind in order, before he enters this sort of society.”

Mannering gladly availed himself of these introductions; and we regret deeply it is not in our power to give the reader an account of the pleasure and information which he received, in admission to a

circle never closed against strangers of sense and information, and which has perhaps at no period been equalled, considering the depth and variety of talent which it embraced and concentrated.

Upon the Thursday appointed, Mr Pleydell made his appearance at the inn where Colonel Mannering lodged. The venison proved in high order, the claret excellent, and the learned counsel, a professed amateur in the affairs of the table, did distinguished honour to both. I am uncertain, however, if even the good cheer gave him more satisfaction than the presence of Dominie Sampson, from whom, in his own juridical style of wit, he contrived to extract great amusement, both for himself and one or two friends whom the Colonel regaled on the same occasion. The grave and laconic simplicity of Sampson's answers to the insidious questions of the barrister, placed the *bonhomme* of his character in a more luminous point of view than Mannering had yet seen it. Upon the same occasion he drew forth a strange quantity of miscellaneous and abstruse, though generally speaking, useless learning.—The lawyer afterwards compared his mind to the magazine of a pawnbroker, stowed with goods of every description, but so cumbrously piled together, and in such total disorganization, that the owner can never lay his hands upon any one article at the moment he has occasion for it.

As for the advocate himself, he afforded at least as much exercise to Sampson as he extracted amusement from him. When the man of law began to get into his altitudes, and his wit, naturally shrewd and dry, became more lively and poignant, the Dominie looked upon him with that sort of surprise with which we can conceive a tame bear might regard his future associate the monkey, upon their being first introduced to each other. It was Mr Pleydell's delight to state in grave and serious argument some position which he knew the Dominie would be inclined to dispute. He then beheld with exquisite pleasure the internal labour with which the honest man arranged his ideas for reply, and tasked his inert and sluggish powers to bring up all the heavy artillery of his learning for demolishing the schismatic or heretical opinion which had been stated—when, behold, before the ordnance could be discharged, the foe had quitted the post, and appeared in a new position of annoyance on the Dominie's flank or rear. Often did he exclaim "prodigious!" when, marching up to the enemy in full confidence of victory, he found the field evacuated, and it may be supposed that it cost him no little labour to attempt a new formation. "He was like a native Indian army," the Colonel said, "formidable by numerical strength and size of ordnance, but liable to be thrown into irreparable confusion by a movement to take them in flank."—On the whole, however, the Dominie, though somewhat fatigued with these mental exertions, made at unusual speed and upon the pressure of the moment, reckoned this one of the white days of his life, and

always mentioned Mr Pleydell as a very erudite and facetious person.

By degrees the rest of the party dropped off, and left these three gentlemen together. Their conversation turned to Mrs Bertram's settlements. "Now what could drive it into the noddle of that old harridan," said Pleydell, "to disinherit poor Lucy Bertram, under pretence of settling her property on a boy who has been so long dead and gone?—I ask your pardon, Mr Sampson; I forgot what an affecting case this was for you—I remember taking your examination upon it—and I never had so much trouble to make any one speak three words consecutively. You may speak of your Pythagoreans or your silent Bramins, Colonel,—go to—I tell you this learned gentleman beats them in taciturnity—but the words of the wise are precious, and not to be thrown away lightly."

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, taking his blue-checkered handkerchief from his eyes—"that was a bitter day with me indeed—aye, and a day of grief hard to be borne—but He giveth strength who layeth on the load."

Colonel Mannering took this opportunity to request Mr Pleydell to inform him of the particulars attending the loss of the boy; and the counsellor, who was fond of talking upon subjects of criminal jurisprudence, especially when connected with his own experience, went through the circumstances at full length. "And what is your opinion upon the result of the whole?"

"O, that Kennedy was murdered—it's an old case which has occurred on that coast before now—the case of *Smuggler versus Excise-man*."

"What then is your conjecture concerning the fate of the child?"

"O, murdered too, doubtless. He was old enough to tell what he had seen, and these scoundrels would not scruple committing a second Bethlehem massacre, if they thought their interest required it."

The Dominie groaned deeply, and ejaculated, "Enormous!"

"Yet there was mention of gypsies in the business too, counsellor, and from what that vulgar-looking fellow said after the funeral"—

"Mrs Margaret Bertram's idea that the child was alive was founded upon the report of a gypsy—I envy you the concatenation, Colonel—it is a shame to me not to have drawn the same conclusion. We'll follow this business up instantly—Here, hark ye, waiter, go down to Luckie Wood's in the Cowgate—ye'll find my clerk, Driver; he'll be set down to High Jinks by this time—for we and our retainers, Colonel, are exceedingly regular in our irregularities)—tell him to come here instantly, and I will pay his forfeits."

"He won't appear in character, will he?"

"Ah! no more of that, Hal! an thou lovest me.—But we must have some news from the land of Egypt, if possible. O, if I had but hold of the slightest thread of this complicated skein, you should see

how I should unravel it!—I would work the truth out of your Bohemian, as the French call them, better than a *Monitoire*, or a *Plainte de Tournelle*—I know how to manage a refractory witness.”

While Mr Pleydell was thus vaunting his knowledge of his profession, the waiter re-entered with Mr Driver, his mouth still greasy with mutton pies, and the froth of the last draught of twopenny yet unsubsidised on his upper lip, with such speed had he obeyed the commands of his principal.—“Driver, you must go instantly and find out the woman who was old Mrs Margaret Bertram’s maid. Enquire for her everywhere, but if you find it necessary to have recourse to Protocol, Quid the tobacconist, or any other of these folks, you will take care not to appear yourself, but send some woman of your acquaintance—I dare say you know enough that may be so condescending as to oblige you. When you have found her out, engage her to come to my chambers to-morrow at eight o’clock precisely.”

“What shall I say to make her forthcoming?” asked the aide-de-camp.

“Any thing you chuse—is it my business to make lies for you, do you think?—but let her be *in presentia* by eight o’clock, as I have said before.” The clerk grinned, made his reverence, and exit.

“That’s a useful fellow,” said the counsellor: “I don’t believe his match ever carried a process. He’ll write to my dictating three nights in the week without sleep, or, what’s the same thing, he writes as well and correctly when he’s asleep as when he’s awake. Then he’s such a steady fellow—some of them are always changing their ale-houses, so that they have twenty cadies sweating after them, like the bare-headed captains traversing the taverns of East-Cheap in search of Sir John Falstaff. But this is a steady fellow—he has his winter seat by the fire, and his summer seat by the window, in Luckie Wood’s, betwixt which seats are his only migrations; there he’s to be found at all times when he is off duty. It is my opinion he never puts off his clothes or goes to sleep—sheer ale supports him under every thing. It is meat, drink, and cloth, bed, board, and washing.”

“And is he always fit for duty upon a sudden turn out? I should distrust it, considering his quarters.”

“O, drink never disturbs him, Colonel, he can write for hours after he cannot speak. I remember being called suddenly to draw an appeal case. I had been dining, and it was Saturday night, and I had ill will to begin to it—however, they got me down to Clerihugh’s, and there we sate birling till I had a fair tappit hen under my belt, and then they persuaded me to draw the paper. Then we had to seek Driver, and it was all that two men could do to bear him in, for when found, he was, as it happened, both motionless and speechless. But no sooner was his pen put between his fingers, his paper stretched before him, and he heard my voice, than he began to write like a scrivener—and,

excepting that we were obliged to have somebody to dip his pen in the ink, for he could not see the standish, I never saw a thing scrolled more handsomely."

"But how did your joint production look the next morning?" said the Colonel.

"Wheugh! capital—not three words required to be altered; it was sent off by that day's post.—But you'll come and breakfast with me to-morrow, and hear this woman's examination?"

"Why, your hour is rather early."

"Can't make it later. If I were not on the boards of the outer-house precisely as the nine-hours bell rings, there would be a report that I had got an apoplexy, and I should feel the effects of it all the rest of the session."

"Well, I will make an exertion to wait upon you."

Here the company broke up for the evening.

In the morning Colonel Mannering appeared at the counsellor's chambers, although cursing the raw air of a Scottish morning in December. Mr Pleydell had got Mrs Rebecca installed on one side of his fire, accommodated her with a cup of chocolate, and was already deeply engaged in conversation with her. "O, no, I assure you, Mrs Rebecca, there is no intention to challenge your mistress's will, and I give you my word of honour that your legacy is quite safe. You deserved it by your conduct to your mistress, and I wish it had been twice as much."

"Why, to be sure, sir, it's no right to mention what is said before ane—ye heard how that dirty body Quid cast up to me the bits o' compliments he gied me, and tell'd ower again ony loose cracks I might hae had wi' him; now if ane was talking loosely to your honour, there's nae saying what might come o't."

"I assure you, my good Rebecca, my character and your own age and appearance are your security, if you should talk as loosely as an amatory poet."

"Aweel, if your honour thinks I am safe—the story is just this.—Ye see, about a year ago, or no just sae lang, my leddy was advised to go to Gilsland for a while, for her spirits were distressing her sair. Ellangowan's troubles began to be spoken o' publicly, and sair vexed she was—for she was proud o' her family.—For Ellangowan himsell and her, they sometimes 'greed, and sometimes no—but at last they did-na 'gree at a' for twa or three years—for he was aye wanting to borrow siller, and that was what she could-na bide at no hand, and she was aye wanting it paid back again, and that the Laird he liked as little. So they were clean aff thegither.—And then some of the company at Gilsland tells her that the estate was to be sell'd; and you wad hae thought she had taen an ill will at Miss Lucy Bertram frae that moment, for mony a time she cried to me, "O Becky, O

Becky, if that useless peenging thing of a lassie there, at Ellangowan, that canna keep her ne'er-do-weel father within bounds—if she had been but a lad-bairn, they could-na hae sell'd the auld inheritance for that fool-body's debts,"—and she would rin on that way, till I was just wearied to hear her.—And ae day at the spaw-well below the craig, she was seeing a very bonny family o' bairns—they belanged to ane Mac-Crosky—and she broke out—"Is not it an odd thing that ilka waf carle in the country has a son and heir, and that the house of Ellangowan is without male succession?" There was a gypsy wife stood ahint and heard her—a muckle stoor fearsome-looking wife she was, as ever I set e'en on,—'Wha is it,' says she, 'that dare say the house of Ellangowan will perish without male succession?' My mistress just turned on her—she was a high-spirited woman, and aye ready wi' an answer to a' body. 'It's me that says it, says she, that may say it wi' a sad heart.' Wi' that the gypsy wife gripped till her hand, 'I ken you weel enough,' says she, 'though ye ken na me—But as sure as that sun's in heaven, and as sure as that water's rinning to the sea, and as sure as there's an e'e that sees, and an ear that hears us baith—Harry Bertram, that was thought to perish at Warroch Point, never did die there—He was to have a weary weird o't till his ane-and-twentieth year, that was aye said o' him—but if ye live and I live, ye'll hear mair o' him this winter before the snaw lies twa days on the Dun of Singleside—I want nane o' your siller,' she said, 'to make ye think I am blearing your e'e—Fare ye weel till after Martimas!' and there she left us standing."

"Was she a very tall woman?" interrupted Mannering.

"Had she black hair, black eyes, and a cut above the brow?" added the lawyer.

"She was the tallest woman I ever saw, and her hair was as black as midnight, unless where it was grey, and she had a scar abune her brow, that ye might hae laid the lith of your finger in. Naeboddy that's seen her will ever forget her; and I am morally sure that it was on the ground o' what that gypsy-woman said that my mistress made her will, having ta'en a dislike at the young lady of Ellangowan; and she liked her far waur after she was obliged to send her £20—for she said, Miss Bertram, no content wi' letting the Ellangowan property pass into strange hands, owing to her being a lass and no a lad, was coming, by her poverty, to be a burden and a disgrace to Singleside too.—But I hope my mistress's is a good will for a' that, for it would be hard on me to lose the wee bit legacy—I served for little fee and bountith, weel I wot."

The counsellor relieved her fears on this head, then enquired after Jenny Gibson, and understood she had accepted Mr Dinmont's offer; "and I have done sae mysell too, since he was sae discreet as to ask me," said Mrs Rebecca; "they are very decent folk the Dinmonts,

though my lady did-na dow to hear muckle about the friends on that side the house. But she liked the Charlies-hope hams, and the cheeses, and the moor-fowl, that they were aye sending, and the lamb's-wool hose and mittens—she liked them weel aneuch.”

Mr Pleydell now dismissed Mrs Rebecca. When she was gone, “I think I know the gypsy woman,” said the lawyer.

“I was just going to say the same,” replied Mannering.

“And her name,” said Pleydell——

“Is Meg Merrilies,” answered the Colonel.

“Are you avised of that?” said the counsellor, looking at his military friend with a comic expression of surprise.

Mannering answered, that he had known such a woman when he was at Ellangowan twenty-five years before; and then made his learned friend acquainted with all the remarkable particulars of his first visit there.

Mr Pleydell listened with great attention, and then replied, “I congratulated myself upon having made the acquaintance of a profound theologian in your chaplain, but I really did not expect to find a pupil of Albumazar or Messahala in his patron.—I have a notion, however, this gypsy could tell us some more of the matter than she derives from astrology or second-sight—I had her through hands once, and could then make little of her, but I must write to Mac-Morlan to stir heaven and earth to find her out.—I will gladly come to ——shire myself to assist at her examination—I am still in the commission of the peace there, though I have ceased to be sheriff—I never had any thing more at heart in my life than tracing that murder, and the fate of the child. I must write to the Sheriff of Roxburghshire too, and to an active justice of peace in Cumberland.”

“I hope when you come to the country you will make Woodbourne your head-quarters?”

“Certainly; I was afraid you were going to forbid me—But we must go to breakfast now, or I shall be too late.”

On the following day the new friends parted, and the Colonel rejoined his family without any adventure worthy of being detailed in these chapters.

CHAPTER XL.

Can no rest find me, no private place secure me,
But still my miseries like bloodhounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee
Guides thee from death? The country's laid around for thee—

Women Pleased.

Our narrative now recalls us for a moment to the period when young Hazlewood received his wound. That accident had no sooner happened,

than the consequences to Miss Mannering and to himself rushed upon Brown's mind. From the manner in which the muzzle of the piece was pointed when it went off, he had no great fear that the consequences would be fatal. But an arrest in a strange country, and while he was unprovided with any means of establishing his rank and character, was at least to be avoided. He therefore resolved to escape for the present to the neighbouring coast of England, and to remain concealed there, if possible, until he should receive letters from his regimental friends, and remittances from his agent; and then to resume his own character, and offer to young Hazlewood and his friends any explanation or satisfaction they might desire. With this purpose he walked stoutly forward, after leaving the spot where the accident had happened, and reached without adventure the village which we have called Portanferry, (but which the reader will in vain seek for under that name in the county map.) A large open boat was just about to leave the quay bound for the little seaport of Allonby, in Cumberland. In this vessel Brown embarked, and resolved to make that place his temporary abode, until he should receive letters and money from England.

In the course of their short voyage he entered into some conversation with the steersman, who was also owner of the boat, a jolly old man, who had occasionally been engaged in the smuggling trade, like most fishers on the coast. After talking about objects of less interest, Brown endeavoured to turn the discourse toward the Mannering family. The sailor had heard of the attack upon the house at Woodbourne, but disapproved of the smuggler's proceedings.

"Hands off is fair play; zounds, they'll bring the whole country down upon them—Na, na! when I was in that way I played at giff-gaff with the officers—here a cargo ta'en—vera weel, that was their luck:—there another carried clean through, that was mine—Na, na! hawks should-na pike out hawks' e'en."

"And this Colonel Mannering?"

"Troth, he's nae wise man neither to interfere—no that I blame him for saving the gaugers' lives—that was very right; but it wasna like a gentleman to be fighting about the poor folk's pocks o' tea and brandy kegs—however, he's a grand man and an officer man, and they do what they like wi' the like o' us."

"And his daughter," said Brown, with a throbbing heart, "is going to be married into a great family too, as I have heard?"

"What, into the Hazlewoods? Na, na, that's but idle clashes—Every Sabbath day, as regularly as it came round, did the young man ride hame wi' the daughter of the late Ellangowan—and my daughter Peggy's in the service up at Woodbourne, and she says she's sure young Hazlewood thinks nae mair of Miss Mannering than you do."

Bitterly censuring his own precipitate adoption of a contrary belief, Brown yet heard with delight that the suspicions of Julia's fidelity, upon

which he had so rashly acted, were probably void of foundation. How must he in the meantime be suffering in her opinion? or what could she suppose of conduct, which must have made him appear to her regardless alike of her peace of mind, and of the interests of their affection? The old man's connection with the family at Woodbourne seemed to offer a safe mode of communication, of which he determined to avail himself.

"Your daughter is a maid-servant at Woodburne?—I knew Miss Mannering in India, and though I am at present in an inferior rank of life, I have great reason to hope she would interest herself in my favour. I had a quarrel unfortunately with her father, who was my commanding officer, and I am sure the young lady would endeavour to reconcile him to me. Perhaps your daughter could deliver a letter to her upon the subject, without making mischief between her father and her?"

The old man readily answered for the letter being faithfully and secretly delivered; and, accordingly, so soon as they arrived at Allonby, Brown wrote to Miss Mannering, stating the utmost contrition for what had happened through his rashness, and conjuring her to let him have an opportunity of pleading his own cause, and obtaining forgiveness for his indiscretion. He did not judge it safe to go into any detail concerning the circumstances by which he had been misled, and upon the whole endeavoured to express himself with such ambiguity, that, if the letter should fall into wrong hands, it would be difficult either to understand its real purport, or to trace the writer. This letter the old man undertook faithfully to deliver to his daughter at Woodbourne; and, as his trade would speedily again bring him or his boat to Allonby, he promised farther to take charge of any answer with which the young lady might entrust him.

And now our persecuted traveller landed at Allonby, and sought for such accommodations as might at once suit his temporary poverty, and his desire of remaining as much unobserved as possible. With this view he assumed the name and profession of his friend Dudley, having command enough of the pencil to verify his pretended character to his host of Allonby. His baggage he pretended to expect from Wigtown; and, keeping himself as much within doors as possible, awaited the return of the letters which he had sent to his agent, to Delaserre, and to his Lieutenant-Colonel. From the first he requested a supply of money; he conjured Delaserre, if possible, to join him in Scotland; and from the Lieutenant-Colonel he required such testimony of his rank and conduct in the regiment, as should place his character as a gentleman and officer beyond the power of question. The inconvenience of being run short in his finances struck him so strongly, that he wrote to Dinmont upon that subject, requesting a small temporary loan, having no doubt that, being within sixty or seventy miles of his residence, he would receive a speedy as well as favourable answer to his request of pecuniary

accommodation, which was owing, as he stated, to his having been robbed after their parting. And then, with impatience enough, though without any serious apprehension, he waited the answers of these various letters.

It must be observed, in excuse of his correspondents, that the post was then much more tardy than since Mr Palmer's ingenious invention has taken place; and with respect to honest Dinmont in particular, as he rarely received above one letter a quarter, (unless during the time of his being engaged in a law-suit, when he regularly sent to the post-town,) his correspondence usually remained for a month or two sticking in the postmaster's window, among pamphlets, gingerbread, rolls, or ballads, according to the trade which the said postmaster exercised. Besides, there was then a custom, not yet wholly obsolete, of causing a letter, from one town to another, perhaps within the distance of thirty miles, perform a circuit of two hundred miles before delivery; which had the combined advantage of airing the epistle thoroughly, of adding some pence to the revenue of the post-office, and of exercising the patience of the correspondents. Owing to these circumstances, Brown remained several days in Allonby without answer, and his stock of money, though husbanded with the utmost economy, began to wear very low, when he received by the hands of a young fisherman the following letter:

"You have acted with the most cruel indiscretion; you have shewn how little I can trust to your declarations that my peace and happiness are dear to you; and your rashness has nearly occasioned the death of a young man of the highest worth and honour. Must I say more?—must I add, that I have been myself very ill in consequence of your violence, and its effects? and, alas! need I say still farther, that I have thought anxiously upon them as they are likely to affect you, although you have given me such slight cause to do so? The C. is gone from home for several days; Mr H. is almost quite recovered, and I have reason to think that the blame is laid in a quarter different from that where it is deserved. Yet do not think of venturing here. Our fate has been crossed by accidents of a nature too violent and terrible to permit me to think of renewing a correspondence which has so often threatened the most dreadful catastrophe. Farewell, therefore, and believe that no one can wish your happiness more sincerely than

"J. M."

This letter contained that species of advice, which is frequently given for the precise purpose that it may lead to a directly opposite conduct from that which it recommends. At least so thought Brown, who immediately asked the young fisherman if he came from Portanferry.

"Ay; I am auld Willie Johnstone's son, and I got that letter frae my sister Peggy, that's laundry-maid at Woodbourne."

"My good friend, when do you sail?"

"With the tide this evening."

"I'll return with you; but as I do not desire to go to Portanferry, I wish you could put me on shore somewhere on the coast."

"We can easily do that," said the lad.

Although the price of provisions, &c. was then very moderate, the discharging his lodgings, and the expences of his living together with that of a change of dress, which safety as well as decency rendered necessary, brought Brown's purse to a very low ebb. He left directions at the post-office that his letters should be forwarded to Kippletringan, whither he resolved to proceed and reclaim the treasure which he had deposited in the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish. He also felt it would be his duty to assume his proper character so soon as he received the necessary evidence for supporting it, and, as an officer in the king's service, give and receive every explanation which might be necessary with young Hazlewood. "If he is not very wrong-headed indeed," he thought, "he must allow the manner in which I acted to have been the necessary consequence of his own over-bearing conduct."

And now we must suppose him once more embarked on the Solway frith. The wind was adverse, attended by some rain, and they struggled against it without much assistance from the tide. The boat was heavily laden with goods, (part of which were probably contraband) and laboured deep in the sea. Brown, who had been bred a sailor, and was indeed skilled in most athletic exercises, gave his powerful and effectual assistance in rowing, or occasionally in steering the boat, and his advice in the management, which became the more delicate as the wind increased, and, being opposed to the very rapid tides of that coast, made the voyage perilous. At length, after spending the whole night upon the frith, they were at morning within sight of a beautiful bay upon the Scottish coast. The weather was now more mild. The snow, which had been for some time waning, had given way entirely under the fresh gale of the preceding night. The more distant hills, indeed, retained their snowy mantle, but all the open country was cleared, unless where a few white patches indicated that it had been drifted to an uncommon depth. Even under its wintry appearance, the shore was highly interesting. The line of sea-coast, with all its varied curves, indentures, and embayments, swept away from the sight on either hand, in that varied, intricate, yet graceful and easy line, which the eye loves so well to pursue. And it was no less relieved and varied in elevation than in outline, by the different forms of the shore; the beach in some places being edged by steep rocks, and in others rising smoothly from the sands in easy and swelling slopes. Buildings of different kinds caught and reflected the wintry sunbeams of a December morning, and the woods, though now leafless, gave relief and variety to the landscape. Brown felt that lively and awakening interest which taste and sensibility always derive from the beauties of nature, when opening suddenly to the eye, after the dulness and gloom of a night voyage. Perhaps,—for

who can presume to analyse that inexplicable feeling which binds the person born in a mountainous country to his native hills,—perhaps some early associations, retaining their effect long after the cause was forgotten, mingled in the feelings of pleasure with which he regarded the scene before him.

“And what,” said Brown to the boatman, “is the name of that fine cape, that stretches into the sea with its sloping banks and hillocks of wood, and forms the right side of the bay?”

“Warroch Point,” said the lad.

“And that old castle, my friend, with the modern house situated just beneath it? It seems at this distance a very large building.”

“That’s the Auld Place, sir; and that’s the New Place below it. We’ll land you there, if you like.”

“I should like it of all things. I must visit that ruin before I continue my journey.”

“Ay, it’s a queer auld bit; and that highest tower is a gude land-mark as far as Ramsay in Man, and the Point of Ayr:—there was muckle fighting about it lang syne.”

Brown would have enquired into farther particulars, but a fisherman is seldom an antiquary. His boatman’s local knowledge was summed up in the information already given, “that it was a grand land-mark, and that there had been muckle fighting about the bit lang syne.”

“I shall learn more of it,” thought Brown, “when I get ashore.”

The boat continued its course close under the Point upon which the castle was situated, which frowned from the summit of its rocky site upon the still agitated waves of the bay beneath. “I believe,” said the steersman, “ye’ll get ashore here as dry as ony gate. There’s a place where their berlines and gallies, as they ca’d them, used to lie in lang syne, but it’s no used now, because it’s ill carrying gudes up the narrow stairs, or ower the rocks. Whiles of a moonlight night I have landed articles there, though.”

While he thus spoke, they pulled round a point of rock, and found a very small harbour, partly formed by nature, partly by the indefatigable labour of the ancient inhabitants of the castle, who, as the fisherman observed, had found it essential for the protection of their boats and small craft, though it could not receive vessels of any burthen. The two points of rock which formed the entrance, approached each other so nearly, that only one boat could enter at a time. On each side were still remaining two immense iron-rings, deeply morticed into the solid rock. Through these, according to tradition, there was nightly drawn a huge chain, secured by an immense padlock, for the protection of the haven and the armada which it contained. A ledge of rock had, by the assistance of the chisel and pick-axe, been formed into a sort of quay. The rock was of extremely

hard consistence, and the task so difficult, that, according to the fisherman, a labourer who wrought at the work might in the evening have carried home in his bonnet all the shivers which he had struck from the mass in the course of the day. This little quay communicated with a rude stair-case, already repeatedly mentioned, which descended from the old castle. There was also a communication between the beach and the quay, by scrambling over the rocks.

"Ye had better land here," said the lad, "for the surf's running high at the Shelliccoat-stane, and there will no be a dry thread amang us or we get the cargo out.—Na! na! (in answer to an offer of money) ye have wrought for your passage, and wrought far better than ony o' us. Gude day to you: I wuss ye weel." So saying, he pushed off in order to land his cargo on the opposite side of the bay; and Brown, with a small bundle in his hand, containing the trifling stock of necessaries which he had been obliged to purchase at Allonby, was left on the rocks beneath the ruin.

And thus, unconscious as the most absolute stranger, and in circumstances, which, if not destitute, were for the present highly embarrassing; without the countenance of a friend within the circle of several hundred miles; accused of a heavy crime, and, what was as bad as all the rest, being nearly penniless, did the harassed wanderer for the first time, after the interval of so many years, approach the remains of the castle, where his ancestors had exercised all but regal dominion.

CHAPTER XLI.

————— Yes, ye moss-green walls,
Ye towers defenceless, I revisit ye
Shame-stricken! Where are all your trophies now?
Your thronged courts, the revelry, the tumult,
That spoke the grandeur of my house, the homage
Of neighbouring Barons?—*Mysterious Mother.*

ENTERING the castle of Ellangowan by a postern door-way, which shewed symptoms of having been once secured with the most jealous care, Brown, (whom, since he has set foot upon the property of his fathers, we shall hereafter call by his father's name of Bertram) wandered from one ruined apartment to another, surprised at the massive strength of some parts of the building, the rude and impressive magnificence of others, and the great extent of the whole. In two of these rooms, close beside each other, he saw signs of recent habitation. In one small apartment were empty bottles, half-gnawed bones, and dried fragments of bread. In the vault which adjoined, and which was defended by a strong door, then left open, he observed a considerable quantity of straw, and in both were the reliques of

recent fires. How little was it possible for Bertram to conceive, that such trivial circumstances were closely connected with incidents, affecting his prosperity, his honour, perhaps his life!

After satisfying his curiosity by a hasty glance through the interior of the castle, Bertram now advanced through the great gate-way which opened to the land, and paused to look upon the noble landscape which it commanded. Having in vain endeavoured to guess the position of Woodbourne, and having nearly ascertained that of Kippletringan, he turned to take a parting look at the stately ruins which he had just traversed. He admired the massive and picturesque effect of the huge round towers, which, flanking the gate-way, gave a double portion of depth and majesty to the high yet gloomy arch under which it opened. The carved stone escutcheon of the ancient family, bearing for their arms three wolves' heads, was hung diagonally beneath the helmet and crest, the latter being a wolf couchant pierced with an arrow. On either side stood as supporters, in full human size or larger, a salvage man *proper*, to use the language of heraldry, *wreathed and cinctured*, and holding in his hand an oak tree *eradicated*, that is, torn up by the roots.

"And the powerful barons who owned this blazonry," thought Bertram, pursuing the usual train of ideas which flows upon the mind at such scenes, "does their posterity continue to possess the lands which they had laboured to fortify so strongly? or are they wanderers, ignorant perhaps even of the fame or power of their forefathers, while their hereditary possessions are held by a race of strangers? Why is it," he thought, continuing to follow out the succession of ideas which the scene prompted—"Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts, which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Bramin Moonshie would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject are entirely new; nay, feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place! It is even so with me while I gaze upon that ruin; nor can I divest myself of the idea, that these massive towers, and that dark gate-way, retiring through its deep-vaulted and ribbed arches, and dimly lighted by the court-yard beyond, is not entirely strange to me. Can it be that they have been familiar to me in infancy, and that I am to seek in their vicinity those friends of whom my childhood has still a tender though faint remembrance, and whom I early exchanged for such severe task-masters? Yet Brown, who I think would not have

deceived me, always told me I was brought off from the eastern coast, after a skirmish in which my father was killed; and I do remember enough of a horrid scene of violence to strengthen his account."

It happened that the spot upon which young Bertram chanced to station himself for the better viewing the castle, was nearly the same on which his father had died. It was marked by a large old oak tree, the only one on the esplanade, and which, having been used for executions by the barons of Ellangowan, was called the Justice-Tree. It chanced, and the coincidence was remarkable, that Glossin was this morning engaged with a person, whom he was in the habit of consulting in such matters, concerning some projected repairs, and a large addition to the house of Ellangowan, and that, having no great pleasure in remains so intimately connected with the grandeur of the former inhabitants, he had resolved to use the stones of the ruinous castle in his new edifice. Accordingly he came up the bank, followed by the land-surveyor mentioned upon a former occasion, who was also in the habit of acting as a sort of architect in case of necessity. In drawing the plans, &c., Glossin was in the custom of relying upon his own skill. Bertram's back was towards them as they came up the ascent, and he was quite shrouded by the branches of the large tree, so that Glossin was not aware of the presence of the stranger till he was close upon him.

"Yes, sir, as I have often said before to you, the Old Place is a perfect quarry of hewn stone, and it would be better for the estate if it were all down, since it is only a den for smugglers." At this instant Bertram turned short round upon Glossin at the distance of two yards only—"Would you destroy the castle, sir?"—His face, person, and voice, were so exactly those of his father in his best days, that Glossin, hearing his exclamation, and seeing such a sudden apparition in the shape of his patron, and on nearly the very spot where he had expired, almost thought the grave had given up its dead!—He staggered back two or three paces, as if he had received a sudden and deadly wound. He instantly recovered however his presence of mind, stimulated by the thrilling reflection that it was no inhabitant of the other world which stood before him, but an injured man, whom the slightest want of dexterity on his part might lead to acquaintance with his rights, and the means of asserting them to his utter destruction. Yet his ideas were so much confused by the shock he had received, that his first question partook of the alarm.

"In the name of God, how came you here?"

"Here, sir? I landed a quarter of an hour since in the little harbour beneath the castle, and was employing a moment's leisure in viewing these fine ruins; I trust there is no intrusion?"

"Intrusion, sir?—no, sir," said Glossin, in some degree recovering his breath, and then whispered a few words into his companion's ear,

who immediately left him and descended towards the house. "Intrusion, sir?—no, sir,—you or any gentleman are welcome to satisfy your curiosity."

"I thank you, sir. They call this the Old Place, I am informed?"

"Yes, sir; in distinction to the New Place, my house there below."

Glossin, it must be remarked, was, during the following dialogue, on the one hand eager to learn what local recollections young Bertram had retained of the scenes of his infancy, and, on the other, compelled to be extremely cautious in his replies, lest he should awaken or assist, by some name, phrase, or anecdote, the slumbering train of association. He suffered, indeed, during the whole scene, the agonies which he so richly deserved; yet his pride and interest, like the fortitude of a North American Indian, manned him to sustain the tortures inflicted at once by the contending stings of a guilty conscience, of hatred, of fear, and of suspicion,

"I wish to ask the name, sir, of the family to whom this stately ruin belongs?"

"It is my property, sir; my name is Glossin."

"Glossin—Glossin?" repeated Brown, as if the answer were somewhat different from what he expected; "I beg your pardon, Mr Glossin; I am apt to be very absent.—May I ask if the castle has been long in your family?"

"It was built, I believe, long ago, by a family called Mac-Dingawaie," answered Glossin; suppressing for obvious reasons the more familiar sound of Bertram, which might have awakened the recollections which he was anxious to lull to rest, and slurring with an evasive answer the question concerning the endurance of his own possession.

"And how do you read the half-defaced motto, sir, which is upon that scroll above the entablature with the arms?"

"I—I—I really do not exactly know," replied Glossin.

"I should be apt to read it, *Our Right makes our Might*."

"I believe it is something of that kind."

"May I ask, sir, if it is your family motto?"

"N—n—no—no—not ours. That is, I believe the motto of the former people—mine is—mine is—in fact I have had some correspondence with Mr Cumming of the Lion-Office in Edinburgh, about mine. He writes me the Glossins anciently bore for a motto, 'He who takes it makes it.'"

"If there be any uncertainty, sir, and the case were mine, I would assume the old motto, which seems to me the better of the two."

Glossin, whose tongue by this time clove to the roof of his mouth, only answered by a nod.

"It is odd enough," said Bertram, fixing his eye upon the arms and gate-way, and partly addressing Glossin, partly as it were thinking

aloud—"it is odd the tricks which our memory plays us; the remnants of an old prophecy, or song, or rhyme, of some kind or other, return to my recollection upon hearing that motto—Stay—it is a strange jingle of sounds :

‘ The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might
Shall meet on——,

I cannot remember the last line—on some particular height—*height* is the rhyme, I am sure; but I cannot hit upon the preceding word."

"Confound your memory," thought Glossin, "you remember by far too much of it."

"There are other rhymes connected with these early recollections: Pray, sir, is there any song current in this part of the world respecting a daughter of the King of the Isle of Man eloping with a Scottish knight?"

"I am the worst person in the world to consult upon legendary antiquities," answered Glossin.

"I could sing such a ballad," said Bertram, "from one end to another, when I was a boy. You must know I left Scotland, which is my native country, very young, and those who brought me up discouraged all my attempts to preserve recollection of my native land, on account, I believe, of a boyish wish which I had to escape from their charge."

"Very natural," said Glossin, but speaking as if his utmost efforts were unable to unseal his lips beyond the width of a quarter of an inch, so that his whole utterance was a kind of compressed muttering, very different from the round, bold, bullying voice with which he usually spoke. Indeed his appearance and demeanour during all this conversation seemed to diminish even his strength and stature, so that he withered as it were into the shadow of himself, now advancing one foot, now the other, now stooping and wriggling his shoulders, now fumbling with the buttons of his waistcoat, now clasping his hands together,—in short, he was the picture of a mean-spirited shuffling rascal in the very agonies of detection. To these appearances Bertram was totally inattentive, being dragged on as it were by the current of his own associations. Indeed, although he addressed Glossin, he was not so much thinking of him, as arguing upon the embarrassing state of his own feelings and recollection. "Yes," he said, "I preserved my language among the sailors, most of whom spoke English, and when I could get into a corner by myself, I used to sing all that song over from beginning to end—I have forgot it all now—but I remember the tune well, though I cannot guess what should at present so strongly recall it to my memory."

He took his flageolet from his pocket, and played a simple melody. Apparently the tune awoke the corresponding associations of a damsel, who, at a fine spring about half way down the descent, and which had once supplied the castle with water, was engaged in bleaching linen. She immediately took up the song :

“Are these the Links of Forth, she said,
Or are they the crooks of Dee,
Or the bonnie woods of Warroch-Head
That I so fain would see !”

“By heaven,” said Bertram, “it is the very ballad ! I must learn these words from the girl.”

“Confusion !” thought Glossin ; “if I cannot put a stop to this, all will be out. O the devil take all ballads, and ballad-makers, and ballad-singers ; and that d—d jade too, to set up her pipe !—You will have time enough for this upon some other occasion,” he said aloud ; “at present”—(for now he saw his emissary with two or three men coming up the bank,) “at present we must have some more serious conversation together.”

“How do you mean, sir ?” said Bertram, turning short upon him, and not liking the tone which he made use of.

“Why, sir, as to that—I believe your name is Brown ?”

“And what of that, sir ?”

Glossin looked over his shoulder to see how near his party had approached ; they were coming fast on. “Vanbeest Brown ? if I mistake not.”

“And what of that, sir ?” said Bertram, with increasing astonishment and displeasure.

“Why, in that case,” said Glossin, observing his friends had now got upon the level space close beside them—“in that case, you are my prisoner in the king’s name !”—At the same time he stretched his hand towards Bertram’s collar, while two of the men who had come up seized upon his arms ; he shook himself, however, free of their grasp by a violent effort, in which he pitched the most pertinacious down the bank, and drawing his cutlass, stood on the defensive, while those who had felt his strength recoiled from his presence, and gazed at a safe distance. “Observe,” he called out at the same time, “that I have no purpose to resist legal authority ; satisfy me that you have a magistrate’s warrant, and are authorised to make this arrest, and I will obey it quietly ; but let no man who loves his life venture to approach me, till I am satisfied for what crime, and by whose authority, I am apprehended.”

Glossin then caused one of the officers shew a warrant for the apprehension of Vanbeest Brown, accused of the crime of wilfully and maliciously shooting at Charles Hazlewood, younger of Hazlewood.

with an intent to kill, and also of other crimes and misdemeanours, and which appointed him, having been so apprehended, to be brought before the next magistrate for examination. The warrant being formal, and the fact such as he could not deny, Bertram threw down his weapon, and submitted himself to the officers, who, flying on him with eagerness corresponding to their former pusillanimity, were about to load him with irons, alleging the strength and activity which he had displayed, as a justification of this severity. But Glossin was ashamed or afraid to permit this unnecessary insult, and directed the prisoner to be treated with all the decency, and even respect, that was consistent with safety. Afraid, however, to introduce him into his own house, where still further subjects of recollection might have been suggested, and anxious at the same time to cover his own proceedings by the sanction of another's authority, he ordered his carriage (for he had lately set up a carriage) to be got ready, and in the meantime directed refreshments to be given to the prisoner and the officers, who occupied one of the rooms in the old castle, until the means of conveyance should be provided.

CHAPTER XLII.

———Bring in the evidence———
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place,
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his side— you are of the commission,
Sit you too.—*King Lear.*

WHILE the carriage was getting ready, Glossin had a letter to compose, about which he wasted no small time. It was to his neighbour, as he was fond of calling him, Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, the head of an ancient and powerful interest in the country, which had in the decadence of the Ellangowan family gradually succeeded to much of their authority and influence. The present representative of the family was an elderly man, dotingly fond of his own family, which was limited to an only son and daughter, and stoically indifferent to the fate of all mankind besides. For the rest, he was honourable in his general dealings, because he was afraid to suffer the censure of the world, and just from a better motive. He was presumptuously over-conceited on the score of family pride and importance, a feeling considerably enhanced by his late succession to the title of a Nova Scotia Baronet; and he hated the memory of the Ellangowan family, though now a memory only, because a certain baron of that house was traditionally reported to have caused the founder of the Hazlewood family hold his stirrup until he mounted into his saddle. In his general deportment he was pompous and important, affecting a species of florid

elocution, which often became ridiculous from his misarranging the triads and quaternions with which he loaded his sentences.

To this personage Glossin was now to write in such a conciliatory style as might be most acceptable to his vanity and family pride, and the following was the form of his card.

“Mr Gilbert Glossin” (he longed to add of Ellangowan, but prudence prevailed, and he suppressed that territorial designation) “Mr Gilbert Glossin has the honour to offer his most respectful compliments to Sir Robert Hazlewood, and to inform him, that he has this morning been fortunate enough to secure the person who wounded Mr C. Hazlewood. As Sir Robert Hazlewood may probably chuse to conduct the examination of this criminal himself, Mr G. Glossin will cause the man to be carried to the inn at Kippletringan, or to Hazlewood-house, as Sir Robert Hazlewood may be pleased to direct: And, with Sir Robert Hazlewood’s permission, Mr G. Glossin will attend him at either of these places with the proofs and declarations which he has been so fortunate as to collect respecting this atrocious business.”

Addressed,

“SIR ROBERT HAZLEWOOD of Hazlewood, Bart., Hazlewood-
“House, &c., &c.

“ELLN. GN. }
Tuesday.” }

This card he dispatched by a servant on horseback, and having given the man some time to get a-head, and desired him to ride fast, he ordered two officers of justice to get into the carriage with Bertram, and he himself, mounting his horse, accompanied them at a slow pace to the point where the roads to Kippletringan and Hazlewood-house separated, and there awaited the return of his messenger, in order that his farther route might be determined by the answer he should receive from the Baronet. In about half an hour his servant returned with the following answer, handsomely folded, and sealed with the Hazlewood arms, and having the Nova Scotia badge depending from the shield.

“Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, returns Mr G. Glossin’s compliments, and thanks him for the trouble he has taken in a matter affecting the safety of Sir Robert’s family. Sir R. H. requests Mr G. G. will have the goodness to bring the prisoner to Hazlewood-house for examination, with the other proofs or declarations which he mentions. And after the business is over, in case Mr G. G. is not otherwise engaged, Sir R. and Lady Hazlewood request his company to dinner.”

Addressed,

“MR GILBERT GLOSSIN, &c.

“HAZLEWOOD-HOUSE, }
Tuesday.” }

"Soh!" thought Mr Glossin, "here is one finger in at least, and that I will make the means of introducing my whole hand. But I must first get clear of this wretched young fellow.—I think I can manage Sir Robert. He is dull and pompous, and will be alike disposed to listen to my suggestions upon the law of the case, and to assume the credit of acting upon them as his own proper motion. So I shall have the advantage of being the real magistrate, without the odium of responsibility."

As he cherished these hopes and expectations, the carriage approached Hazlewood-house, through a noble avenue of old oaks, which shrouded the ancient abbey-resembling building so called. It was a large edifice built at different periods, part having actually been a priory, upon the suppression of which, in the time of Queen Mary, the first of the family had obtained a gift of the house and surrounding lands from the crown. It was pleasantly situated in a large deer-park, on the banks of the river we have before mentioned. The scenery around was of a dark, solemn, and somewhat melancholy cast, according well with the architecture of the house. Every thing appeared to be kept in the highest possible order, and announced the opulence and rank of the proprietor.

As Mr Glossin's carriage stopped at the door of the hall, Sir Robert reconnoitred the new vehicle from the windows. According to his aristocratic feelings, there was a degree of presumption in this *novus homo*, this Mr G. Glossin, late writer in ———, presuming to set up such an accommodation at all; but his wrath was mitigated when he observed that the mantle upon the pannels only bore a plain cypher of G. G. This apparent modesty was indeed solely owing to the delay of Mr Cumming of the Lion Office, who, being at that time engaged in discovering and matriculating the arms of two commissaries from North America, three English-Irish peers, and two great Jamaica traders, had been more slow than usual in finding an escutcheon for the new Laird of Ellangowan. But his delay told to the advantage of Glossin in the opinion of the proud Baronet.

While the officers of justice detained their prisoner in a sort of steward's room, Mr Glossin was ushered into what was called the great oak-parlour, a long room, pannelled with well-varnished wainscot, and adorned with the grim portraits of Sir Robert Hazlewood's ancestry. The visitor, who had no internal consciousness of worth to balance that of meanness of birth, felt his inferiority, and, by the depth of his bow and the obsequiousness of his demeanour, showed that the Laird of Ellangowan was sunk for the time in the old and submissive habits of the quondam retainer of the law. He would have persuaded himself, indeed, that he was only humouring the pride of the old Baronet, for the purpose of turning them to his own advantage; but his feelings were of a mingled nature, and he felt the

influence of those very prejudices which he pretended to flatter. The Baronet received him with that condescending parade which was meant at once to assert his own vast superiority, and to shew the generosity and courtesy with which he could waive it, and descend to the level of ordinary conversation with ordinary men. He thanked Glossin for his attention to a matter in which "young Hazlewood" was so intimately concerned, and, pointing to his family pictures, observed, with a gracious smile, "Indeed these venerable gentlemen, Mr Glossin, are as much obliged as I am in this case, for the labour, pains, care, and trouble which you have taken in their behalf; and I have no doubt, were they capable of expressing themselves, would join me, sir, in thanking you for the favour you have conferred upon the house of Hazlewood, by taking care and trouble, sir, and interest, in behalf of the young gentleman who is to continue their name and family."

Thrice bowed Glossin, and each time more profoundly than before; once in honour of the knight who stood upright before him, once in respect to the quiet personages who patiently hung upon the wainscot, and a third time in deference to the young gentleman who was to carry on their name and family. *Roturier* as he was, Sir Robert was gratified by the homage which he rendered, and proceeded in a tone of gracious familiarity: "And now, Mr Glossin, my exceeding good friend, you must allow me to avail myself of your knowledge of law in our proceedings in this matter. I am not much in the habit of acting as a justice of the peace; it suits better with other gentlemen, whose domestic and family affairs require less constant superintendence, attention, and management than mine."

Of course, whatever small assistance Mr Glossin could render was entirely at Sir Robert Hazlewood's service; but, as Sir Robert Hazlewood's name stood high in the list of the faculty, the said Mr Glossin could not presume to hope it could be either necessary or useful.

"Why, my good sir, you will understand me to mean the practical knowledge of the ordinary details of justice business. I was indeed educated to the bar, and might boast perhaps at one time, that I had made some progress in the speculative, and abstract, and abstruse doctrines of our municipal code; but there is in the present day so little opportunity of a man of family and fortune rising to that eminence at the bar, which is attained by adventurers who are as willing to plead for John a Nokes as for the first noble of the land, that I was really early disgusted with practice. The first case, indeed, which was laid on my table, quite sickened me; it respected a bargain, sir, of tallow, between a butcher and a candle-maker; and I found it was expected that I should grease my mouth, not only with their vulgar names but with all the technical terms, and phrases, and peculiar language, of their dirty arts. Upon my honour, my good sir, I have never been able to bear the smell of a tallow-candle since."

Pitying, as seemed to be expected, the mean use to which the Baronet's faculties had been degraded on this melancholy occasion, Mr Glossin offered to officiate as clerk or assessor, or in any way in which he could be most useful. "And with a view to possessing you of the whole business, and in the first place, there will, I believe, be no difficulty in proving the main fact, that this was the person who fired the unhappy piece. Should he deny it, it can be proved by Mr Hazlewood, I presume?"

"Young Hazlewood is not at home to-day, Mr Glossin."

"But we can have the oath of the servant who attended him; indeed I hardly think the fact will be disputed. I am more apprehensive, that, from the too favourable and indulgent manner in which I have understood that Mr Hazlewood has been pleased to represent the business, the assault may be considered as accidental, and the injury as unintentional, so that the fellow may be immediately set at liberty, to do more mischief."

"I have not the honour to know the gentleman who now holds the office of king's advocate," replied Sir Robert, gravely; "but I presume, sir—nay, I am confident, that he will consider the mere fact of having wounded young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, even by inadvertency, to take the matter in its mildest and gentlest, and in its most favourable and improbable light, as a crime which will be too easily atoned by imprisonment, and as more deserving of deportation."

"Indeed, Sir Robert," said his assenting brother in justice, "I am entirely of your opinion; but, I don't know how it is, I have observed the Edinburgh gentlemen of the bar, and even the officers of the crown pique themselves upon an indifferent administration of justice, without respect to rank and family; and I should fear"——

"How, sir, without respect to rank and family?—Will you tell me *that* doctrine can be held by men of birth and legal education?—No, sir; if a trifle stolen in the street is termed mere pickery, but is elevated into sacrilege if the crime be committed in a church, so, according to the just gradations of society, the guilt of an injury is enhanced by the rank of the person to whom it is offered, done, or committed, sir." Glossin bowed low to this declaration *ex cathedra*, but observed, that in case of the very worst, and of such unnatural doctrines being actually held as he had already hinted, "the law had another hold on Mr Vanbeest Brown."

"Vanbeest Brown? is that the fellow's name? Good God! that young Hazlewood of Hazlewood should have had his life endangered, the clavicle of his right shoulder considerably lacerated and dislodged, several large drops or slugs deposited in the acromion process, as the account of the family surgeon expressly bears, and all by an obscure wretch named Vanbeest Brown!"

"Why, really, Sir Robert, it is a thing which one can hardly bear

to think of; but, begging ten thousand pardons for resuming what I was about to say, a person of the same name is, as appears from these papers (producing Dirk Hatteraick's pocket-book,) mate to the smuggling vessel whose crew offered such violence at Woodbourne, and I have no doubt that this is the same individual; which, however, your acute discrimination will easily be able to ascertain."

"The same, my good sir, he must assuredly be—it would be injustice even to the meanest of the people to suppose there could be found among them *two* persons doomed to bear a name so shocking to one's ears as this of Vanbeest Brown."

"True, Sir Robert; most unquestionably; there cannot be a shadow of doubt of it—But you see farther, that this circumstance accounts for the man's desperate conduct. You, Sir Robert, will discover the motive for his crime—you, I say, will discover it without difficulty, on your giving your mind to the examination; for my part I cannot help suspecting the moving spring to have been revenge for the gallantry with which Mr Hazlewood, with all the spirit of his renowned forefathers, defended the house at Woodbourne against this villain and his lawless companions."

"I will enquire into it, my good sir. Yet even now I venture to conjecture that I shall adopt the solution or explanation of this riddle, enigma, or mystery, which you have in some degree thus started. Yes! revenge it must be—and, good Heaven! entertained by and against whom?—entertained, fostered, cherished, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and in part carried into effect, executed, and implemented by the hand of Vanbeest Brown! These are dreadful days indeed, my worthy neighbour (this epithet indicated a rapid advance in the Baronet's good graces)—days when the bulwarks of society are shaken to their mighty base, and that rank, which forms, as it were, its highest grace and ornament, is mingled and confused with the viler parts of the architecture. O, my good Mr Gilbert Glossin, in my time, sir, the use of swords and pistols, and such honourable arms, was reserved by the nobility and gentry to themselves, and the disputes of the vulgar were decided by the weapons which nature had given them, or by cudgels cut, broken, or hewed out of the next wood. But now, sir, the clouted shoe of the peasant galls the kibe of the courtier. The lower ranks have their quarrels, sir, and their points of honour and their revenges, which they must bring forsooth to fatal arbitrement. But well, well! it will last my time—let us have in this fellow, this Vanbeest Brown, and make an end of him at least for the present."

CHAPTER XLIII.

————— 'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which returned
Like a petard ill-lighted into the bosom
Of him gave fire to't. Yet I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover.—*Fair Maid of the Inn.*

THE prisoner was now presented before the two worshipful magistrates. Glossin, partly from some compunctious visitings, and partly out of his cautious resolution to suffer Sir Robert Hazlewood to be the ostensible manager of the whole examination, looked down upon the table, and busied himself with reading and arranging the papers respecting the business, only now and then throwing in a skilful catchword as prompter, when he saw the principal, and apparently most active magistrate stand in need of a hint. As for Sir Robert Hazlewood, he assumed on his part a happy mixture of the austerity of the justice, combined with the display of personal dignity appertaining to the baronet of ancient family.

"There, constables, let him stand there at the bottom of the table. —Be so good as look me in the face, sir, and raise your voice as you answer the questions which I am going to put to you."

"May I beg, in the first place, to know, sir, who it is that takes the trouble to interrogate me? for the honest gentlemen who have brought me here have not been pleased to furnish any information upon that point."

"And pray, sir, what has my name and quality to do with the questions I am about to ask you?"

"Nothing perhaps, sir; but it may considerably influence my disposition to answer them."

"Why, then, sir, you will please to be informed, that you are in presence of Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another justice of peace for this county—that's all."

As this intimation produced a less stunning effect upon the prisoner than he had anticipated, Sir Robert proceeded in his investigation with an increasing dislike to the object of it.

"Is your name Vanbeest Brown, sir?"

"It is."

"So far well;—and how are we to design you farther, sir?"

"Captain in his Majesty's ——— regiment of horse."

The Baronet's ears received this intimation with astonishment; but he was refreshed in courage by an incredulous look from Glossin, and by hearing him gently utter a sort of interjectional whistle, in a note of surprise and contempt. "I believe, my friend, we shall find for you, before we part, a more humble title."

"If you do, sir, I shall willingly submit to any punishment which such an imposture shall be thought to deserve."

"Well, sir, we shall see.—Do you know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?"

"I never saw the gentleman who I am informed bears that name excepting once, and I regret that it was under very unpleasant circumstances."

"You mean to acknowledge, then, that you inflicted upon young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, that wound which endangered his life, considerably lacerated the clavicle of his right shoulder, and deposited, as the family surgeon declares, several large drops or slugs in the acromion process?"

"Why, sir, I can only say I am equally ignorant and sorry for the extent of the damage which the young gentleman has sustained. I met him in a narrow path, walking with two ladies and a servant, and before I could either pass them or address them, this young Hazlewood took his gun from his servant, presented it against my body, and commanded me in the most haughty tone to stand back. I was neither inclined to submit to his authority, nor to leave him in possession of the means to injure me, which he seemed disposed to use with such rashness. I therefore closed with him for the purpose of disarming him; and just as I had nearly effected my purpose, the piece went off accidentally, and, to my regret then and since, inflicted upon the young gentleman a severer chastisement than I desired, though I am glad to understand it is like to prove no more than his unprovoked folly deserved."

"And so, sir," said the Baronet, every feature swoln with offended dignity,—“You, sir, admit, sir, that it was your purpose, sir, and your intention, sir, and the real jet and object of your assault, sir, to disarm young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, sir, or his fowling-piece, or his fuzee, or whatever you please to call it, sir, upon the king's highway, sir?—I think this will do, my worthy neighbour! I think he should stand committed?"

"You are by far the best judge, Sir Robert; but if I might presume to hint, there was something about these smugglers."

"Very true, good sir.—And besides, sir, you Vanbeest Brown, who call yourself a captain in his majesty's service, are no better or worse than a rascally mate of a smuggler!"

"Really, sir, you are an old gentleman, and acting under some strange delusion, otherwise I should be very angry with you."

"Old gentleman, sir! strange delusion, sir! I protest and declare—Why, sir, have you any papers or letters that can establish your pretended rank, and estate, and commission?"

"None at present, sir; but in the return of a post or two"——

"And how do you, sir, if you are a captain in his Majesty's service, how do you chance to be travelling in Scotland without letters of introduction, credentials, baggage, or any thing belonging to your pretended rank, estate, and condition, as I said before?"

“Sir, I had the misfortune to be robbed of my clothes and baggage?”

“Oho! then you are the gentleman who took a post-chaise from — to Kippletringan, gave the boy the slip on the road, and sent two of your accomplices to beat the boy and bring away the baggage?”

“I was, sir, in a carriage as you describe, and lost my way endeavouring to find the road to Kippletringan. The landlady of the inn will inform you, that on my arrival there the next day, my first enquiries were after the boy.”

“Then give me leave to ask where you spent the night—not in the snow, I presume? you do not suppose that will pass, or be taken, credited, and received?”

“I beg leave,” said Bertram, his recollection turning to the gypsy female, and to the promise he had given her, “I beg leave to decline answering that question.”

“I thought as much.—Were you not during that night in the ruins of Derncleugh?—in the ruins of Derncleugh, sir?”

“I have told you that I do not intend answering that question.”

“Well, sir, then you will stand committed, sir, and be sent to prison, sir, that’s all, sir.—Have the goodness to look at these papers; are you the Vanbeest Brown there mentioned?”

It must be remarked that Glossin had shuffled among the papers some writings which really did belong to Bertram, and which had been found by the officers in the old vault where his portmanteau was ransacked.

“Some of these papers,” said Bertram, looking over them, “are mine, and were in my portfolio when it was stolen from the post-chaise. They are memoranda of little value, and, I see, have been carefully selected as affording no evidence of my rank or character, which many of the other papers would have established fully. They are mingled with ship-accounts and other papers, belonging apparently to a person of the same name.”

“And wilt thou attempt to persuade me, friend, that there are *two* persons in this country, at the same time, of thy very uncommon and awkwardly sounding name?”

“I really do not see, sir, as there is an old Hazlewood and a young Hazlewood, why there should not be an old and young Vanbeest Brown. And to speak seriously, I was educated in Holland, and I know that this name, however uncouth it may sound in British ears”——

Glossin, conscious that the prisoner was now about to enter upon dangerous ground, interfered, though the interruption was unnecessary, for the purpose of diverting the attention of Sir Robert Hazlewood, who was speechless and motionless with indignation at the presumptuous comparison implied in Bertram’s last speech. In fact, the veins of his throat and of his temples swelled almost to bursting, and

he sate with the indignant and disconcerted air of one who has received a mortal insult from a quarter, to which he holds it unmeet and undecorous to make any reply. While, with a bent brow and an angry eye, he was drawing in his breath slowly and majestically, and puffing it forth again with deep and solemn exertion, Glossin stepped in to his assistance. "I should think now, Sir Robert, with great submission, that this matter may be closed. One of the constables, besides the pregnant proof already produced, offers to make oath, that the sword of which the prisoner was this morning deprived (while using it, by the way, in resistance to a legal warrant) was a cutlass taken from him in a fray between the officers and smugglers, just previous to their attack upon Woodbourne. And yet," added he, "I would not have you form any rash construction upon that subject; perhaps the young man can explain how he came by that weapon."

"That question, sir, I shall also leave unanswered."

"There is yet another circumstance to be enquired into. This prisoner put into the hands of Mrs Mac-Candlish of Kippletringan, a parcel containing a variety of gold coins and valuable articles of different kinds. Perhaps, Sir Robert, you might think it right to ask, how he came by property of a description which seldom occurs?"

"You, sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown, sir, you hear the question, sir, which the gentleman asks you?"

"I have particular reasons for declining to answer that question."

"Then I am afraid, sir, our duty must lay us under the necessity to sign a warrant of committal."

"As you please, sir; take care, however, what you do. Observe that I inform you that I am a captain in his Majesty's — regiment, and that I am just returned from India, and therefore cannot possibly be connected with any of those contraband traders you talk of; that my Lieutenant-Colonel is presently at Nottingham, the Major, with the officers of my corps, at Kingston-upon-Thames; I offer before you both to submit to any degree of ignominy, if, within the return of the Kingston and Nottingham posts, I am not able to establish these points. Or you may write to the agent for the regiment, if you please, and "——

"This is all very well, sir," said Glossin, beginning to fear lest the firm expostulation of Bertram should make some impression on Sir Robert, who would almost have died of shame at committing such a solecism as sending a captain of horse to jail—"This is all very well, sir; but is there no person nearer whom you could refer to?"

"There are only two persons in this country who know anything of me. One is a plain Liddesdale sheep-farmer, called Dinmont of Charlies-hope; but he knows nothing more of me than what I told him, and what I now tell you."

"Why, this is well enough, Sir Robert! I suppose he would bring

forward this thick-skulled fellow to give his oath of credulity, Sir Robert, ha, ha, ha!"

"And what is your other witness, friend?" said the Baronet.

"A gentleman whom I have some reluctance to mention, because of certain private reasons; but under whose command I served some time in India, and who is too much a man of honour to refuse his testimony to my character as a soldier and gentleman."

"And who is this doughty witness, pray, sir?—some half-pay quarter-master or serjeant, I suppose?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering, late of the —— regiment, in which, as I told you, I have a troop."

"Colonel Guy Mannering!" thought Glossin; "who the devil could have guessed this?"

"Colonel Guy Mannering?" echoed the Baronet, considerably shaken in his opinion. "My good sir,"—apart to Glossin, "the young man with a dreadfully plebeian name, and a good deal of modest assurance, has nevertheless something of the tone, and manners, and feeling of a gentleman, of one at least who has lived in good society;—they do give commissions very loosely, and carelessly, and inaccurately, in India—I think we had better pause till Colonel Mannering shall return; he is now, I believe, at Edinburgh."

"You are in every respect the best judge, Sir Robert," answered Glossin, "in every possible respect. I would only submit to you, that we are certainly hardly entitled to dismiss this man upon an assertion which cannot be satisfied by proof, and that we shall incur a heavy responsibility by detaining him in private custody, without committing him to a public jail. Undoubtedly you are the best judge, Sir Robert;—and I would only say, for my own part, that I very lately incurred severe censure by detaining a person in a place which I thought perfectly secure, and under the custody of the proper officers. The man made his escape, and I have no doubt my own character for attention and circumspection as a magistrate has in some degree suffered—I only hint this—I will join in any step you, Sir Robert, think most advisable." But Mr Glossin was well aware that such a hint was of power sufficient to decide the motions of his self-important, but not self-relying colleague. So that Sir Robert Hazlewood summed up the business in the following speech, which proceeded partly upon the supposition of the prisoner being really a gentleman, and partly upon the opposite belief that he was a villain and an assassin.

"Sir, Mr Vanbeest Brown—I would call you Captain Brown if there was the least reason, or cause, or grounds to suppose that you are a captain, or had a troop in the very respectable corps you mention, or indeed in any other corps in his Majesty's service, as to which circumstance I beg to be understood to give no positive, settled, or unalterable judgment, declaration, or opinion. I say therefore, sir,

Mr Brown, we have determined, considering the unpleasant predicament in which you now stand, having been robbed, as you say, an assertion as to which I suspend my opinion, and being possessed of much and valuable treasure, and of a brass-handled cutlass besides, as to your obtaining which you will favour us with no explanation—I say, sir, we have determined and resolved, and made up our minds, to commit you to jail, or rather to assign you an apartment therein, in order that you may be forthcoming upon Colonel Mannering's return from Edinburgh."

"With humble submission, Sir Robert," said Glossin, "may I enquire if it is your purpose to send this young gentleman to the county jail?—for if that were not your settled intention, I would take the liberty to hint, that there would be less hardship in sending him to the Bridewell at Portanferry, where he can be secured without public exposure; a circumstance which, upon the mere chance of his story being really true, is much to be avoided."

"Why there is a guard of soldiers at Portanferry, to be sure, for protection of the goods in the custom-house; and upon the whole, considering every thing, and that the place is comfortable for such a place, I say, all things considered, we will commit this person, I would rather say authorize him to be detained, in the workhouse at Portanferry."

The warrant was made out accordingly, and Bertram was informed he was next morning to be removed to his place of confinement, as Sir Robert had determined he should not be taken there under cloud of night for fear of rescue. He was, during the interval, to be detained at Hazlewood-house.

"It cannot be so hard as my imprisonment by the Looties in India," he thought, "nor can it last so long. But the deuce take the old formal dunderhead, and his more sly associate, who speaks always under his breath,—they cannot understand a plain man's story when it is told them."

In the meanwhile Glossin took leave of the Baronet, with a thousand respectful bows and cringing apologies for not accepting his invitation to dinner, and venturing to hope he might be pardoned in paying his respects to him, Lady Hazlewood, and young Mr Hazlewood, upon some future occasion."

"Certainly, sir," said the Baronet, very graciously. "I hope our family was never at any time deficient in civility to our neighbours; and when I ride that way, good Mr Glossin, I will convince you of this by calling at your house as familiarly as is consistent—that is, as can be hoped or expected."——

"And now," said Glossin to himself, "to find Dirk Hatteraick and his people, to get the guard sent off the custom-house, and then for the grand cast of the dice. Every thing must depend upon speed.—

How lucky that Mannering has betaken himself to Edinburgh! his knowledge of this young fellow is a most perilous addition to my dangers,"—here he suffered his horse to slacken his pace—"What if I should try to compound with the heir?—It's likely he might be brought to pay a round sum for restitution, and I could give up Hatteraick—But no, no, no! there were too many eyes on me, Hatteraick himself, and the gypsy sailor, and that old hag—No, no! I must stick to my original plan." And with that he struck his spurs to his horse's flanks, and rode forward at a hard trot to put his machines in motion.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A prison is a house of care,
A place where none can thrive,
A touchstone true to try a friend,
A grave for one alive.
Sometimes a place of right,
Sometimes a place of wrong,
Sometimes a place of rogues and thieves,
And honest men among.

Inscription on Edinburgh Tolbooth.

EARLY on the following morning, the carriage which had brought Bertram to Hazlewood-house, was, with his two silent and surly attendants, appointed to convey him to his place of confinement at Portanferry. This building adjoined to the custom-house established at that little sea-port, and both were situated so close to the sea-beach, that it was necessary to defend the back part with a large and strong rampart or bulwark of huge stones, disposed in a slope towards the surf, which often reached and broke upon them. The front was surrounded by a high wall, enclosing a small court-yard, within which the miserable inmates of the mansion were occasionally permitted to take exercise and air. The prison was used as a House of Correction, and occasionally as a Chapel of Ease to the county jail, which was old, and far from being conveniently situated with reference to the Kippeltringan district of the county. Mac-Guffog, the officer by whom Bertram had at first been apprehended, and who was now in attendance upon him, was keeper of this palace of little-ease. He caused the carriage to be drawn close up to the outer gate, and got out himself to summon the warders. The noise of his rap alarmed some twenty or thirty ragged boys, who left off sailing their mimic sloops and frigates in the little pools of salt-water left by the receding tide, and hastily crowded round the vehicle to see what luckless being was to be delivered to the prison-house out of "Glossin's braw new carriage." The door of the court-yard, after the heavy clanking of many chains and bars, was opened by Mrs Mac-Guffog, an awful spectacle, being a woman for strength

and resolution capable of maintaining order among her riotous inmates, and of administering the discipline of the house, as it was called, during the absence of her husband, or when he chanced to have taken an over-dose of the creature. The growling voice of this amazon, which rivalled in harshness the crashing music of her own bolts and bars, soon dispersed in every direction the little varlets who had thronged around her threshold, and she next addressed her amiable helpmate:—

“Be sharp, man, and get out the swell, can’st thou not?”

“Hold your tongue and be d—d, you ——,” answered her loving husband, with two additional epithets of great energy, but which we beg to be excused from repeating. Then addressing Bertram:

“Come, will you get out, my handy lad, or must we lend you a lift?”

Bertram came out of the carriage, and, collared by the constable as he put his foot upon the ground, was dragged, though he offered no resistance, across the threshold, amid the continued shouts of the little *sans culottes*, who looked on at such distance as their fear of Mrs Mac-Guffog permitted. The instant his foot had crossed the fatal porch, the portress again dropped her chains, drew her bolts, and turning with both hands an immense key, took it from the lock, and thrust it into a huge side-pocket of red cloth.

Bertram was now in the small court already mentioned. Two or three prisoners were sauntering along the pavement, and deriving as it were a feeling of refreshment from the momentary glimpse with which the opening door had extended their prospect to the other side of a dirty street. Nor can this be thought surprising, when it is considered, that unless upon such occasions their view was confined to the grated front of their prison, the high and sable walls of the court-yard, the heaven above them, and the pavement beneath their feet; a sameness of landscape, which, to use the poet’s expression, “lay like a load on the wearied eye,” and had fostered in some a callous and dull misanthropy, in others that sickness of the heart which induces him who is immured already in a living grave, to wish for a sepulchre yet more calm and sequestered.

Mac-Guffog, when they entered the court-yard, suffered Bertram to pause for a minute, and look upon his companions in affliction. When he had cast his eye around on faces on which guilt, and despondence, and low excess, had fixed their stigma; upon the spendthrift, and the swindler, and the thief, the bankrupt debtor, the “moping idiot, and the madman gay,” whom a paltry spirit of economy assigned to share this dismal habitation, he felt his heart recoil with inexpressible loathing from enduring the contamination of their society even for a moment.

“I hope, sir,” he said to the keeper, “you intend to assign me a place of confinement apart?”

“And what should I be the better of that?”

“Why, sir, I can but be detained here a day or two, and it would be very disagreeable to me to mix in the sort of company this place affords.”

“And what do I care for that?”

“Why, then, sir, to speak to your feelings, I shall be willing to make a handsome compliment for this indulgence.”

“Ay, but when, Captain? when and how? that’s the question, or rather the twa questions.”

“When I am delivered, and get my remittances from England.”

Mac-Guffog shook his head incredulously.

“Why, friend, you do not pretend to believe that I am really a malefactor?”

“Why, I no ken,” said the fellow; “but if ye *are* on the account, ye’re nae sharp ane, that’s the day-light o’t.”

“And why do you say I am no sharp one?”

“Why, wha but a crack-brained callant wad hae let them keep up the siller that ye left at the Gordon Arms? De’il fetch me, but I wad have had it out o’ their wames! ye had nae right to be strippit o’ your money and sent to jail without a mark to pay your fees; they might have keepit the rest o’ the articles for evidence. But why, for a blind bottle-head, did not ye ask the guineas? and I kept winking and nodding a’ the time, and the donnert deevil wad never ance look my way!”

“Well, sir, if I have a title to have that property delivered up to me, I shall apply for it, and there is a good deal more than enough to pay any demand you can set up.”

“I dinna ken a bit about that; ye may be here lang enough. And then the gieing credit maun be considered in the fees. But, however, as ye *do* seem to be a chap by common, though my wife says I lose by my good nature, if ye gie me an order for my fees upon that money—I dare say Glossin will make it forthcoming—I ken something about an escape from Ellangowan—ay, ay, he’ll be glad to carry me through, and be neighbour-like.”

“Well, sir, if I am not furnished in a day or two otherwise, you shall have such an order.”

“Weel, weel, then ye shall be put up like a prince; but mark ye me, friend, that we may have nae colly-shangie afterhend, these are the fees that I always charge a swell that must have his lib-ken to himsell—Thirty shillings a-week for lodgings, and a guinea for garnish; half-a-guinea a-week for a single bed,—and I dinna get the whole of it, for I must gie half-a-crown out of it to Donald Laider that’s in for sheep-stealing, that should sleep with you by rule, and he’ll expect clean strae, and maybe some whisky beside. So I make little upon that.”

“Well, sir, go on.”

“Then for meat and liquor, ye may have the best, and I never charge abune twenty per cent. ower tavern price for pleasing a gentleman that way—and that’s little enough for sending in and sending out, and wearing the lassie’s shoon out. And then if you’re dowie, I will sit wi’ you a gliff in the evening mysell, man, and help ye out wi’ your bottle.—I have drank mony a glass wi’ Glossin, man, that did you up, though he’s a justice now.—And then I’se warrant ye’ll be for fire thir cauld nights, or if ye want candle, that’s an expensive article, for it’s against the rules.—And now I’ve tell’d ye the head articles of the charge, and I dinna think there’s muckle mair though there will aye be some odd expences ower and abune.”

“Well, sir, I must trust to your conscience, if ever you happened to hear of such a thing—I cannot help myself.”——

“Na, na, sir, I’ll no permit you to be saying that—I’m forcing naething upon ye;—an ye dinna like the price, ye needna take the article—I force no man; I was only explaining what civility was; but if ye like to take the common run of the house, it’s a’ ane to me—I’ll be saved trouble, that’s a’.”

“Nay, my friend, I have, as I suppose you may easily guess, no inclination to dispute your terms upon such a penalty. Come shew me where I am to be, for I would fain be alone for a little while.”

“Ay, ay, come along then, Captain,” said the fellow, with a contortion of visage which he intended to be a smile; “and I’ll tell you now,—to show you that I have a conscience, as ye ca’t, d—n me if I charge ye abune sixpence a day for the freedom o’ the court, and ye may walk in’t very near three hours a-day, and play at pitch and toss, and hand ba’, and what not.”

With this gracious promise, he ushered Bertram into the house, and shewed him up a steep and narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was a strong door, clenched with iron and studded with nails. Beyond this door was a narrow passage or gallery, having three cells on each side, wretched vaults, with iron bed-frames and straw mattresses. But at the farther end was a small apartment, of rather a more decent appearance, that is, having less the air of a place of confinement, since, unless for the large lock and chain upon the door, and the crossed and ponderous stancheons upon the window, it rather resembled the “worst inn’s worst room.” It was designed as a sort of infirmary for prisoners whose state of health required some indulgence; and, in fact, Donald Laider, Bertram’s destined chum, had been just dragged out of one of the two beds which it contained, to try whether clean straw and whisky might not have a better chance to cure his intermitting fever. This process of ejection had been carried into force by Mrs Mac-Guffog while her husband parleyed with Bertram in the court-yard, that good lady having a distinct presentiment of the

manner in which the treaty must necessarily terminate. Apparently the expulsion had not taken place without some application of the strong hand, for one of the bed-posts of a sort of tent-bed was broken down, so that the tester and curtains hung forward into the middle of the narrow chamber, like the banner of a chieftain, half-sinking amid the confusion of a combat.

"Never mind that being out o' sorts, Captain," said Mrs Mac-Guffog, who now followed them into the room; then, turning her back to the prisoner, with as much delicacy as the action admitted she whipped from her knee her ferret garter, and applied it to splicing and fastening the broken bed-post—then used more pins than her apparel could well spare to fasten up the bed-curtains in festoons,—then shook the bed-clothes into something like form—then flung over all a tattered patch-work quilt, and pronounced that things were now "something purpose-like." "And there's your bed, Captain," pointing to a massy four-posted hulk, which, owing to the inequality of the floor that had sunk considerably, (the house, though new, having been built by contract,) stood upon three legs, and held the fourth aloft as if pawing the air, and in the attitude of advancing like an elephant passant upon the pannel of a coach—"There's your bed and the blankets; but if ye want sheets, or bowster, or pillow, or ony sort o' nappery for the table, or for your hands, ye'll hae to speak to me about it, for that's out o' the gudeman's line (Mac-Guffog had by this time left the room, to avoid, probably, any appeal which might be made to him upon this new exaction,) and he never engages for ony thing like that."

"In God's name," said Bertram, "let me have what is decent, and make any charge you please."

"Aweel, aweel, that's sune settled; we'll no excise you neither, though we live sae near the custom-house. And I maun see to get you some fire and some dinner too, I'se warrant; but your dinner will be but a puir ane the day, no expecting company that wad be nice and fashious."—So saying, and in all haste, Mrs Mac-Guffog fetched a scuttle of live coals, and having replenished "the rusty grate, unconscious of a fire" for months before, she proceeded with unwashed hands to arrange the stipulated bed linen, (alas, how different from Ailie Dinmont's!) and, muttering to herself as she discharged her task, seemed, in inveterate spleen of temper, to grudge even those accommodations for which she was to receive payment. At length, however, she departed, grumbling between her teeth, that "she wad rather lock up a hail ward than be fiking about thae niff-naffy gentles that gae sae muckle fash wi' their fancies."

When she was gone, Bertram found himself reduced to the alternative of pacing his little apartment for exercise, or gazing out upon the sea in such proportions as could be seen from the narrow panes of his

window, obscured by dirt and by close iron-bars, or reading over the records of brutal wit and blackguardism which despair had scrawled upon the half-whitened walls. The sounds were as uncomfortable as the objects of sight; the sullen dash of the tide, which was now retreating, and the occasional opening and shutting of a door, with all its accompaniments of jarring bolts and creaking hinges, mingling occasionally with the dull monotony of the retiring ocean. Sometimes, too, he could hear the hoarse growl of the keeper, or the shriller strain of his helpmate, almost always in the tone of discontent, anger, or insolence. At other times the large mastiff, chained in the court-yard, answered with furious bark the insults of the idle loiterers who made a sport of incensing him.

At length the tedium of this weary space was broken by the entrance of a dirty-looking serving wench, who made some preparations for dinner by laying a half-dirty cloth upon a whole-dirty deal table. A knife and fork, which had not been worn out by overcleaning, flanked a cracked delf-plate; a nearly empty mustard-pot, placed on one side of the table, balanced a salt-cellar, containing an article of a greyish, or rather a blackish mixture, upon the other, both of stone-ware, and bearing too obvious marks of recent service. Shortly after the same Hebe brought up a plate of beef-collops, done in the frying-pan, with a huge allowance of grease floating in an ocean of luke-warm water; and having added a coarse loaf to these savoury viands, she requested to know what liquors the gentleman chose to order. The appearance of this fare was not very inviting: but Bertram endeavoured to mend his commons by ordering wine, which he found tolerably good, and, with the assistance of some indifferent cheese, made his dinner chiefly upon the brown loaf. When his meal was over, the girl presented her master's compliments, and, if agreeable to the gentleman, he would help him to spend the evening. Bertram desired to be excused, and begged, instead of this gracious society, that he might be furnished with paper, pen, ink, and candles. The light appeared in the shape of one long broken tallow-candle, inclining over a tin candlestick coated with grease: as for the writing materials, the prisoner was informed that he might have them the next day if he chose to send out to buy them. Bertram next desired the maid to procure him a book, and enforced his request with a shilling; in consequence of which, after long absence, she re-appeared with two odd volumes of the Newgate Kalendar, which she had borrowed from Sam Silverquill, an idle apprentice, who was imprisoned under a charge of forgery. Having laid the books on the table she retired, and left Bertram to studies which were not ill adapted to his present melancholy situation.

CHAPTER XLV.

But if thou should'st be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.—*Shenstone.*

PLUNGED into the gloomy reflections which were naturally excited by his dismal reading, and disconsolate situation, Bertram, for the first time in his life, felt himself affected with a disposition to low spirits. "I have been in worse situations than this too," he said;—"more dangerous, for here is no danger, more dismal in prospect, for my present confinement must necessarily be short; more intolerable for the time, for here, at least, I have fire, food, and shelter. Yet, with reading these bloody tales of crime and misery, in a place so corresponding to the ideas which they excite, and in listening to these sad sounds, I feel a stronger disposition to melancholy than in my life I ever experienced. But I will not give way to it—Begone, thou record of guilt and infamy!" said he, flinging the book upon the spare bed; "a Scottish jail shall not break, on the very first day, the spirits which have resisted climate, and want, and penury, and disease, and imprisonment in a foreign land. I have fought many a hard battle with dame Fortune, and she shall not beat me now if I can help it."

Then bending his mind to a strong effort, he endeavoured to view his situation in the most favourable light. Delasserre must soon be in Scotland; the certificates from his commanding-officer must soon arrive; nay, if Mannering were first applied to, who could say but the effect might be a reconciliation between them? He had often observed, and now remembered, that when his former colonel took the part of any one, it was never by halves, and that he seemed to love those persons most who had lain under obligation to him. In the present case, a favour, which could be asked with honour and granted with readiness, might be the means of reconciling them to each other. From this his feelings naturally turned towards Julia, and without very nicely measuring the distance between a soldier of fortune, who expected that her father's attestation would deliver him from confinement, and the heiress of that father's wealth and expectations, he was building the gayest castle in the clouds, and varnishing it with all the tints of a summer-evening sky, when his labour was interrupted by a loud knocking at the outer-gate, answered by the barking of the gaunt half-starved mastiff, which was quartered in the court-yard as an addition to the garrison. After much scrupulous precaution the gate was opened, and some person admitted. The house door was next unbarred, unlocked, and unchained, a dog's feet pattered up stairs in great haste, and the animal was heard scratching and whining at the door of the room. Next a heavy step was heard lumbering up, and Mac-Guffog's voice in the

character of pilot—"This way, this way; take care of the step;—that's the room."—Bertram's door was then unbolted, and, to his great surprise and joy, his terrier, Wasp, rushed into the room, and almost devoured him with caresses, followed by the massy form of his friend from Charlies-hope.

"Eh whow! Eh whow!" ejaculated the honest farmer, as he looked round upon his friend's miserable apartment and wretched accommodation—"What's this o't! what's this o't!"

"Just a trick of fortune, my good friend," said Bertram, rising and shaking him heartily by the hand, "that's all."

"But what will be done about it?—or what *can* be done about it?—is't for debt, or what is't for?"

"Why, it is not for debt; and if you have time to sit down, I'll tell you all I know of the matter myself."

"If I hae time?—Ou, what the deevil am I come here for, man, but just ance errand to see about it? But ye'll no be the waur o' something to eat, I trow;—it's getting late at e'en—I tell'd the folk at the Change, where I put up Duple, to send ower my supper here, and the chield Mac-Guffog is agreeable to let it in—I hae settled a' that.—And now let's hear your story—Whisht, Wasp, man!—wow but he's glad to see you, poor thing!"

Bertram's story, being confined to the accident of Hazlewood, and the confusion made between his own indentify and that of one of the smugglers, who had been active in the assault of Woodbourne, and chanced to bear the same name, was soon told. Dinmont listened very attentively. "Aweel," he said, "this suld be nae sic dooms-desperate business surcly—the lad's doing weel again that was hurt, and what signifies twa or three lead draps in his shoulder! if ye had putten out his e'e, it would hae been another case. But eh, as I wuss auld Sherra Pleydell was to the fore here!—Odd, he was the man for sorting them, and the queerest rough-spoken deevil too that ever ye heard!"

"But now tell me, my excellent friend, how did you find out I was here?"

"Odd, lad, queerly enough; but I'll tell ye that after we are done wi' our supper, for it will maybe no be sae weel to speak about it while that lang-lugged limmer o' a lass is gaun flisking in and out o' the room."

Bertram's curiosity was in some degree put to rest by the appearance of the supper which his friend had ordered, which, although homely enough, had the appetizing cleanliness in which Mrs Mac-Guffog's cookery was so eminently deficient. Dinmont also, premising he had ridden the whole day since breakfast-time, without tasting any thing "to speak of," which qualifying phrase related to about three pounds of cold roast mutton which he had discussed at his mid-day stage,—Dinmont, I say, fell stoutly upon the good cheer, and like one of Homer's

heroes, said little, either good or bad, till the rage of thirst and hunger was appeased. At length, after a draught of home brewed ale, he began by observing, "Aweel, aweel, that hen," looking upon the lamentable reliques of what had been once a large fowl, "wasna a bad ane to be bred at a town end, though its no like our barn-door chuckies at Charles-hope—and I am glad to see that this vexing job hasna ta'en awa your appetite, Captain."

"Why, really, my dinner was not so excellent, Mr Dinmont, as to spoil my supper."

"I dare say no, I dare say no:—But now, hinny, that ye hae brought us the brandy and the mug wi' the het water, and the sugar, and a' right, ye may steek the door, ye see, for we wad hae some o' our ain cracks." The damsel accordingly retired, and shut the door of the apartment, to which she added the precaution of drawing a large bolt on the outside.

So soon as she was gone Dandie reconnoitered the premises, listened at the key-hole as if he had been listening for the blowing of an otter, and having satisfied himself that there was no eaves-droppers, returned to the table, and making himself what he called a gay stiff cheerer, poked the fire, and began his story in an under tone of gravity and importance not very usual with him.

"Ye see, Captain, I had been in Edinbro' for twa or three days, looking after the burial of a friend that we hae lost, and may be I suld hae had something for my ride; but there's disappointments in a' things, and wha can help the like o' that? and I had a wee bit law business besides, but that's neither here nor there. In short, I had got my matters settled, and hame I cam; and the morn awa to the muirs to see what the herds had been about, and I thought I might as weel gie a look to the Tout-hope head, where Jock o' Dawstone and me has the outcast about a march—Weel, just as I was coming upon the bit, I saw a man afore me that I kenn'd was nane o' our herds, and it's a wild bit to meet ony other body, so when I came up to him, it was Tod Gabriel the fox-hunter. So I says to him, rather surprised like; 'What are ye doing up amang the craws here, without your hounds, man? are ye seeking the fox without the dogs?' So he said, 'Na, gudeman, but I wanted to see yoursel.'

'Ay,' said I, 'and ye'll be wanting eilding now, or something to pitt ower the winter?'

'Na, na,' quo' he, 'it's no that I'm seeking; but ye tak an unco interest in that Captain Brown that was staying wi' you, d'ye no?'

'Troth do I, Gabriel,' says I; 'and what about him, lad?'

"Says he, 'There's mair tak an interest in him than you, and some that I am bound to obey; and it's no just on my ain will that I'm here to tell you something about him that will no please you.'

'Faith, naething will please me,' quo' I, 'that's no pleasing to him.'

‘And then,’ quo’ he, ‘ye’ll be ill-sorted to hear that he’s like to be in the prison at Portanferry, if he doesna tak a’ the better care o’ himsell, for there’s been warrants out to tak him as soon as he comes ower the water frae Allonby. And now, gudeman, an ever ye wish him weel ye maun ride down to Portanferry, and let nae grass grow at the nag’s heels; and if ye find him in confinement, ye maun stay beside him night and day, for a day or twa, for he’ll want friends that hae baith heart and hand; and if ye neglect this ye’ll never rue but ance, for it will be for a’ your life.’

‘But, sae us, man,’ quo’ I, ‘how did ye learn a’ this? it’s an unco way between this and Portanferry.’

‘Never ye mind that,’ quo’ he, ‘they that brought us the news rade night and day, and ye maun be aff instantly if ye wad do ony gude—and sae I have naething mair to tell ye.’—So he sat himsell down and hirselled down into the glen, where it wad hae been ill following him wi’ the beast, and I cam back to Charlies-hope to tell the gudewife, for I was uncertain what to do. It wad look uncolike, I thought, just to be sent out on a hunt-the-gowk errand wi’ a land-louper like that. But, Lord! as the gudewife set up her throat about it, and said what a shame it would be if ye was to come to ony wrang, an I could help ye; and then in cam your letter that confirmed it. So I took to the kist, and out wi’ the pickle notes in case they should be needed, and a’ the bairns ran to saddle Duple. By great luck I had ta’en the other beast to Edinbro,’ sae Duple was as fresh as a rose. Sae aff I set; and Wasp wi’ me, for ye wad really hae thought he kenn’d where I was gaun, puir beast, and here I am after a trot o’ sixty mile or near bye.”

In this strange story Bertram obviously saw, supposing the warning to be true, some intimation of danger more violent and imminent than could be likely to arise from a few days’ imprisonment. At the same time, it was equally evident that some unknown friend was working in his behalf. “Did you not say,” he asked Dinmont, “that this man Gabriel was of gypsy blood?”

“It was e’en judged sae,” said Dinmont, “and I think this maks it likely; for they aye ken where the gangs o’ ilk ither are to be found, and they can gar news flee like a foot-ba’ through the country an they like. An’ I forgat to tell ye, there’s been an unco enquiry after the auld wife that we saw in Bewcastle; the sheriff’s had folk ower the Limestane Edge after her, and down the Hermitage and Liddel, and a’ gates, and a reward offered for her to appear, o’ fifty pounds sterling, nae less; and Justice Forster, he’s had out warrants, as I am tell’d, in Cumberland, and an unco ranging and ripeing they have had a’ gates seeking for her: but she’ll no be ta’en wi’ them unless she likes, for a’ that.”

“And how comes that?” said Bertram.

“Ou, I dinna ken; I daresay it’s nonsense, but they say she has

gathered the fern-seed, and can gang ony gate she likes, like Jock the Giant killer in the ballant, wi' his coat o' darkness and his shoon o' swiftness. Ony way, she's a kind o' queen amang the gypsies; she is mair than a hundred year auld, folk say, and minds the coming in o' the moss-troopers in the troublesome times when the Stuarts were put awa. Sae if she canna hide hersell, they can hide her weel aneugh, ye needna doubt that. Odd, an' I had kenn'd it had been Meg Merri-
lies yon night at Tibb Mumps's, I wad ta'en care how I crossed her."

Bertram listened with great attention to this account, which tallied so well in many points with what he had himself seen of this gypsy sybil. After a moment's consideration, he concluded it would be no breach of faith to mention what he had seen at Dernelough to a person who held Meg in such reverence as Dinmont obviously did. He told his story accordingly, often interrupted by ejaculations, such as, "Weel, the like o' that now!" or, "Na, deil an' that's no something now!"

When our Liddesdale friend had heard the whole to an end, he shook his great black head—"Weel; I'll uphaud there's baith gude and ill amang the gypsies, and if they deal wi' the enemy, it's a' their ain business and no ours.—I ken what the streeking the corpse wad be, weel aneugh. Thae smuggler deevils, when ony o' them's killed in a fray, they'll send for a wife like Meg far aneugh to dress the corpse; odd, it's a' the burial they ever think o'! and then to be put into the ground without ony decency, just like dogs. But they stick to it, that they'll be streekit, and hae an auld wife when they're dying to rhyme ower prayers, and ballants, and charms, as they ca' them, rather than they'll hae a minister to come and pray wi' them—that's an auld threep o' their's; and I am thinking the man that died will hae been ane o' the folk that was shot when they burnt Woodbourne."

"But, my good friend, Woodbourne is not burnt."

"Weel, the better for them that bides in't. Odd, we had it up the water wi' us, that there wasna a stane on the tap o' anither. But there was fighting ony way; I dare to say, it wad be fine fun! And, as I said, ye may take it on trust, that that's been ane o' the men killed there, and that it's been the gypsies that took your pockmanky when they fand the chaise stickin in the snaw—they wadna pass the like o' that—it wad just come to their hand like the bowl o' a pint stoup."

"But if this woman is a sovereign among them, why was she not able to afford me open protection, and to get me back my property?"

"Ou, wha kens? She has muckle to say wi' them, but whiles they'll tak their ain way for a' that, when they're under temptation. And then there's the smugglers that they're aye leagued wi', she maybe could-na manage them sae weel—they're aye banded thegither—I've heard, the gypsies ken when the smugglers will come aff, and where they're to land, better than the very merchants that deal wi'

them. And then, to the boot o' that, she's whiles crack-brained, and has a bee in her head; they say that whether her spaeings and fortune-tellings be true or no, for certain she believes in them a' hersell, and is aye guiding hersell by some queer prophecy or anither. So she disna aye gang the straight road to the well.—But deil o' sic a story as yours, wi' glamour and dead folk and losing ane's gate, I ever heard out o' the tale-books!—But whisht, I hear the keeper coming.”—

Mac-Guffog accordingly interrupted their discourse by the harsh harmony of the bolts and bars, and shewed his bloated visage at the opening door. “Come, Mr Dinmont, we have put off locking up for an hour to oblige ye; ye must go to your quarters.”

“Quarters, man? I intend to sleep here the night. There's a spare bed in the Captain's room.”

“It's impossible!” answered the keeper.

“But I say it *is* possible, and that I winna stir—and there's a dram t'ye.”

Mac-Guffog drank off the spirits, and resumed his objection. “But it's against rule, sir; ye have committed nae malefaction.”

“I'll break your head if ye say ony mair about it, and that will be malefaction aneugh to entitle me to ae night's lodging wi' you, ony way.”

“But I tell ye, Mr Dinmont,” reiterated the keeper, “it's against rule, and I would lose my post.”

“Weel, Mac-Guffog, I hae just twa things to say. Ye ken wha I am weel aneugh, and that I wadna loose a prisoner.”

“And how do I ken that?”

“Weel, if ye dinna ken that, ye ken this;—ye ken ye're whiles obliged to be up our water in the way o' your business; now, if ye let me stay quietly here the night wi' the Captain, I'll pay ye double fees for the room; and if ye say no, ye shall hae the best sark-fu' o' sair banes that ever ye had in your life, the first time ye set a foot bye Liddel-moat!”

“Aweel, aweel, gudeman,” said Mac-Guffog, “a wilfu' man maun hae his way; but if I am challenged for it by the justices, I ken wha sall bear the wyte;”—and having sealed this observation with a deep oath or two, he retired to bed, after carefully securing all the doors of the Bridewell. The bell from the town steeple tolled nine, just as the ceremony was concluded.

“Although it's but early hours,” said the farmer, who had observed that his friend looked somewhat pale and fatigued, “I think we had better lie down, Captain, if ye're no agreeable to another cheerer. But troth, ye're nae glass-breaker; and neither am I, unless it be a screed wi' the neighbours, or when I'm on a ramble.”

Bertram readily assented to the motion of his faithful friend, but on

looking at the bed, felt repugnance to trust himself undressed to Mrs Mac-Guffog's clean sheets.

"I'm muckle o' your opinion, Captain. Odd, this bed looks as if a' the colliers in Sanquhar had been in't thegither. But it winna win through my muckle coat." So saying, he flung himself upon the frail bed with a force that made all its timbers crack, and in a few moments gave audible signal that he was fast asleep. Bertram slipped off his coat and boots, and occupied the other dormitory. The strangeness of his destiny, and the mysteries which seemed to thicken around him, while he seemed alike to be persecuted and protected by secret enemies and friends, arising out of a class of people with whom he had no previous connection, for some time occupied his thoughts. Fatigue, however, gradually composed his mind, and in a short time he was as fast asleep as his companion. And in this comfortable state of oblivion we must leave them, until we acquaint the reader with some other circumstances which occurred about the same period.

CHAPTER XLVI.

————— Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—
Speak, I charge you.—*Macbeth.*

UPON the evening of the day when Bertram's examination had taken place, Colonel Mannering arrived at Woodbourne from Edinburgh. He found his family in their usual state, which probably, so far as Julia was concerned, would not have been the case had she learned the news of Bertram's arrest. But as, during the Colonel's absence, the two young ladies lived much retired, this circumstance fortunately had not reached Woodbourne. A letter had already made Miss Bertram acquainted with the downfall of the expectations which had been formed upon the bequest of her kinswoman. Whatever hopes that news might have dispelled, the disappointment did not prevent her from joining her friend in affording a cheerful reception to the Colonel, to whom she thus endeavoured to express the deep sense she entertained of his paternal kindness. She touched on her regret, that at such a season of the year he should have made, upon her account, a journey so fruitless.

"That it was fruitless to you, my dear," said the Colonel, "I do most deeply regret; but for my own share, I have made some valuable acquaintances, and have spent the time I have been absent in Edinburgh with peculiar satisfaction; so that, on that score, there is nothing to be regretted. Even our friend the Dominie is returned

thrice the man he was, from having sharpened his wits in controversy with the geniuses of the northern metropolis."

"Of a surety," said the Dominie, with great complacency, "I did wrestle, and was not overcome, though my adversary was cunning in his art."

"I presume," said Miss Mannering, "the contest was somewhat fatiguing, Mr Sampson?"

"Very much, young lady—howbeit I girded up my loins and strove against him."

"I can bear witness," said the Colonel, "I never saw an affair better contested. The enemy was like the Mahratta cavalry; he assailed on all sides, and presented no fair mark for artillery; but Mr Sampson stood to his guns notwithstanding, and fired away, now upon the enemy, and now upon the dust which he had raised. But we must not fight our battles over again to-night—to-morrow we shall have the whole at breakfast."

Upon the next day at breakfast, however, the Dominie did not make his appearance. He had walked out, a servant said, early in the morning. It was so common for him to forget his meals, that his absence never deranged the family. The housekeeper, a decent old-fashioned presbyterian matron, having, as such, the highest respect for Sampson's theological acquisitions, had it in charge upon these occasions to take care that he was no sufferer by his absence of mind, and therefore usually waylaid him upon his return, to remind him of his sublunary wants, and to minister for their relief. It seldom, however, happened that he was absent from two meals together, as was the case in the present instance. We must explain the cause of this unusual occurrence.

The conversation which Mr Pleydell had held with Mannering upon the subject of the loss of Harry Bertram, had awakened all the painful sensations which that event had inflicted upon Sampson. The affectionate heart of the poor Dominie had always reproached him, that his negligence in leaving the child in the care of Frank Kennedy had been the proximate cause of the murder of the one, the loss of the other, the death of Mrs Bertram, and the ruin of the family of his patron. It was a subject which he never spoke upon,—if indeed his mode of conversation could be called speaking at any time,—but which was often present to his imagination. The sort of hope so strongly affirmed and asserted in Mrs Bertram's last settlement, had excited a corresponding feeling in the Dominie's bosom, which was exasperated into a sort of sickening anxiety, by the discredit with which Pleydell had treated it. "Assuredly," thought Sampson to himself, "he is a man of erudition, and well skilled in the weighty matters of the law; but he is also a man of humorous levity and inconstancy of speech; and wherefore should he pronounce *ex cathedra*, as it were, on the hope

expressed by worthy Madam Margaret Bertram of Singleside?" All this, I say, the Dominie *thought* to himself; for had he uttered half the sentence, his jaws would have ached for a month under the unusual fatigue of such a continued exertion. The result of these cogitations was a resolution to go and visit the scene of the tragedy at Warroch Point, where he had not been for many years—not, indeed, since the fatal accident had happened. The walk was a long one, for the Point of Warroch lay on the farther side of the Ellangowan property, which was interposed between it and Woodbourne. Besides, the Dominie went astray more than once, and met with brooks swoln into torrents by the melting of the snow, where he, honest man, had only the summer-recollection of little trickling rills.

At length, however, he reached the woods which he had made the object of his walk, and traversed them with care, muddling his disturbed brains with vague efforts to recal every circumstance of the catastrophe. It will readily be supposed that the influence of local situation and association was inadequate to produce conclusions different from those which he had formed under the immediate pressure of the occurrences themselves. "With many a weary sigh, therefore, and many a groan," the poor Dominie returned from his hopeless pilgrimage, and weariedly plodded his way towards Woodbourne, debating at times in his altered mind a question which was forced upon him by the cravings of an appetite rather of the keenest, namely, whether he had breakfasted that morning or no?—It was in this twilight humour, now thinking of the loss of the child, then involuntarily compelled to meditate upon the somewhat incongruous subject of hung-beef, rolls, and butter, that his route, which was different from that which he had taken in the morning, conducted him past the small ruined tower, or rather vestige of a tower, called by the country people the Kaim of Dorncleugh.

The reader may recollect the description of this ruin in the sixth chapter of our second volume, as the vault in which young Bertram, under the auspices of Meg Merrilies, witnessed the death of Hatteraick's lieutenant. The tradition of the country added ghostly terrors to the natural awe inspired by the situation of this place, which terrors the gypsies, who so long inhabited the vicinity, had probably invented, or at least propagated, for their own advantage. It was said that, during the times of the Galwegian independence, one Hanlon Mac-Dingawaie, brother to the reigning chief, Knarth Mac-Dingawaie, murdered his brother and sovereign, in order to usurp the principality from his infant nephew, and that being pursued for vengeance by the faithful allies and retainers of the house, who espoused the cause of the lawful heir, he was compelled to retreat, with a few followers whom he had involved in his crime, to this impregnable tower called the Kaim of Dorncleugh, where he defended himself until

nearly reduced by famine, when, setting fire to the place, he and the small remaining garrison desperately perished by their own swords, rather than fall into the hands of their exasperated enemies. This tragedy, which, considering the wild times wherein it was placed, might have some foundation in truth, was larded with many legends of superstition and diablerie, so that most of the peasants of the neighbourhood, if benighted, would rather have chosen to make a considerable circuit, than pass these haunted walls. The lights, often seen around the tower when used as the rendezvous of the lawless characters by whom it was occasionally frequented, were accounted for, under authority of these tales of witchery, in a manner at once convenient for the private parties concerned, and satisfactory to the public.

Now it must be confessed, that our friend Sampson, although a profound scholar and mathematician, had not travelled so far in philosophy as to doubt the reality of witchcraft or apparitions. Born indeed at a time when a doubt in the existence of witches was interpreted to be a justification of their infernal practices, a belief of such legends had been impressed upon him as an article indivisible from his religious faith, and perhaps it would have been equally difficult to have induced him to doubt the one as the other. With these feelings, and in a thick misty day, which was already drawing to its close, Dominie Sampson did not pass the Kaim of Derncleugh without some feelings of tacit horror.

What then was his astonishment, when, on passing the door—that door which was supposed to have been placed there by one of the latter Lairds of Ellangowan to prevent presumptuous strangers from incurring the dangers of the haunted vault—that very door, supposed to be always locked, and the key of which was popularly said to be deposited with the presbytery—that very door opened suddenly, and the figure of Meg Merrilies, well known, though not seen for many a revolving year, was placed at once before the eyes of the startled Dominie! She stood immediately before him in the foot-path, confronting him so absolutely, that he could not avoid her except by fairly turning back, which his manhood prevented him from thinking of.

“I ken’d ye wad be here,” she said with her harsh and hollow voice: “I ken wha ye seek; but ye maun do my bidding.”

“Get thee behind me!” said the alarmed Dominie—“Avoid ye!—*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—spurcissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—conjuro te!!!*—

Meg stood her ground against this tremendous volley of superlatives, which Sampson hawked up from the pit of his stomach, and hurled at her in thunder. “Is the carl daft,” she said, “wi’ his glamour?”

“*Conjuro*,” continued the Dominie, “*adjuro, contestor, atque viriliter impero tibi!*”——

“What, in the name of Sathan, are ye feared for, wi’ your French

gibberish, that would make a dog sick? Listen, ye stickit stibbler, to what I tell ye, or ye sall rue it while there's a limb o' ye hings to anither!—Tell Colonel Mannering that I ken he's seeking me. He kens, and I ken, that the blood will be wiped out, and the lost will be found,

And Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

Hae, there's a letter to him; I was gaun to send it in another way.—I canna write mysell; but I hae them that will baith write and read, and ride and rin for me. Tell him the time's coming now, and the weird's dree'd, and the wheel's turning. Bid him look at the stars as he has looked at them before. Will ye mind a' this?"

"Assuredly," said the Dominie, "I am dubious—for, woman, I am perturbed at thy words, and my flesh quakes to hear thee."

"They'll do you nae ill though, and maybe muckle gude."

"Avoid ye! I desire no good that comes by unlawful means."

"Fule-body that thou art," said Meg, stepping up to him with a frown of indignation that made her dark eyes flash like lamps from under her bent brows, "Fule-body! if I meant ye wrang, could-na I clod ye ower that craig, and wad man ken how ye cam by your end mair than Frank Kennedy? Hear ye that, ye worricow?"

"In the name of all that is good," said the Dominie, recoiling and pointing his long pewter-headed walking cane like a javelin at the supposed sorceress, "in the name of all that is good, bide off hands! I will not be handled—woman, stand off, upon thine own proper peril!—desist, I say—I am strong—lo, I will resist!"—Here his speech was cut short; for Meg, armed with supernatural strength (as the Dominie asserted) broke in upon his guard, put by a thrust which he made at her with his cane, and lifted him into the vault, "as easily," said he, "as I could sway a Kitchen's atlas."

"Sit down there," she said, pushing the half-throttled preacher with some violence against a broken chair, "sit down there, and gather your wind and your senses, ye black barrow-tram o' the kirk that ye are—Are ye fou or fasting?"

"Fasting—from all but sin," answered the Dominie, who, recovering his voice, and finding his exorcisms only served to exasperate the intractable sorceress, thought it best to affect complaisance and submission, inwardly conning over, however, the wholesome conjurations which he durst no longer utter aloud. But as the Dominie's brain was by no means equal to carry on two trains of ideas at the same time, a word or two of his mental exercise sometimes escaped, and mingled with his uttered speech in a manner ludicrous enough, especially as the poor man shrunk himself together after every escape of the kind, from terror of the effect it might produce upon the irritable feelings of the witch.

Meg, in the meanwhile, went to a great black cauldron that was boiling on a fire on the floor, and, lifting the lid, an odour was diffused through the vault, which, if the vapours of a witch's cauldron could in aught be trusted, promised better things than the hell-broth which such vessels are usually supposed to contain. It was in fact the savour of a goodly stew, composed of fowls, hares, partridges, and moor-game, boiled in a large mess with potatoes, onions, and leeks, and from the size of the cauldron, appeared to be prepared for half a dozen of people at least. "So ye hae eat naething a' day?" said Meg, heaving a large portion of this mess into a brown dish, and strewing it savourily with salt and pepper.

"Nothing," answered the Dominie—"scelestissima!—that is—gude-wife."

"Hae then," said she, placing the dish before him, "there's what will warm your heart."

"I do not hunger—*malefica*—that is to say—Mrs Merrilies," for he said unto himself, "the savour is sweet, but it hath been cooked by a Canidia or an Erichthoe."

"If ye dinna eat instantly, and put some saul in ye, by the bread and the salt, I'll put it down your throat wi' the cutty spoon, scauding as it is, and whether ye will or no. Gape, sinner, and swallow!"

Sampson, afraid of eye of newt, and toe of frog, tigers' chauldrons, and so forth, had determined not to venture; but the smell of the stew was fast melting his obstinacy, which flowed from his chops as it were in streams of water, and the witch's threats decided him to feed. Hunger and fear are excellent casuists.

"Saul," said Hunger, "feasted with the witch of Endor."—"And," quoth Fear, "the salt which she sprinkled upon the food sheweth plainly it is not a necromantic banquet, in which that seasoning never occurs." "And besides," says Hunger, after the first spoonful, "it is savoury and refreshing viands."

"So ye like the meat?" said the hostess.

"Yea," answered the Dominie, "and I give thee thanks—*sceleratissima!*—which means—Mrs Margaret."

"Aweel, eat your fill; but an ye kenn'd how it was gotten, ye may-be wadna like it sae weel."

Sampson's spoon dropped, in the act of conveying its load to his mouth. There's been mony a moonlight watch to bring a' that trade thegither—the folk that are to eat that dinner thought little o' your game-laws."

"Is that all?" thought Sampson, resuming his spoon, and shovelling away manfully; "I will not lack my food upon that argument."

"Now ye maun tak a dram."

"I will," quoth Sampson—"conjuro te—that is, I thank you heartily;" for he thought to himself, in for a penny in for a pound, and he

fairly drank the witch's health in a cupful of brandy. When he had put this cope-stone upon Meg's good cheer, he felt, as he said, mightily elevated, and afraid of no evil which could befall unto him."

"Will ye remember my errand now?" said Meg Merrilies; "I ken by the cast o' your e'e that ye're anither man than when you cam in."

"I will, Mrs Margaret," repeated Sampson stoutly; "I will deliver unto him the sealed yepistle, and will add what you please to send by word of mouth."

"Then I'll make it short," says Meg. "Tell him to look at the stars without fail this night, and to do what I desire him in that letter, as he would wish

That Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Should meet on Ellangowan height.

I have seen him twice when he saw na me; I ken when he was in this country first, and I ken what's brought him back again. Up, an to the gate! ye're ower lang here—follow me."

Sampson followed the sybil accordingly, who guided him about a quarter of a mile through the woods, by a shorter cut than he could have found for himself; they then entered upon the common, Meg still marching before him at a great pace, until she gained the top of a small hillock which overhung the road.

"Here," she said, "stand still here. Look how the setting sun breaks through yon cloud that's been darkening the lift a' day. See where the first stream o' light fa's—it's upon Donagild's round tower—the auldest tower in the castle o' Ellangowan—that's no for naething!—See as it's glooming to seaward abune yon sloop in the bay—that's no for naething neither.—Here I stood on this very spot," said she, drawing herself up so as not to lose one hair-breadth of her uncommon height, and stretching out her long sinewy arm, and clenched hand, "Here I stood, when I tauld the last laird o' Ellangowan what was coming on his house—and did that fa' to the ground?—Na—it hit even ower sair!—And here, where I brake the wand of peace ower him—here I stand again—to bid God bless and prosper the just heir of Ellangowan that will sune be brought to his ain; and the best laird he shall be that Ellangowan has seen for three hundred years.—I'll no live to see it, maybe; but there will be mony a blithe ee see it though mine be closed. And now, Abel Sampson, as ever ye lo'ed the house of Ellangowan, away wi' my message to the English Colonel, as if life and death were upon your haste!"

So saying, she turned suddenly from the amazed Dominie, and re-gained with swift and long strides the shelter of the wood from which she had issued, at the point where it most encroached upon the common. Sampson gazed after her for a moment in utter astonishment, and then obeyed her directions, hurrying to Woodbourne at a pace very unusual

for him, exclaiming three times, "Prodigious! prodigious! pro-di-gious!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

———It is not madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from.—*Hamlet.*

As Mr Sampson crossed the hall with a bewildered look, the good housekeeper, who was on the watch for his return, sallied forth upon him—"What's this o't now, Mr Sampson, this is waur than ever;—ye'll really do yourself some injury wi' these lang fasts—naething's sac hurtful to the stomach, Mr Sampson,—if ye would but put some peppermint draps in your pocket, or let Barnes cut you a sandwich."

"Avoid thee!" quoth the Dominie, his mind running still upon his interview with Meg Merrilies, and making for the dining parlour.

"Na, ye need-na gang in there, the cloth's been removed an hour ago, and the Colonel's at his wine; but just step into my room, I have a nice stak that the cook will do in a moment."

"*Exorciso te!*" said Sampson,—“that is, I have dined!”

"Dined! it's impossible—wha can ye hae dined wi', you that gang out nae gate?"

"With Beelzebub, I believe," said the minister.

"Na, then he's bewitched for certain," said the housekeeper, letting go her hold; "he's bewitched, or he's daft, and ony way the Colonel maun just guide him his ain gate—Wae's me! Hech, sirs! It's a sair thing to see learning bring folk to this!" and with this compassionate ejaculation, she retreated into her own premises.

The object of her commiseration had by this time entered the dining parlour, where his appearance gave great surprise. He was mud up to the shoulders, and the natural paleness of his hue was twice as cadaverous as usual, through terror, fatigue, and perturbation of mind. "What on earth is the meaning of this, Mr Sampson?" said Mannering, who observed Miss Bertram looking much alarmed for her simple but attached friend.

"*Exorciso,*"—said the Dominie.

"How, sir?"

"I crave pardon, honourable sir! but my wits"—

"Are gone a wool-gathering, I think—pray, Mr Sampson, collect yourself, and let me know the meaning of all this."

Sampson was about to reply, but finding his Latin *formula* of exorcism still came most readily to his tongue, he prudently desisted from the attempt, and put the scrap of paper which he had received from the gypsy into Mannering's hand, who broke the seal and read

with surprise. "This seems to be some jest," he said, "and a very dull one."

"It came from no jesting person," said Mr Sampson.

"From whom then did it come?"

The Dominie, who often displayed some delicacy of recollection in cases where Miss Bertram had an interest, remembered the painful circumstances connected with Meg Merrilies, looked at the young ladies, and remained silent. "We will join you at the tea-table in an instant, Julia; I see that Mr Sampson wishes to speak to me alone.—And now they are gone, what, in Heaven's name, is the meaning of this?"

"It may be a message from Heaven," said the Dominie, "but it came by Beelzebub's postmistress. It was that witch, Meg Merrilies, who should have been burned with a tar-barrel twenty years since, for a harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy."

"Are you sure it was she?" said the Colonel with great interest.

"Sure, honoured sir?—the like o' Meg Merrilies is not to be seen in any land."

The Colonel paced the room rapidly, cogitating with himself. "To send out to apprehend her—but it is too distant to send to Mac-Morlan, and Sir Robert Hazlewood is a pompous coxcomb; besides the chance of not finding her upon the spot, and the humour of silence that seized her before may again return;—no, I will not, to save being thought a fool, neglect the course she points out. Many of her class set out by being impostors, and end by being enthusiasts, or hold a kind of darkling conduct between both lines, unconscious almost when they are cheating themselves, or when imposing on others.—Well, my course is a plain one at any rate; and if my efforts are fruitless, it shall not be owing to over-jealousy of my own character for wisdom."

With this he rang the bell, and ordering Barnes into his private sitting-room, gave him some orders, with the result of which the reader may be made hereafter acquainted. We must now take up another adventure, which is also to be woven into the story of this remarkable day.

Charles Hazlewood had not ventured to make a visit at Woodbourne during the absence of the Colonel. Indeed, Mannering's whole behaviour had impressed upon him an opinion that this would be disagreeable; and such was the ascendancy which the successful soldier and accomplished gentleman had attained over his conduct, that in no respect would he have ventured to offend him. He saw, or thought he saw, in Colonel Mannering's general conduct, an approbation of his attachment to Miss Bertram. But then he saw still more plainly the impropriety of any attempt at a private correspondence, of which his parents could not be supposed to approve, and he respected this barrier interposed betwixt them, both on Mannering's account, and as he

was the liberal and zealous protector of Miss Bertram. "No," said he to himself, "I will not endanger the comfort of my Lucy's present retreat, until I can offer her a home of her own."

With this valorous resolution, which he maintained, although his horse, from constant habit, turned his head down the avenue of Woodbourne, and although he himself passed the lodge twice every day, he withstood a strong inclination to ride down, just to ask how the young ladies were, and whether he could be of any service to them during Colonel Mannering's absence. But upon the second occasion, he felt the temptation so severe, that he resolved not to expose himself to it a third time; and, contenting himself with sending hopes and enquiries, and so forth, to Woodbourne, he resolved to make a visit long promised to a family at some distance, and to return in such time as to be one of the earliest among Mannering's visitors, who should congratulate his safe return from his distant and hazardous expedition to Edinburgh. Accordingly, he made out his visit, and having arranged matters so as to be informed within a few hours after Colonel Mannering reached Woodbourne, he fixed to take leave of the friends with whom he had spent the intervening time, with the intention of dining at Woodbourne, where he was in a great measure domesticated; and this (for he thought much more deeply on the subject than was necessary) would, he flattered himself, appear a simple, natural, and easy mode of conducting himself.

Fate, however, of which lovers make so many complaints, was, in this case, unfavourable to Charles Hazlewood. His horse's shoes required an alteration, in consequence of the fresh weather having decidedly commenced. The lady of the house, where he was a visitor, chose to indulge in her own room till a very late breakfast-hour. His friend also insisted on showing him a litter of puppies, which his favourite pointer bitch had produced that morning. The colours had occasioned some doubts about the paternity, a weighty question of legitimacy, to the decision of which Hazlewood's opinion was called in as arbiter between his friend and his groom, and which inferred in its consequences which of the litter should be drowned, which saved. Besides, the Laird himself delayed our young lover's departure for a considerable time, endeavouring with long and superfluous rhetoric, to insinuate to Sir Robert Hazlewood, through the medium of his son, his own particular ideas respecting the line of a meditated turnpike road. It is greatly to the shame of our young lover's apprehension, that after the tenth reiterated account of the matter, he could not see the advantage to be obtained by the proposed road passing over the Lang-hirst, Windy-Knowe, the Goodhouse-park, Hailziecroft, and then crossing the river at Simon's pool, and so by the road to Kippletrangan; and the less eligible line pointed out by the English surveyor, which would go clear through the main inclosures at Hazlewood, and

cut within a mile, or nearly so, of the house itself, destroying the privacy and pleasure, as his informer contended, of the grounds.

In short, the adviser (whose actual interest was to have the bridge built as near as possible to a farm of his own) failed in every effort to attract young Hazlewood's attention, until he mentioned by chance, that the proposed line was favoured by "that fellow Glossin," who pretended to take a lead in the county. On a sudden, young Hazlewood became attentive and interested; and having satisfied himself which was the line that Glossin patronized, assured his friend it should not be his fault if his father did not countenance any other instead of that. But these various interruptions consumed the morning. Hazlewood got on horseback at least three hours later than he intended, and, cursing fine ladies, pointers, puppies, and turnpike acts of parliament, saw himself detained beyond the time when he could, with propriety, intrude upon the family at Woodbourne.

He had passed, therefore, the turn of the road which led to that mansion, only edified by the distant appearance of the blue smoke, curling against the pale sky of the winter evening, when he thought he beheld the Dominie taking a foot-path for the house through the woods. He called after him, but in vain; for that honest gentleman, never the most susceptible of extraneous impressions, had just that moment parted from Meg Merrilies, and was too deeply wrapt up in pondering upon her vaticinations, to make any answer to Hazlewood's call. He was, therefore, obliged to let him proceed without enquiry after the health of the young ladies, or any other fishing question, to which he might, by good chance, have had an answer returned wherein Miss Bertram's name might have been mentioned. All cause for haste was therefore now over, and, slackening the reins upon his horse's neck, he permitted him to ascend at his own leisure the steep sandy track between two high banks, which, ascending to a considerable height, commanded, at length, an extensive view of the neighbouring country. Hazlewood was, however, so far from eagerly looking forward to this prospect, though it had the recommendation, that great part of the land was his father's, and must necessarily be his own, that his head still turned towards the chimneys of Woodbourne, although at every step his horse made the difficulty of employing his eyes in that direction become greater. From the reverie in which he was sunk, he was suddenly roused by a voice too harsh to be called female, yet too shrill for a man:—"What's kept you on the road sae lang?—maun ither folk do your wark?"

He looked up; the spokeswoman was very tall, had a voluminous handkerchief rolled round her head, her grizzled hair flowing in elf-locks from beneath it, a long red cloak, and a staff in her hand, headed with a sort of spear-point—it was, in short, Meg Merrilies. Hazlewood had never seen this remarkable figure before; he drew up his reins in

astonishment at her appearance, and made a full stop. "I think," continued she, "they that hae ta'en interest in the house of Ellangowan suld sleep nane this night; three men hae been seeking ye, and you are gaun hame to sleep in your bed—D'ye think if the ladbairn fa's the sister will do weel? Na, na!"

"I don't understand you, good woman," said Hazlewood; "If you mean Miss —— I mean any of the late Ellangowan family, tell me what I can do for them."

"Of the late Ellangowan family?" she answered with great vehemence, "of the *late* Ellangowan family! and when was there ever, or when will there ever be, a family of Ellangowan, but bearing the gallant name of the bauld Bertrams?"

"But what do you mean, good woman?"

"I am nae good woman—a' the country kens I am bad enough, and may be sorry enough that I am nae better. But I can do what good women canna, and darena do. I can do what would freeze the blood o' them that is bred in biggit wa's for naething but to bind bairns' heads, and to hap them in the cradle. Hear me—the guard's drawn off at the custom-house at Portanferry, and it's brought up to Hazlewood-house by your father's orders, because he thinks his house is to be attacked this night by the smugglers;—there's naebody means to touch his house; he has gude blood and gentle blood—I say little o' him for himsell, but there's naebody thinks him worth meddling wi'. Send the horsemen back to their post, cannily and quietly—see an' they winna hae wark the night—aye will they—the guns will flash and the swords will glitter in the braw moon."

"Good God! what do you mean? your words and manner would persuade me you are mad, and yet there is a strange combination in what you say."

"I am not mad! I have been imprisoned for mad—scourged for mad—banished for mad—but mad I am not. Hear ye, Charles Hazlewood of Hazlewood; d'ye bear malice against him that wounded you?"

"No, dame, God forbid; my arm is quite well, and I have always said the shot was discharged by accident. I should be glad to tell the young man so."

"Then do what I bid ye, and ye'll do him mair gude than ever he did you ill; for if he was left to his ill-wishers he would be a bloody corpse ere morn, or a banished man—but there's ane abunc a'.—Do as I bid you, send back the soldiers. There's nae mair fear o' Hazlewood-house than there's o' Cruffell-fell." And she vanished with her usual celerity of pace.

It would seem that the appearance of this female, and the mixture of frenzy and enthusiasm in her address, seldom failed to produce the strongest impression upon those whom she addressed. Her words,

though wild, were too plain and intelligible for actual madness, and yet too vehement and extravagant for sober-minded communication. She seemed acting under the influence of an imagination rather strongly excited than deranged; and it is wonderful how palpably the difference, in such cases, is impressed upon the mind of the auditor. This may account for the attention with which her strange and mysterious hints were heard and acted upon. It is certain, at least, that young Hazlewood was strongly impressed by her sudden appearance and imperative tone. He rode to Hazlewood at a brisk pace. It had been dark for some time before he reached the house, and on his arrival there, he saw a confirmation of what the sybil had hinted.

Thirty dragoon horses stood under a shed near the offices, with their bridles linked together. Three or four soldiers attended as a guard, while others stamped up and down with their long broad-swords and heavy boots in front of the house. Hazlewood asked a non-commissioned officer from whence they came? "From Portanferry."

"Had they left any guard there?"

"No; they had been drawn off by order of Sir Robert Hazlewood for defence of his house, against an attack which was threatened by the smugglers."

Charles Hazlewood instantly went in quest of his father, and, having paid his respects to him upon his return, requested to know upon what account he had thought it necessary to send for a military escort. Sir Robert assured his son in reply, that from the information, intelligence, and tidings, which had been communicated to, and laid before him, he had the deepest reason to believe, credit, and be convinced, that a riotous assault would that night be attempted and perpetrated against Hazlewood-house, by a set of smugglers, gypsies, and other desperadoes. "And what, my dear sir, should direct the fury of such persons against ours rather than any other house in the country?"

"I should rather think, suppose, and be of opinion, sir," answered Sir Robert, "with deference to your wisdom and experience, that upon these occasions and times, the vengeance of such persons is directed or levelled against the most important and distinguished in point of rank, talent, birth, and situation, who have checked, interfered with, and discountenanced their unlawful and illegal and criminal actions or deeds."

Young Hazlewood, who knew his father's foible, answered, that the cause of his surprise did not lie where Sir Robert apprehended, but that he only wondered they should think of attacking a house where there were so many servants, and where a signal to the neighbouring tenants could call in such strong assistance; and added, that he doubted much whether the reputation of the family would not in some degree suffer from calling soldiers from their duty at the custom-house, to protect them, as if they were not sufficiently strong to defend

themselves upon any ordinary occasion. He even hinted, that in case their house's enemies should observe that this precaution had been taken unnecessarily, there would be no end of their sarcasms.

Sir Robert Hazlewood was rather puzzled at this intimation, for, like most dull men, he heartily hated and feared ridicule. He gathered himself up, and looked with a sort of pompous embarrassment, as if he wished to be thought to despise the opinion of the public, which in reality he dreaded.

"I really should have thought," he said, "that the injury which had already been aimed at my house in your person, being the next heir and representative of the Hazlewood family, failing me—I should have thought and believed, I say, that this would have justified me sufficiently in the eyes of the most respectable and greatest part of the people, for taking such precautions as are calculated to prevent and impede a repetition of outrage."

"Really, sir, I must remind you of what I have often said before, that I am positive the discharge of the piece was accidental."

"Sir, it was not accidental; but you will be wiser than your elders."

"Really, sir, in what so intimately concerns myself"——

"Sir, it does not concern you but in a very secondary degree—that is, it does not concern you, as a giddy young fellow, who takes pleasure in contradicting his father; but it concerns the country, sir; and the county, sir; and the public, sir; and the kingdom of Scotland, in so far as the interest of the Hazlewood family, sir, is committed, and interested, and put in peril, in, by, and through you, sir. And the fellow is in safe custody, and Mr Glossin thinks"——

"Mr Glossin, sir?"

"Yes, sir, the gentleman who has purchased Ellangowan—you know who I mean, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; but I should hardly have expected to hear you quote such authority. Why, this fellow—all the world knows him to be sordid, mean, tricking, and I suspect him to be worse. And you yourself, my dear sir, when did you call such a person a gentleman in your life before?"

"Why, Charles, I did not mean gentleman in the precise sense and meaning, and restricted and proper use, to which, no doubt, it ought legitimately to be confined; but I mean to use it relatively, as marking something of that state to which he has elevated and raised himself—as designing, in short, a decent and wealthy and estimable sort of person."

"Allow me to ask, sir, if it was by this man's orders that the guard was drawn from Portanferry?"

"Sir, I do apprehend that Mr Glossin would not presume to give orders, or even an opinion, unless asked, in a matter in which Hazlewood-house and the house of Hazlewood—meaning by the one this

mansion-house of my family, and by the other typically, metaphorically, and parabolically, the family itself—I say then, where the house of Hazlewood, or Hazlewood-house, were so immediately concerned”——

“I presume, however, sir, he approved of the proposal?”

“Sir, I thought it decent and right and proper to consult him, as the nearest magistrate, as soon as report of the intended outrage reached my ears; and although he declined, out of deference and respect, as became our relative situations, to concur in the order, yet he did entirely approve of my arrangement.”

At this moment a horse’s feet were heard coming very fast up the avenue. In a few minutes the door opened, and Mr Mac-Morlan presented himself. “I am under great concern to intrude, Sir Robert, but”——

“Give me leave, Mr Mac-Morlan,—this is no intrusion, sir; for your situation as sheriff-substitute calling upon you to attend to the peace of the county, (and, doubtless, feeling yourself particularly called upon to protect Hazlewood-house,) you have an acknowledged, and admitted, and undeniable right, sir, to enter the house of the first gentleman in Scotland, uninvited—always presuming you to be called there by the duty of your office.”

“It is indeed the duty of my office,” said Mac-Morlan, who waited with impatience an opportunity to speak, “that makes me an intruder.”

“No intrusion!” reiterated the Baronet, gracefully waving his hand.

“But permit me to say, Sir Robert, I do not come with the purpose of remaining here, but to recall these soldiers to Portanferry, and to assure you that I will answer for the safety of your house.

“To withdraw the guard from Hazlewood-house?—and *you* will be answerable for it! And, pray, who are you, sir, that I should take your security, and caution, and pledge, official or personal, for the safety of Hazlewood-house?—I think, sir, and believe, sir, and am of opinion, sir, that if any one of these family pictures were deranged, or destroyed, or injured, it would be difficult for me to make up the loss upon the guarantee which *you* so obligingly offer me.”

“In that case I shall be sorry for it, Sir Robert; but I presume I may escape the pain of feeling my conduct the cause of such irreparable loss, as I can assure you there will be no attempt upon Hazlewood-house whatever, and I have received information which induces me to suspect that the rumour was put afloat merely in order to occasion the removal of the soldiers from Portanferry. And under this strong belief and conviction, I must exert my authority to order the whole, or greater part of them, back again. I regret much, that by my accidental absence a good deal of delay has already taken place, and we shall not now reach Portanferry until it is late.”

As Mr Mac-Morlan was the superior magistrate, and expressed himself peremptory in the purpose of acting as such, the Baronet, though highly offended, could only say, "Very well, sir, it is very well. Nay, sir, take them all with you—I am far from desiring any to be left here, sir. We, sir, can protect ourselves, sir. But you will have the goodness to observe, sir, that you are acting on your own proper risque, sir, and peril, sir, and responsibility, sir, if any thing shall happen or befall to Hazlewood-house, sir, or the inhabitants, sir, or to the furniture and paintings, sir."

"I am acting to the best of my judgment and information, Sir Robert, and I must pray of you to believe so, and to pardon me accordingly. I beg you to observe it is no time for ceremony—it is already very late."

But Sir Robert, without deigning to listen to his apologies, immediately employed himself in arming and arraying his domestics. Charles Hazlewood longed to accompany the military, which was about to depart for Portanferry, and which was now drawn up and mounted by direction and under guidance of Mr Mac-Morlan, as the civil magistrate. But it would have given pain and offence to his father to have left him at a moment when he conceived himself beset with enemies. Young Hazlewood therefore gazed from a window with suppressed regret and displeasure, until he heard the officer give the word of command—"From the right to the front, by files, ma-a-arch. Leading file, to the right wheel—Trot."—The whole party then getting into a sharp and uniform pace, were soon lost among the trees, and the noise of their hoofs died speedily away in the distance.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
 We garr'd the bars bang merrily,
 Until we came to the inner prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.—*Old Border Ballad.*

WE return to Portanferry, and to Bertram and his honest-hearted friend, most innocent inhabitants of a place built for the guilty. The slumbers of the farmer were as sound as it was possible. But Bertram's first heavy sleep passed away long before midnight, nor could he again recover that state of oblivion. Added to the uncertain and uncomfortable state of his mind, his body felt feverish and oppressed. This was chiefly owing to the close and confined air of the small apartment in which they slept. After enduring for some time the broiling and suffocating feeling attendant upon such an atmosphere, he rose to endeavour to open the window of the apartment, and thus to procure a change of

air. Alas! the first trial reminded him that he was in jail, and that the building being contrived for security, not comfort, the means of procuring fresh air were not left at the disposal of the wretched inhabitants. Disappointed in this attempt, he stood by the unmanageable window for some time. Little Wasp, though oppressed with the fatigue of his journey on the preceding day, crept out of bed after his master, and stood by him rubbing his shaggy coat against his legs, and expressing, by a murmuring sound, the delight which he felt at being restored to him. Thus accompanied, and waiting until the feverish feeling which at present agitated his blood should subside into a desire for warmth and slumber, Bertram remained for some time looking out upon the sea. The tide was now nearly full, and dashed hoarse and near below the base of the building. Now and then a large wave reached even the barrier or bulwark which defended the foundation of the house, and was flung upon it with greater force and noise than those which only broke upon the sand. Far at distance, under the indistinct light of a hazy and often over-clouded moon, the ocean rolled its multitudinous complication of waves, crossing, bursting, and mingling with each other. "A wild and dim spectacle," said Bertram to himself, "like those crossing tides of fate which have tossed me about the world from my infancy upwards. When will this uncertainty cease, and how soon shall I be permitted to look out for a tranquil home, where I may cultivate in quiet, and without dread and perplexity, those arts of peace from which my cares have been hitherto so forcibly diverted! The ear of Fancy, it is said, can discover the voice of sea-nymphs and tritons amid the bursting murmurs of the ocean; would that I could do so, and that some siren or Proteus would arise from these billows to unriddle for me the strange maze of fate in which I am so deeply entangled!—Happy friend!" he said, looking at the bed where Dinmont had deposited his bulky person, "thy cares are confined to the narrow round of a healthy and thriving occupation! Thou canst lay them aside at pleasure, and enjoy the deep repose of body and mind which wholesome labour has prepared for thee!"

At this moment his reflections were broken by little Wasp, who, attempting to spring up against the window, began to yelp and bark most furiously. The sounds reached Dinmont's ears, but without dissipating the illusion which had transported him from this wretched apartment to the free air of his own green hills. "Hoy, Yarrow, man—far yaud—far yaud," he muttered between his teeth, imagining, doubtless, that he was calling to his sheep-dog. The continued barking of the terrier within was answered by the angry challenge of the mastiff in the court-yard, which had for a long time been silent, excepting only an occasional short and deep note, uttered when the moon shone suddenly from among the clouds. Now, his clamour was continued and furious, and seemed to be excited by some disturbance,

distinct from the barking of Wasp, which had first given him the alarm, and which, with much trouble, his master had contrived to still into an angry note of low growling. At last Bertram, whose attention was now fully awakened, conceived that he saw a boat upon the sea, and heard in good earnest the sound of oars and of human voices, mingling with the dash of the billows. "Some benighted fishermen," he thought, "or perhaps some of the desperate traders from the Isle of Man. They are very hardy, however, to approach so near to the custom-house, where there must be sentinels.—It is a large boat, like a long boat, and full of people; perhaps it belongs to the revenue service." Bertram was confirmed in this last opinion, by observing that the boat made for a little quay which ran into the sea behind the Custom-house, and, jumping ashore one after another, the crew, to the number of twenty hands, glided secretly up a small lane which divided the Custom-house from the Bridewell, and disappeared from his sight, leaving only two persons to take care of the boat.

The dash of these men's oars at first, and latterly the suppressed sounds of their voices, had excited the wrath of the wakeful sentinel in the court-yard, who now exalted his deep voice into such a horrid and continuous din, that it awakened his brute master, as savage a ban-dog as himself. His cry from a window, of "How now, Tearum, what's the matter, sir?—down, d—n ye, down!" produced no abatement of Tearum's vociferation, which in part prevented his master from hearing the sounds of alarm which his ferocious vigilance was in the act of challenging. But the mate of the two legged Cerberus was gifted with sharper ears than her husband. She also was now at the window, "B—t ye, gae down and let loose the dog," she said, "they're sporting the door of the custom-house, and the auld sap at Hazlewood-house has ordered off the guard. But ye hae nae mair heart than a cat." And down the Amazon sallied to perform the task herself, while her help-mate, more jealous of insurrection within doors, than of storm from without, went from cell to cell to see that the inhabitants of each were carefully secured.

These latter sounds, with which we have made the reader acquainted, had their origin in front of the house, and were consequently imperfectly heard by Bertram, whose apartment, as we have already noticed, looked from the back part of the building upon the sea. He heard, however, a stir and tumult in the house, which did not seem to accord with the stern seclusion of a prison at the hour of midnight, and could not but suppose that something extraordinary was about to take place.

In this belief he shook Dinmont by the shoulder—"Eh!—Ay!—Oh!—Ailie, woman, it's no time to get up yet," groaned the sleeping man of the mountains. More roughly shaken, however, he gathered himself up, shook his ears, and asked, "In the name of Providence, what's the matter?"

"That I can't tell you," replied Bertram; "but either the place is on fire, or some extraordinary thing is about to happen. Do you hear what a noise there is of clashing doors within the house, and of hoarse voices, murmurs, and distant shouts on the outside? Upon my word, I believe something very extraordinary has taken place—Get up, for the love of Heaven, and let us be on our guard."

Dinmont rose at the idea of danger, as intrepid and undismayed as any of his ancestors when the beacon light was kindled. "Odd, Captain, this is a queer place! they winna let you out in the day, and they winna let ye sleep in the night. Deil, but it would break my heart in a fortnight. But, Lordsake, what a racket they're making now?—Odd, I wish we had some light.—Wasp—Wasp, whisht, hinny—whisht, my bonnie man, and let's hear what they're doing.—Deil's in ye, will ye whisht?"—They sought in vain among the embers the means of lighting their candle, and the noise without still continued. Dinmont in his turn had recourse to the window—"Lordsake, Captain! come here.—Odd, they hae broken the Custom-house."

Bertram hastened to the window, and plainly saw a miscellaneous crowd of smugglers, and blackguards of different descriptions, some carrying lighted torches, others bearing packages and barrels down the lane to the boat that was lying at the quay, to which two or three other fisher-boats were now brought round. They were loading each of these in their turn, and one or two had already put off to seaward. "This speaks for itself," said Bertram; "but I fear something worse has happened. Do you feel a strong smell of smoke, or is it my fancy!"

"Fancy?" answered Dinmont, "there's a reek like a killogie. Odd, if they burn the Custom-house, it will catch here, and we'll lunt like a tar-barrel a' thegither. Eh! it wad be fearsome to be burnt alive for naething, like as if ane had been a warlock! Mac-Guffog, hear ye!"—roaring at the top of his voice, "an ye wad ever hae a hail bane in your skin, let's out, man! let's out!"

The fire began now to rise high, and thick clouds of smoke rolled past the window at which Bertram and Dinmont were stationed. Sometimes, as the wind pleased, the dim shroud of vapour hid every thing from their sight; sometimes a red glare illuminated both land and sea, and shone full on the stern and fierce figures, who, wild with ferocious activity, were engaged in loading the boats. The fire was at length triumphant, and spouted in jets of flame out at each window of the burning building, while huge flakes of flaming materials came driving on the wind against the adjoining prison, and rolling a dark canopy of smoke over all the neighbourhood. The shouts of a furious mob resounded far and wide; for the smugglers in their triumph, were joined by all the rabble of the little town and neighbourhood, now aroused, and in complete agitation, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

Bertram began to be seriously uneasy for their fate. There was no stir in the house; it seemed as if the jailor had deserted his charge, and left the prison with its wretched inhabitants to the mercy of the conflagration which was spreading towards them. In the meantime a new and fierce attack was heard upon the outer gate of the correction-house, which, battered with sledge-hammers and crows, was soon forced. The keeper and his wife had fled; their servants readily surrendered the keys. The liberated prisoners, celebrating their deliverance with the wildest yells of joy, mingled among the mob which had given them freedom. In the midst of the confusion that ensued, three or four of the principal smugglers hurried to the apartment of Bertram with lighted torches, and armed with cutlasses and pistols,—“Der deyvil,” said the leader, “here’s our mark?” and two of them seized on Bertram; but one whispered in his ear, “Make no resistance till you are in the street.” The same individual found an instant to say to Dinmont—“Follow your friend, and help when you see the time come.”

In the hurry of the moment, Dinmont obeyed and followed close. The two smugglers dragged Bertram along the passage, down stairs, through the court-yard, now illuminated by the glare of fire, and into the narrow street to which the gate opened, where, in the confusion, the gang were necessarily in some degree separated from each other. A rapid noise, as of a body of horse advancing, seemed to add to the confusion. “Hagel and wetter, what is that?” said the leader; “keep together, kinder, look to the prisoner.”—But in spite of his charge the two who held Bertram were the last of the party.

The sounds and signs of violence were heard in front. The press became furiously agitated, while some endeavoured to defend themselves, others to escape; shots were fired, and the glittering broadswords began to appear flashing above the heads of the rioters. “Now,” said the warning voice, “shake off that fellow, and follow me.”

Bertram, exerting his strength suddenly and effectually, easily burst from the grasp of the man who held his collar on the right side. The fellow attempted to draw a pistol, but was prostrated by a blow of Dinmont’s fist, which an ox could hardly have received without the same humiliation. “Follow me quick,” said the friendly partizan, and dived through a very narrow and dirty lane which led from the street.

No pursuit took place. The attention of the smugglers was otherwise and very disagreeably engaged by the sudden appearance of Mac-Morlan and the party of horse. This indeed would have happened in time sufficient to have prevented the attempt, had not the magistrate received upon the road some false information, which led him to think that the smugglers were to be landed at the Bay of Ellangowan. Nearly two hours were lost in consequence of this false intelligence, which it may be no lack of charity to suppose that Glossin, so deeply interested in the issue of that night’s daring attempt, had contrived to

throw in Mac-Morlan's way, availing himself of the knowledge that the soldiers had left Hazlewood-house, which would soon reach an ear so anxious as his.

In the meantime, Bertram followed his guide, and was in his turn followed by Dinmont. The shouts of the mob, the trampling of the horses, the dropping pistol-shots, sunk more and more faintly upon their ears; when at the end of this lane they found a post-chaise with four horses. "Are you here, in God's name?" said the guide to the postillion who drove the leaders.

"Ay, troth am I, and I wish I were ony gate else."

"Open the carriage then—you gentlemen get into it—in a short time you'll be in a place of safety—and (to Bertram) remember your promise to the gypsy wife!"

Bertram, resolving to be passive in the hands of a person who had just rendered him such a distinguished piece of service, got into the chaise as directed. Dinmont followed; Wasp, who had kept close by them, sprung in at the same time, and the carriage drove off very fast. "Have a care o' me," said Dinmont, "but this is the queerest thing yet!—Odd, I trust they'll no coup us—and then what's to come o' Dumble?—I would rather be on his back than in the Dewke's coach, God bless him."

Bertram observed, that they could not go at that rapid rate to any very great distance without changing horses, and that they might insist upon remaining till day-light at the first inn they stopped at, or at least upon being made acquainted with the purpose and termination of their journey, and Mr Dinmont might there give directions about his faithful horse.—"Aweel, aweel, e'en sae be it for Dandie.—Odd, if we were ance out o' this trindling kist o' a thing, I am thinking they wad find it hard wark to gar us gang ony gate but where we liked oursells."

While he thus spoke, the carriage making a sudden turn, showed them, through the left window, the village at some distance, but still widely beacons by the fire, which, having reached a storehouse wherein spirits were deposited, now rose high into the air, a wavering column of brilliant light. They had not long time to admire this spectacle, for another turn upon the road carried them into a close lane between plantations, through which the chaise proceeded in nearly total darkness, but with unabated speed.

CHAPTER XLIX.

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better.—*Tam o' Shanter.*

WE must now return to Woodbourne, which, it may be remembered, we left just after the Colonel had given some directions to his confidential servant. When he returned, his absence of mind, and an unusual expression of thought and anxiety upon his features, struck the ladies whom he joined in the drawing-room. Mannering was not, however, a man to be questioned, even by those whom he most loved, upon the cause of the mental agitation which these signs expressed. The hour of tea arrived, and the party were partaking of that refreshment in silence, when a carriage drove up to the door, and the bell announced the arrival of a visitor. "Surely," said Mannering, "it is too soon by some hours."—

There was a short pause, when Barnes, opening the door of the saloon, announced Mr Pleydell. In marched the lawyer, whose well-brushed black coat, and well-powdered wig, together with his pointed ruffles, brown silk stockings, highly-varnished shoes, and gold-buckles, exhibited the pains which the old gentleman had taken to prepare his person for the ladies' society. He was welcomed by Mannering with a hearty shake by the hand. "The very man I wished to see at this moment!"

"Yes, I told you I would take the first opportunity; so I have ventured to leave the court for a week in session time—no common sacrifice—but I had a notion I could be useful, and I was to attend a proof here about the same time.—But will you not introduce me to the young ladies?—Ah! there is one I should have known at once, from her family likeness! Miss Lucy Bertram, my love, I am most happy to see you."—And he folded her in his arms, and gave her a hearty kiss on each side of the face, to which Lucy submitted in blushing resignation.—"*On n' arrête pas dans un si beau chemin,*" continued the gay old gentleman, and, as the Colonel presented him to Julia, took the same liberty with that fair lady's cheek. Julia laughed, coloured, and disengaged herself. "I beg a thousand pardons," said the lawyer, with a bow which was not at all professionally awkward; "age and old fashions give privileges, and I can hardly say whether I am most sorry just now at being too well entitled to claim them at all, or happy in having such an opportunity to exercise them so agreeably."

"Upon my word, sir," said Miss Mannering, laughing, "if you make such flattering apologies, we shall begin to doubt whether we can admit you to shelter yourself under your alleged qualifications."

"I can assure you, Julia," said the Colonel, "you are perfectly right; my friend the counsellor is a dangerous person; the last time I

had the pleasure of seeing him, he was closetted with a fair lady, who had granted him a *tete-a-tete* at eight in the morning."

"Ay, but, Colonel, you should add, I was more indebted to my chocolate than my charms for so distinguished a favour, from a person of such propriety of demeanour as Mrs Rebecca."

"And that should remind me, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, "to offer you tea—that is, supposing you have dined."

"Any thing, Miss Mannering, from your hands—yes, I have dined—that is to say, as people dine at a Scotch inn."

"And that is indifferently enough," said the Colonel, with his hand upon the bell-handle; "give me leave to order something."

"Why, to say truth, I had rather not; I have been enquiring into that matter, for you must know I stopped an instant below to pull off my boot-hose, 'a world too wide for my shrunk shanks,'" glancing down with some complacency upon limbs which looked very well for his time of life, "and I had some conversation with your Barnes, and a very intelligent person whom I presume to be the housekeeper; and it was settled among us—*tota re perspecta*—I beg Miss Mannering's pardon for my Latin—that the old lady should add to your light family-supper the more substantial refreshment of a brace of wild-ducks. I told her (always under deep submission) my poor thoughts about the sauce, and, if you please, I would rather wait till they are ready before eating any thing solid."

"And we will anticipate our usual hour of supper," said the Colonel.

"With all my heart," said Pleydell, "providing I don't lose the ladies' company a moment the sooner. I am of counsel with my old friend B——; I love the *cena*, the supper of the ancients, the pleasant meal and social glass that washes out of one's mind the cobwebs that business or gloom have been spinning in our brains all day."

The vivacity of Mr Pleydell's look and manner, and the quietness with which he put himself at home upon the subject of his little epicurean comforts, amused the ladies, but particularly Miss Mannering, who immediately gave the counsellor a great deal of flattering attention; and more pretty things were said upon both sides during the service of the tea-table than we have leisure to repeat.

So soon as this was over, Mannering led the counsellor by the arm into a small study which opened from the saloon, and where, according to the custom of the family, there were always lights and a good fire in the evening.

"I see," said Mr Pleydell, "you have got something to tell me about the Ellangowan business—Is it terrestrial or celestial? What says my military Albumazar? Have you calculated the course of futurity? Have you consulted your Ephemerides, your Almochodon, your Almuten?"

"No, truly, counsellor, you are the only Ptolmey I intend to resort to

upon the present occasion—a second Prospero, I have broke my staff, and drowned my book far beyond plummet depth. But I have great news notwithstanding. Meg Merrilies, our Egyptian sybil, has appeared to the Dominie this very day, and, as I conjecture, has frightened him not a little”——

“Indeed?”

“Ay, and she has done me the honour to open a correspondence with me, supposing me to be as deep in astrological mysteries as when we first met; here is her scroll, delivered to me by the Dominie.”

Pleydell put on his spectacles. “A vile greasy scrawl, indeed—and the letters are uncial or semiuncial, as somebody calls your large text hand, and in size and perpendicularity resemble the ribs of a roasted pig—I can hardly make it out.”

“Read aloud,” said Mannering.

“I will try;—‘You are a good seeker, but a bad finder; you set yourself to prep a falling house, but had a gay guess it would rise again. Lend your hand to the wark that’s near, as you lent your ee to the weird that was far. Have a carriage this night by ten o’clock, at the end of the Crooked Dykes at Portanferry, and let it bring the folk to Woodbourne that shall ask them, if they be there IN GOD’S NAME.’—Stay, here follows some poetry—

*Dark shall be light,
And wrong done to right,
When Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might
Shall meet on Ellangowan’s height.*

A most mystic epistle truly, and closes in a vein of poetry worthy of the Cumæan sybil—And what have you done?”

“Why, I was loth to risk any opportunity of throwing light on this business. The woman is perhaps crazed, and these effusions may arise only from visions of her imagination;—but you were of opinion that she knew more of that strange story than she ever told.”

“And so you sent a carriage to the place named?”

“You will laugh at me, if I own I did.”

“Who, I?—no, truly, I think it was the wisest thing you could do.”

“Yes, and the worst is paying the chaise-hire—I sent a post-chaise and four from Kippletringan, with instructions corresponding to the letter—the horses will have a long and cold station upon the out-post to-night if our intelligence be false.”

“O, but I think it will prove otherwise. This woman has played a part till she believes it; or, if she be a thorough-paced impostor, without a single grain of self-delusion to qualify her knavery, still she may think herself bound to act in character—this I know, that I could get nothing out of her by the common modes of interrogation, and the wisest thing we can do is to give her an opportunity of making the

discovery her own way. And now have you more to say, or shall we go to the ladies?"

"Why, my mind is uncommonly agitated, and—but I really have no more to say—only I shall count the minutes till the carriage returns; but you cannot be expected to be so anxious."

"Why, no—use is all in all—I am much interested certainly, but I think I shall be able to survive the interval, if the ladies will afford us some music."

"And with the assistance of the wild-ducks by and bye."

"True, Colonel; a lawyer's anxiety about the fate of the most interesting cause has seldom spoiled either his sleep or digestion. And yet I shall be very eager to hear the rattle of these wheels on their return, notwithstanding."

So saying, he rose and led the way into the next room, where Miss Mannering, at his request, took her seat at the harpsichord. Lucy Bertram, who sung her native melodies very sweetly, was accompanied by her friend upon the instrument, and Julia afterwards performed some of Corelli's sonatas with great brilliancy. The old lawyer, scraping a little upon the violoncello, and being a member of the gentlemen's concert in Edinburgh, was so greatly delighted with this mode of spending the evening, that I doubt if he once thought of the wild ducks until Barnes informed the company that supper was ready.

"Tell Mrs Allan to have something in readiness," said the Colonel—"I expect—that is, I hope—perhaps some person may be here to-night; and let the men sit up, and do not lock the upper gate on the lawn until I desire you."

"Lord, sir," said Julia, "whom can you possibly expect to-night."

"Why, some persons, strangers to me, talked of calling in the evening about business—it is quite uncertain."

"Well we shall not pardon them disturbing our party, unless they bring as much good humour, and as susceptible hearts, as my friend and admirer, for so he has dubbed himself, Mr Pleydell."

"Ah, Miss Julia," said Pleydell, offering his arm with an air of gallantry to conduct her into the eating-room, "the time has been—when I returned from Utrecht in the year 1738"—

"Pray don't talk of it—we like you much better as you are—Utrecht, in heaven's name!—I dare say you have spent all the intervening years in getting rid so completely of the effects of your Dutch education."

"O, forgive me, Miss Mannering; the Dutch are a much more accomplished people in point of gallantry than their volatile neighbours are willing to admit. They are constant as clock-work in their attentions."

"I should tire of that."

"Imperturbable in their good temper."

"Worse and worse."

"And then, although for six times three hundred and sixty-five days, your swain has placed the capuchin round your neck, and the stove under your feet, and driven your little cabriole upon the ice in winter, and through the dust in summer, you may dismiss him at once, without reason or apology, upon the two thousand one hundred and ninetieth day, which, according to my hasty calculation, and without reckoning leap-years, will complete the cycle of the supposed adoration, and that without your amiable feelings having the slightest occasion to be alarmed for the consequences to those of Mynheer."

"Well, that last is truly a Dutch recommendation, Mr Pleydell—glasses and hearts would lose all their merit in the world, if it were not for their fragility."

"Why, as to that, Miss Mannering, it is as difficult to find a heart that will break, as a glass that will not; and for that reason I would press the value of mine own—were it not that I see Mr Sampson's eyes have been closed, and his hands clasped for some time, attending the end of our conference to begin the grace—And, to say the truth, the appearance of the wild-ducks is very appetizing." So saying, the worthy counsellor sat himself to table, and laid aside his gallantry for a while, to do honour to the good things placed before him. Nothing further is recorded of him for some time, excepting an observation that the ducks were roasted to a single turn, and that Mrs Allau's sauce was beyond praise.

"I see," said Miss Mannering, "I have a formidable rival in Mr Pleydell's favour, even on the very first night of his avowed admiration."

"Pardon me, my fair lady, your avowed rigour alone has induced me to commit the solecism of eating a good supper in your presence; how shall I support your frowns without reinforcing my strength? Upon the same principle, and no other, I will ask permission to drink wine with you."

"This is the fashion of Utrecht also, I suppose, Mr Pleydell."

"Forgive me, madam; the French themselves, the patterns of all that is gallant, term their tavern-keepers *restaurateurs*, alluding, doubtless, to the relief they afford the disconsolate lover, when bowed down to the earth by his mistress's severity. My own case requires so much relief, that I must trouble you for that other wing, Mr Sampson, without prejudice to my afterwards applying to Miss Bertram for a tart;—be pleased to tear the wing, sir, instead of cutting it off—Mr Barnes will assist you, Mr Sampson,—thank you, sir—and, Mr Barnes, a glass of ale if you please."

While the old gentleman, pleased with Miss Mannering's liveliness and attention, rattled away for her amusement and his own, the impatience of Colonel Mannering began to exceed all bounds. He declined sitting down at table, under pretence that he never eat supper;

and traversed the parlour, in which they were, with hasty and impatient steps, now throwing up the window to gaze upon the dark lawn, now listening for the remote sound of the carriage advancing up the avenue. At length, in a feeling of uncontrollable impatience, he left the room, took his hat and cloak, and pursued his walk up the avenue, as if his so doing would hasten the approach of those whom he desired to see. "I really wish," said Miss Bertram, "Colonel Mannering would not venture out after night-fall. You must have heard, Mr Pleydell, what a cruel fright we had."

"O, with the smugglers?—they are old friends of mine. I was the means of bringing some of them to justice a long time since."

"And then the alarm we had immediately afterwards, from the vengeance of one of these wretches."

"When young Hazlewood was hurt—I heard of that too."

"Imagine, my dear Mr Pleydell, how much Miss Mannering and I were alarmed, when a ruffian, equally dreadful for his great strength, and the sternness of his features, rushed out upon us!"

"You must know, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, unable to suppress her resentment at this undesigned aspersion of her admirer, "that young Hazlewood is so handsome in the eyes of the young ladies of this country, that they think every person shocking who comes near him."

"Oho!" thought Pleydell, who was by profession an observer of tones and gestures, "there's something wrong here between my young friends—Well, Miss Mannering, I have not seen young Hazlewood since he was a boy, so the ladies may be perfectly right; but I can assure you, in spite of your scorn, that if you want to see handsome men you must go to Holland; the prettiest fellow I ever saw was a Dutchman, in spite of his being called Vanvost, or Vanbuster, or some such barbarous name. He won't be quite so handsome now, to be sure."

It was now Julia's turn to look a little out of countenance, but at that instant the Colonel entered the room. "I can hear nothing of them yet," he said; "still, however, we will not separate—Where is Dominie Sampson?"

"Here, honoured sir."

"What is that book you hold in your hand, Mr Sampson?"

"It's even the learned De Lyra, sir—I would crave his honour Mr Pleydell's judgment, always with his best leisure, to expound a disputed passage."

"I am not in the vein, Mr Sampson," answered Pleydell; "here's metal more attractive.—I do not despair to engage these two young ladies in a glee or a catch, wherein I, even I myself, will adventure myself for the bass part—Hang de Lyra, man; keep him for a fitter season."

The disappointed Dominie shut his ponderous tome, much marveling in his mind how a person, possessed of the lawyer's erudition,

could give his mind to these frivolous toys. But the counsellor, indifferent to the high character which he was trifling away, filled himself a large glass of Burgundy, and after preluding a little with a voice somewhat the worse for the wear, gave the ladies a courageous invitation to join in "We be three poor Mariners," and accomplished his own part therein with great eclat.

"Are you not withering your roses with sitting up so late, my young ladies?" said the Colonel.

"Not a bit, sir," answered Julia; "your friend, Mr Pleydell threatens to become a pupil of Mr Sampson's to-morrow, so we must make the most of our conquest to-night."

This led to another musical trial of skill, and that to lively conversation. At length, when the solitary sound of one o'clock had long since resounded on the ebon ear of night, and the next signal of the advance of time was close approaching, Mannering, whose impatience had long subsided into disappointment and despair, looked his watch, and said, "we must now give them up"—when at that instant—But what then befell will require a separate chapter.

CHAPTER L.

Justice. This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gypsy told!—
No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—
I am thy father, *here's* thy mother, *there*
Thy uncle—*This* thy first cousin, and *these*
Are all thy near relations!—*The Critic.*

As Mannering replaced his watch, he heard a distant and hollow sound—"It is a carriage for certain—no, it is but the sound of the wind among the leafless trees. Do come to the window, Mr Pleydell." The counsellor, who with his large silk handkerchief in his hand was expatiating away to Julia upon some subject he thought interesting, obeyed however the summons, first throwing the handkerchief round his neck by way of precaution against the cold air. The sound of wheels became now very perceptible, and Pleydell, as if he had reserved all his curiosity till that moment, ran out to the hall. The Colonel rung for Barnes to desire that the persons who came in the carriage might be shown into a separate room, being altogether uncertain whom it might contain. It stopped however at the door, before his purpose could be fully explained. A moment after Mr Pleydell called out, "Here is our Liddesdale friend, I protest, with a strapping young fellow of the same calibre." His voice arrested Dinmont, who recognised him with equal surprise and pleasure. "Odd, if it's your honour, we'll a' be as right and tight as thack and rape can make us."

But while the farmer stopped to make his bow, Bertram, dazzled with the sudden glare of light, and bewildered with the circumstances of his situation, almost unconsciously entered the open door of the parlour, and confronted the Colonel, who was just advancing towards it. The strong light of the apartment left no doubt of his identity, and he himself was equally confounded with the appearance of those to whom he so unexpectedly presented himself, as they were by the sight of so utterly unlooked-for an object. It must be remembered that each individual present had their own peculiar reasons for looking with terror upon what seemed at first sight a spectral apparition. Mannering saw before him the man whom he supposed he had killed in India; Julia beheld her lover in a most peculiar and hazardous situation; and Lucy Bertram at once knew the person who had fired upon young Hazlewood. Bertram, who interpreted the fixed and motionless astonishment of the Colonel into displeasure at his intrusion, hastened to say that it was involuntary, since he had been hurried hither without even knowing whither he was to be transported.

"Mr Brown, I believe!" said Colonel Mannering.

"Yes, sir, the same you knew in India; and who ventures to hope, that what you did then know of him is not such as should prevent his requesting you would favour him with your attestation to his character, as a gentleman and man of honour."

"Mr Brown—I have been seldom—never—so much surprised—certainly, sir, in what passed between us, you have a right to command my testimony."

At this critical moment entered the counsellor and Dinmont. The former beheld, to his astonishment, the Colonel but just recovering from his first surprise, Lucy Bertram ready to faint with terror, and Miss Mannering in an agony of doubt and apprehension, which she in vain endeavoured to disguise or suppress. "What is the meaning of all this?" said he; "has this young fellow brought the Gorgon's head in his hand?—let me look at him.—By heaven!" he muttered to himself, "the very image of old Ellangowan!—the witch has kept her word." Then instantly passing to Miss Bertram, "Look at that man, Lucy, my dear; have you never seen any one like him?"

Lucy had only ventured one glance at this object of terror, which, from his remarkable height and appearance, at once recognised the supposed assassin of young Hazlewood, and excluded, of course, the more favourable association of ideas which might have occurred on a closer view. "Don't ask me about him, sir; send him away, for heaven's sake! we shall all be murdered!"

"Murdered! where's the poker?"—said the advocate in some alarm; "but nonsense! we are three men besides the servants, and there is honest Liddesdale worth half-a-dozen to boot—we have the *major vis* upon our side—however, here, my friend Dandie—Davie—

what do they call you?—keep between that fellow and us for the protection of the ladies.”

“Lord! Mr Pleydell, that’s Captain Brown; d’ye no ken the Captain?”

“Nay, if he’s a friend of your’s we may be safe enough; but keep near him.”

All this passed with such rapidity, that it was over before the Dominie had recovered himself from a fit of absence, shut the book which he had been studying in a corner, and advancing to obtain a sight of the strangers, exclaimed at once upon beholding Bertram, “If the grave can give up the dead, that is my dear and honoured master!”

“We’re right after all, by Heaven! I was sure I was right,” said the lawyer; “he is the very image of his father.—Come, Colonel, what do you think of, that you do not bid your guest welcome? I think—I believe—I trust we’re right—never saw such a likeness—but patience—Dominie, say not a word.—Sit down, young gentleman.”

“I beg pardon, sir; if I am, as I understand, in Colonel Mannering’s house, I should wish first to know if my accidental appearance here gives offence, or if I am welcome?”

Mannering instantly made an effort.—“Welcome? most certainly, especially if you can point out how I can serve you. I believe I may have some wrongs to repair towards you—I have often suspected so; but your sudden and unexpected appearance, connected with painful recollections, prevented my saying at first, as I now say, that whatever has procured me the honour of this visit, it is an acceptable one.”

Bertram bowed with an air of distant, yet civil acknowledgment, to the grave courtesy of Mannering.

“Julia, my love, you had better retire. Mr Brown, you will excuse my daughter; there are circumstances which I perceive rush upon her recollection.”

Miss Mannering rose and retired accordingly; yet, as she passed Bertram, could not suppress the words, “Infatuated! a second time!” but so pronounced as to be heard by him alone. Miss Bertram accompanied her friend, much surprised, but without venturing a second glance at the object of her terror. Some mistake she saw there was, and was unwilling to increase it by denouncing the stranger as an assassin. He was known, she saw, to the Colonel, and received as a gentleman; certainly he either was not the person, or Hazlewood was right in supposing the shot accidental.

The remaining part of the company would have formed no bad group for a skilful painter. Each was too much embarrassed with his own sensations to observe those of the others. Bertram most unexpectedly found himself in the house of one, whom he was alternately disposed to dislike as his personal enemy, and to respect as the father

of Julia; Mannering was struggling between his high sense of courtesy and hospitality, his joy at finding himself relieved from the guilt of having shed life in a private quarrel, and the former feelings of dislike and prejudice, which revived in his haughty mind at the sight of the object against whom he had entertained them; Sampson, supporting his shaking limbs by leaning on the back of a chair, fixed his eyes upon Bertram, with a staring expression of nervous anxiety which convulsed his whole visage; Dinmont, clothed in his loose shaggy great-coat, and resembling a huge bear erect upon his hinder legs, stared on the whole scene with great round eyes that witnessed his amazement.

The counsellor alone was in his element, shrewd, prompt, and active; he already calculated the prospect of brilliant success in a strange, eventful, and mysterious law-suit, and no young monarch, flushed with hopes, and at the head of a gallant army, could experience more glee when taking the field on his first campaign. He bustled about with great energy, and took the arrangement of the whole explanation upon himself. "Come, come, gentlemen, sit down; this is all in my province: you must let me arrange it for you. Sit down, my dear Colonel, and let me manage; sit down, Mr Brown, *aut quocunque alio nomine vocaris*—Dominie, take your seat—draw in your chair, honest Liddesdale."

"I dinna ken, Mr Pleydell," said Dinmont, looking at his dreadnought-coat, then at the handsome furniture of the room, "I had maybe better gang some gate else, and leave ye till your cracks—I'm no just that weel put on."

The Colonel, who by this time recognized Dandie, immediately went up and bid him heartily welcome; assuring him, that from what he had seen of him in Edinburgh, he was sure his rough coat and thick-soled boots would honour a royal drawing-room.

"Na, na, Colonel, we're just plain up-the-country folk; but nae doubt I would fain hear o' ony pleasure that was gaun to happen the Captain, and I'm sure a' will gae right if Mr Pleydell will take his bit job in hand."

"You're right, Dandie—spoke like a hieland oracle—and now be silent.—Well, you are all seated at last; take a glass of wine till I begin my catechism methodically.—And now," turning to Bertram, "my dear boy, do you know who or what you are?"

In spite of his perplexity, the catechumen could not help laughing at this commencement, and answered, "Indeed, sir, I formerly thought I did; but I own late circumstances have made me somewhat uncertain."

"Then tell us what you formerly thought yourself."

"Why, I was in the habit of thinking and calling myself Vanbeest Brown, who served as a cadet or volunteer under Colonel Mannering,

when he commanded the —— regiment, in which capacity I was not unknown to him."

"There," said the Colonel, "I can assure Mr Brown of his identity; and add, what his modesty may have forgotten, that he was distinguished as a young man of talent and spirit."

"So much the better, my dear sir; but that is to general character—Mr Brown must tell us where he was born."

"In Scotland, I believe, but the place uncertain."

"Where educated?"

"In Holland, certainly."

"Do you remember nothing of your early life before you left Scotland?"

"Very imperfectly; yet I have a strong idea, perhaps more deeply impressed upon me by subsequent hard usage, that I was during my childhood the object of much solicitude and affection. I have an indistinct remembrance of a good-looking man whom I used to call papa, and of a lady who was infirm in health, and who, I think, must have been my mother; but it is an imperfect and confused recollection—I remember too a tall thin man in black, who used to teach me my letters and walk out with me; and I think the very last time"——

Here the Dominie could contain no longer. While every succeeding word served to prove that the child of his benefactor stood before him, he had struggled with the utmost difficulty to suppress his emotions; but, when the juvenile recollections of Bertram turned towards his tutor and his precepts, he was compelled to give way to his feelings. He rose hastily from his chair, and with clasped hands, trembling limbs, and streaming eyes, called out aloud, "Harry Bertram!—look at me—was I not the man?"

"Yes!" said Bertram, starting from his seat as if a sudden light had burst in upon his mind, "Yes—that was my name!—and that is the voice and the figure of my kind old master!"

The Dominie threw himself into his arms, pressed him a thousand times to his bosom in convulsions of transport, which shook his whole frame, sobbed hysterically, and, at length, in the emphatic language of scripture, lifted up his voice and wept aloud. Colonel Mannering had recourse to his handkerchief; Pleydell made wry faces, and wiped the glasses of his spectacles; and honest Dinmont, after two loud blubbing explosions, exclaimed, "Deil's in the man! he's garr'd me do that I hae na done since my auld mither died."——

"Come, come," said the counsellor at last, "silence in the court.—We have a clever party to contend with, we must lose no time in gathering our information—for any thing I know, there may be something to be done before day-break."

"I will order a horse to be saddled, if you please," said the Colonel.

"No, no, time enough—time enough—but come, Dominie, I have

allowed you a competent space to express your feelings. I must circumduce the term—you must let me proceed in my examination."

The Dominie was habitually obedient to any one who chose to impose commands upon him: he sunk back into his chair, spread his chequered handkerchief over his face, to serve, as I suppose, for the Grecian painter's veil, and, from the action of his folded hands, appeared for a time engaged in the act of mental thanksgiving. He then raised his eyes over the screen, as if to be assured that the pleasing apparition had not melted into air—then again sunk them to resume his internal act of devotion, until he felt himself compelled to give attention to the counsellor, from the interest which his questions excited.

"And now," said Mr Pleydell, after several minute enquiries concerning his recollection of early events—"And now, Mr Bertram, for I think we ought in future to call you by your own proper name, will you have the goodness to let us know every particular which you can recollect concerning the mode of your leaving Scotland?"

"Indeed, sir, to say the truth, though the terrible outlines of that day are strongly impressed upon my memory, yet somehow the very terror which fixed them there has in a great measure confounded and confused the details. I recollect, however, that I was walking somewhere or other—in a wood, I think"—

"O yes, it was in Warroch-wood, my dear," said the Dominie.

"Hush, Mr Sampson," said the lawyer.

"Yes, it was in a wood—and some one was with me—this kind-hearted gentleman, I think."

"O, ay, ay, Harry, Lord bless thee—it was even I myself."

"Be silent, Dominie, and don't interrupt the evidence," said Pleydell;—"And so, sir?" to Bertram.

"And so, sir, like one of the changes of a dream, I thought I was on horseback before my guide."

"No, no," exclaimed Sampson, "never did I put my own limbs, not to say thine, into such peril."

"On my word this is intolerable!—Look ye, Dominie, if you speak another word till I give you leave, I will read three sentences out of the Black Acts, whisk my cane round my head three times, undo all the magic of this night's work, and conjure Harry Bertram back again into Vanbeest Brown."

"Honoured and worthy sir, I humbly crave pardon—it was but *verbum volans*."

"Well, *volens volens*, you must hold your tongue."

"Pray, be silent, Mr Sampson," said the Colonel; "it is of great consequence to your recovered friend, that you permit Mr Pleydell to proceed in his enquiries."

"I am mute," said the rebuked Dominie.

"On a sudden," continued Brown, "two or three men sprung out upon us, and we were pulled from horseback. I have little recollection of any thing else, but that I tried to escape in the midst of a desperate scuffle, and fell into the arms of a very tall woman who started from the bushes, and protected me for some time—the rest is all confusion and dread—a dim recollection of a sea-beach, and a cave, and of some strong potion which lulled me to sleep for a length of time. In short, it is all a blank in my memory, until I recollect myself first an ill-used and half-starved cabin-boy aboard a sloop, and then a school-boy in Holland under the protection of an old merchant, who had taken some fancy for me."

"And what account did your guardian give of your parentage?"

"A very brief one, and a charge to enquire no farther. I was given to understand, that my father was concerned in the smuggling trade carried on on the eastern coast of Scotland, and was killed in a skirmish with the revenue officers; that his correspondents in Holland had a vessel on the coast at the time, part of the crew of which were engaged in the affair, and brought me off after it was over, from a motive of compassion as I was left destitute by my father's death. As I grew older there was much of this story seemed inconsistent with my own recollections, but what could I do? I had no means of ascertaining my doubts, nor a single friend with whom I could communicate or canvass them. The rest of my story is known to Colonel Mannering: I went out to India to be a clerk in a Dutch house; their affairs fell into confusion—I betook myself to the military profession, and, I trust, as yet I have not disgraced it."

"Thou art a fine young fellow, I'll be bound for thee," said Pleydell, "and since you have wanted a father so long, I wish from my heart I could claim the paternity myself. But this affair of young Hazlewood"——

"Was merely accidental," said Brown. "I was travelling in Scotland for pleasure, and after a week's residence with my friend, Mr Dinmont, with whom I had the good fortune to form an accidental acquaintance"——

"It was my gude fortune that," said Dinmont; "odd, my brains wad hae been knockit out by twa blackguards, if it hadna been for his four quarters."

"Shortly after we parted at the town of ——, I lost my baggage by thieves, and it was while residing at Kippletringan I accidentally met the young gentleman. As I was approaching to pay my respects to Miss Mannering, whom I had known in India, Mr Hazlewood, conceiving my appearance none of the most respectable, commanded me rather haughtily to stand back, and so gave occasion to the fray in which I had the misfortune to be the accidental means of wounding him——And now, sir, that I have answered all your questions"——

"No, no, not quite all," said Pleydell, winking sagaciously; "there are some interrogatories which I shall delay till to-morrow, for it is time, I believe, to close the sederunt for this night, or rather morning."

"Well then, sir, to vary the phrase, since I have answered all the questions which you have chosen to ask to-night, will you be so good as to tell me who you are that take such interest in my affairs, and who you take me to be, since my arrival has occasioned such commotion?"

"Why, sir, for myself, I am Paulus Pleydell, an advocate at the Scottish bar; and for you, it is not easy to say distinctly who you are at present: but I trust in a short time to hail you by the title of Henry Bertram, Esq., representative of one of the oldest families in Scotland, and heir of tailzie and provision to the estate of Ellangowan—Aye," continued he, shutting his eyes and speaking to himself, "we must pass over his father, and serve him heir to his grand-father Lewis, the entailer—the only wise man of his family that I ever heard of." They had now risen to retire to their apartments for the night, when Colonel Mannering walked up to Bertram, as he stood astonished at the counsellor's words. "I give you joy," he said, "of the prospects which fate has opened before you. I was an early friend of your father, and chanced to be in the house of Ellangowan as unexpectedly as you are now in mine, upon the very night in which you were born. I little knew this circumstance when—but I trust unkindness will be forgotten between us. Believe me, your appearance here, as Mr Brown, alive and well, has relieved me from most painful sensations; and your right to the name of an old friend renders your presence, as Mr Bertram, doubly welcome."

"And my parents?" said Bertram.

"Are both no more—and the family property has been sold, but I trust may be recovered. Whatever is wanted to make your right effectual, I shall be most happy to supply."

"Nay, you may leave all that to me," said the counsellor; "'tis my vocation, Hal, I shall make money of it."

"I'm sure it's no for the like o' me," observed Dinmont, "to speak to you gentle-folks; but if siller would help on the Captain's plea, and they say nae plea gangs on weel without it"——

"Except on Saturday night," said Pleydell.

"Ay, but when your honour wadna take your fee ye wadna hae the cause neither, sae I'll ne'er fash you on a Saturday at e'en again—but I was saying, there's some siller in the spleuchan that's like the Captain's ain, for we've aye counted it such, baith Ailie and me."

"No, no, Liddesdale—no occasion, no occasion whatever—keep thy cash to stock thy farm."

"To stock my farm? Mr Pleydell, your honour kens mony things, but ye dinna ken the farm o' Charlies-hope—it's sae weel stockit

already, that we sell maybe sax hundred pounds off it ilka year, flesh and fell thegither—na, na.”

“Can’t you take another, then?”

“I dinna ken—the Dewke’s no that fond o’ led farms, and he canna bide to put away the auld tenantry; and then I wadna like, mysell, to gang about whistling and raising the rent on my neighbours.”

“What, not upon thy neighbour at Dawston—Devilstone—how d’ye call the place?”

“What, on Jock o’ Dawston? hout na—he’s a camsteary chield, and fasheous about marches, and we’ve had some bits o’ splores thegither; but de’il o’ me if I wad wrang Jock o’ Dawston neither.”

“Thou’rt an honest fellow,” said the lawyer, “get thee to bed. Thou wilt sleep sounder, I warrant thee, than many a man that throws off an embroidered coat, and puts on a laced night-cap.—Colonel, I see you are busy with our *Enfant trouvé*. But Barnes must give me a summons of wakening at seven to-morrow morning, for my servant’s a sleepy-headed fellow; and I dare say Driver’s had Clarence’s fate, drowned by this time in a butt of your ale; for Mrs Allan promised to make him comfortable, and she’ll soon discover what he expects from that engagement. Good night, Colonel—good night, Dominie Sampson—good night, Dinmont the downright—good night, last of all, to the new-found representative of the Bertrams, and the Mac-Dingawaies, the Knarths, the Arths, the Godfreys, the Dennises, and the Rolands, and, last and dearest title, heir of tailzie and provision of the lands and barony of Ellangowan, under the settlement of Lewis Bertram, Esq., whose representative you are.”

And so saying, the old gentleman took his candle and left the room; and the company dispersed after the Dominie had once more hugged and embraced his “little Harry Bertram,” as he continued to call the young soldier of six feet high.

CHAPTER LI.

My imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram’s;
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away.

All’s well that ends well.

AT the hour which he had appointed the preceding evening, the indefatigable lawyer was seated by a good fire, and a pair of wax candles, with a velvet cap upon his head, and a quilted silk night-gown on his person, busy arranging his *memoranda* of proofs and indications concerning the murder of Frank Kennedy. An express had also been dispatched to Mr Mac-Morlan, requesting his attendance at Woodbourne as

soon as possible, upon business of importance. Dinmont, fatigued with the events of the evening before, and finding the accommodations of Woodbourne much preferable to those of Mac-Guffog, was in no hurry to rise. The impatience of Bertram might have put him earlier in motion, but Colonel Mannering had intimated an intention to visit him in his apartment in the morning, and he did not chuse to leave it. Before this interview he had dressed himself, Barnes, having, by his master's orders, supplied him with every accommodation of linen, &c., and now anxiously waited the promised visit of his landlord.

In a short time a gentle tap announced the Colonel, with whom Bertram held a long and satisfactory conversation. Each, however, concealed from the other one circumstance. Mannering could not bring himself to acknowledge the astrological prediction; and Bertram was, for motives which may be easily conceived, silent respecting his love for Julia. In other respects, their intercourse was frank and grateful to both, and had latterly, upon the Colonel's part, even an approach to cordiality. Bertram carefully measured his own conduct by that of his host, and seemed rather to receive his offered kindness with gratitude and pleasure, than to press for it with solicitation.

Miss Bertram was in the breakfast parlour when Sampson shuffled in, his face all radiant with smiles; a circumstance so uncommon, that Lucy's first idea was, that somebody had been bantering him with an imposition, which had thrown him into this ecstacy. Having sate for some time, rolling his eyes and gaping with his mouth like the great wooden head at Merlin's exhibition, he at length began—"And what do you think of him, Miss Lucy?"

"Think of whom, Mr Sampson?"

"Of Har—no—of him that you know about?"

"That I know about?"

"Yes, the stranger, you know, that came last evening in the post vehicle—he who shot young Hazlewood—ha, ha, ho!"

"Indeed, Mr Sampson, you have chosen a strange subject for mirth—I think nothing about the man, only I hope the outrage was accidental, and that we need not fear a repetition of it.

"Accidental! ho, ho, ha!"

"Really, Mr Sampson," said Lucy, somewhat piqued, "you are unusually gay this morning."

"Yes, of a surety I am! ha, ha, ho! face-ti-ous—ho, ho, ha!"

"So unusually facetious, my dear sir, that I would wish rather to know the meaning of your mirth, than to be amused with its effects only."

"You shall know it, Miss Lucy—Do you remember your brother?"

"Good God! how can you ask me?—no one knows better than you, he was lost the very day I was born."

"Very true, very true," answered the Dominie, saddening at the

recollection; "I was strangely oblivious—ay, ay—too true—But you remember your worthy father?"

How should you doubt it, Mr Sampson? it's not so many weeks since "——

"True, true—ay, too true—I will be facetious no more under these remembrances—but look at that young man!"——

Bertram at this instant entered the room. "Yes, look at him well—he is your father's living image; and as God has deprived you of your dear parents—O my children, love one another!"

"It is indeed my father's face and form," said Lucy, turning very pale; Bertram ran to support her—the Dominie to fetch water to throw upon her face—which in his haste he took from the boiling tea-urn) when fortunately her colour returning rapidly, saved her from the application of this ill-judged remedy. "I conjure you to tell me, Mr Sampson," she said, in an interrupted, yet solemn voice, "is this my brother?"

"It is—it is!—Miss Lucy, it is little Harry Bertram, as sure as God's sun is in that Heaven!"

"And this is my sister?" said Bertram, giving way to all that family affection which had so long slumbered in his bosom for want of an object to expand itself upon—

"It is—it is!—it is Miss Lucy Bertram, whom by my poor aid you will find perfect in the tongues of France, and Italy, and even of Spain—in reading and writing her vernacular tongue, and in arithmetic and book-keeping by double and single entry—I say nothing of her talents of shaping and hemming, and governing a household, which to give every one their due, she acquired not from me, but from the housekeeper—nor do I take merit for her performance upon stringed-instruments, whereunto the instructions of an honourable young lady of virtue and modesty, and very facetious withal—Miss Julia Mannering—hath not meanly contributed—*Suum cuique tribuito*."

"You then," said Bertram to his sister, "are all that remains to me!—Last night, but more fully this morning, Colonel Mannering gave me an account of our family misfortunes, though without saying I should find my sister here."

"That," said Lucy, "he left to this gentleman to tell you, one of the kindest and most faithful of friends, who soothed my father's long sickness, witnessed his dying moments, and amid the heaviest clouds of fortune would not desert his orphan."

"God bless him for it!" said Bertram, shaking the Dominie's hand, "he deserves the love with which I have always regarded even the shadow of his memory which my childhood retained."

"And God bless you both, my dear children," said Sampson; if it had not been for your sake, I would have been contented (had Heaven's pleasure so been) to lay my head upon the turf beside my patron."

"But, I trust," said Bertram, "I am encouraged to hope we shall

all see better days. All our wrongs shall be redressed, since Heaven has sent me means and friends to assert my right."

"Friends indeed!" echoed the Dominie, "and sent, as you truly say, by HIM, to whom I early taught you to look up as the source of all that is good. There is the great Colonel Mannering from the Eastern Indies, who is a man of great erudition considering his imperfect opportunities; and there is, moreover, the great advocate, Mr Pleydell, who is also a man of great erudition, but who descendeth to trifles unbeseeming thereof; and there is Mr Andrew Dinmont, whom I do not understand to have possession of much erudition, but who, like the patriarchs of old, is cunning in that which belongeth to flocks and herds—Lastly, there is even I myself, whose opportunities of collecting erudition, as they have been greater than those of the aforesaid valuable persons, have not, if it becomes me to speak, been pretermitted by me, in so far as my poor faculties have enabled me to profit by them.—Of a surety, little Harry, we must speedily resume our studies. I will begin from the foundation—Yes, I will reform your education upward from the true knowledge of English grammar, even to that of the Hebrew or Chaldaic tongue."

The reader may observe, that, upon this occasion, Sampson was infinitely more profuse of words than he had hitherto exhibited himself. The reason was, that in recovering his pupil his mind went instantly back to their original connection, and he had, in his confusion of ideas, the strongest desire in the world to resume spelling lessons and half-text with young Bertram. This was the more ridiculous, as towards Lucy he assumed no such powers of tuition. But she had grown up under his eye, and had been gradually emancipated by increase in years and knowledge from his government, whereas his first ideas went to take up Harry pretty nearly where he had left him. From the same feelings of reviving authority, he indulged himself in what was to him a profusion of language; and as people seldom speak more than usual without exposing themselves, he gave those whom he addressed plainly to understand, that while he deferred implicitly to the opinions and commands, if they chose to impose them, of almost every one whom he met with, it was under an internal conviction, that in the article of *eru-di-ti-on*, as he usually pronounced the word, he was infinitely superior to them all put together. At present, however, this intimation fell upon heedless ears, for the brother and sister were too deeply engaged in asking and receiving intelligence concerning their former fortunes to attend to it.

When Colonel Mannering left Bertram, he went to Julia's dressing-room, and dismissed her attendant. "My dear sir," she said as he entered, "you have forgot our vigils last night, and have hardly allowed me to comb my hair, although you must be sensible how it stood on end at the various wonders which took place."

"It is with the inside of your head that I have some business at present, Julia; I will return the outside to the care of your Mrs Mincing in a few minutes."

"Lord, papa, think how entangled all my ideas are, and you to propose to comb them out in a few minutes! If Mincing was to do so in her department, she would tear half the hair out of my head."

"Well then, tell me where the entanglement lies, which I will try to extricate with due gentleness?"

"O, every where—the whole is a wild dream."

"Well then, I will try to unriddle it."—He gave a brief sketch of the fate and prospects of Bertram, to which Julia listened with an interest which she in vain endeavoured to disguise—"Well, are your ideas on the subject more luminous?"

"More confused than ever, my dear sir—Here is this young man come from India, after he had been supposed dead, like Aboulfouaris the great voyager to his sister Canzade and his brother Hour. I am wrong in the story, I believe—Canzade was his wife—but Lucy may represent the one, and the Dominie the other. And then this lively crack-brained Scotch lawyer appears like a pantomime at the end of a tragedy—And then how delightful it will be if Lucy gets back her fortune!"

"Now I think," said the Colonel, "that the most mysterious part of the business is, that Miss Julia Mannering, who must have known her father's anxiety about the fate of this young man Brown, or Bertram, as we must now call him, should have met him when Hazlewood's accident took place, and never once mentioned to her father a word of the matter, but suffered the search to proceed against this young gentleman as a suspicious character and assassin."

Julia, much of whose courage had been hastily assumed to meet the interview with her father, was now unable to rally herself; she hung down her head in silence, after in vain attempting to utter a denial that she recollected Brown when she met him.

"No answer!—Well, Julia, allow me to ask you, Is this the only time you have seen Brown since his return from India?—Still no answer. I must then naturally suppose that it is *not* the first time?—Still no reply. Julia Mannering, will you have the kindness to answer me? Was it this young man who came under your window and conversed with you during your residence at Mervyn-Hall? Julia—I command—I entreat you to be candid."

"Miss Mannering raised her head. "I have been, sir—I believe I am still very foolish—and it is perhaps more hard upon me that I must meet this gentleman, who has been, though not the cause entirely, yet the accomplice of my folly, in your presence."—Here she made a full stop.

"I am to understand, then, that this was the author of the serenade?"

There was something in this allusive change of epithet, that gave Julia a little more courage—"He was indeed, sir; and if I am very wrong, as I have often thought, I have some apology."

"And what is that?" answered the Colonel, speaking quick, and with something of harshness.

"I will not venture to name it, sir—but"—She opened a small cabinet, and put some letters into his hands; "I will give you these, that you may see how this intimacy began, and by whom it was encouraged."

Mannering took the packet to the window—his pride forbade a more distant retreat—he glanced at some passages of the letters with an unsteady eye and an agitated mind—his stoicism, however, came in time to his aid; that philosophy, which, rooted in pride, yet frequently bears the fruits of virtue. He returned towards his daughter with as firm an air as his feelings permitted him to assume.

"There is great apology for you, Julia, as far as I can judge from a glance at these letters—you have obeyed at least one parent. Let us adopt a Scotch proverb the Domine quoted the other day—'Let bygones be bygones'—I will never upbraid you with want of confidence—do you judge of my intentions by my actions, of which hitherto you have surely had no reason to complain. Keep these letters—they were never intended for my eye, and I would not willingly read more of them than I have done, at your desire and for your exculpation.—And now, are we friends? Or rather do you understand me?"

"O my dear, generous father," said Julia, throwing herself into his arms, "why have I ever for an instant misunderstood you?"

"No more of that, Julia; he that is too proud to vindicate the affection and confidence which he conceives should be given without solicitation, must meet much, and perhaps deserved disappointment. It is enough, that one dearest and most regretted member of my family has gone to the grave without knowing me; let me not lose the confidence of a child, who ought to love me if she really loves herself."

"O no danger—no fear! let me but have your approbation and my own, and there is no rule you can prescribe so severe that I will not follow."

"Well, my love," kissing her forehead, "I trust we shall not call upon you for any thing too heroic. With respect to this young gentleman's addresses, I expect in the first place that all clandestine correspondence—which no young woman can entertain for a moment without lessening herself in her own eyes, and in those of her lover—I request, I say, that clandestine correspondence of every kind may be given up, and that you will refer Mr Bertram to me for the reason. You will naturally wish to know what is to be the issue of such a reference. In the first place, I desire to observe this young gentleman's character more closely than circumstances, and perhaps my own prejudices, have permitted formerly—I should also be glad to see his birth

established. Not that I am anxious about his getting the estate of Ellangowan, though such a subject is held in absolute indifference nowhere except in a novel; but certainly Henry Bertram, heir of Ellangowan, whether possessed of the property of his ancestors or not, is a very different person from Vanbeest Brown, the son of nobody at all. His fathers, Mr Pleydell tells me, are distinguished in history as following the banners of their native princes, while our own fought at Cressy and Poitiers. In short, I neither give nor withhold my approbation, but I expect you will redeem past errors; and as you can now unfortunately only have recourse to *one* parent, that you will shew the duty of a child, by reposing that confidence in me, which I will say my inclination to make you happy renders a filial debt upon your part."

The first part of this speech affected Julia a good deal; the comparative merit of the ancestors of the Bertrams and Mannerings excited a secret smile, but the conclusion was such as to soften a heart peculiarly open to the feelings of generosity. "No, my dear sir," she said, extending her hand, "receive my faith, that from this moment you shall be the first person consulted respecting what shall pass in future between Brown—I mean Bertram—and me; and that no engagement shall be undertaken by me, excepting what you shall immediately know and approve of. May I ask—if Mr Bertram is to continue a guest at Woodbourne?"

"Certainly, while his affairs render it advisable."

"Then, sir, you must be sensible, considering what is already past, that he will expect some reason for my withdrawing—I believe I must say the encouragement, which he may think I have given."

"I expect, Julia, that he will respect my roof, and entertain some sense perhaps of the services I am about to render him, and so will not insist upon any course of conduct of which I might have reason to complain; and I expect of you, that you will make him sensible of what is due to both."

"Then, sir, I understand you, and you shall be implicitly obeyed."

"Thank you, my love; my anxiety (kissing her) is on your account. —Now wipe these witnesses from your eyes, and so to breakfast."

CHAPTER LII.

And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to you,
That I will by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For any thing he shall be charged withal.

First Part of Henry IV.

WHEN the several bye-plays, as they may be termed, had taken place

among the individuals of the Woodbourne family, as we have intimated in the preceding chapter, the breakfast party at length assembled. There was an obvious air of constraint on the greater part of the assistants. Julia dared not raise her voice in asking Bertram if he chose another cup of tea. Bertram felt embarrassed while eating his toast and butter under the eye of Mannering. Lucy, while she indulged to the uttermost her affection for her recovered brother, began to think of the quarrel betwixt him and Hazlewood. The Colonel felt the painful anxiety natural to a proud mind, when it deems its slightest action subject for a moment to the watchful construction of others. The lawyer, while sedulously buttering his roll, had an aspect of unwonted gravity, arising, perhaps, from the severity of his morning studies. As for the Dominie, his state of mind was ecstatic!—He looked at Bertram—he looked at Lucy—he whimpered—he sniggled—he grinned—he committed all manner of solecisms in point of form—poured the whole cream (no unlucky mistake) upon the plate of porridge, which was his own usual breakfast—threw the slops of what he called his “crowning dish of tea” into the sugar-dish instead of the slop-bason, and concluded with spilling the scalding liquor upon old Plato, the Colonel’s favourite spaniel, who received the libation with a howl that did little honour to his philosophy.

The Colonel’s equanimity was rather shaken by this last blunder. “Upon my word, my good friend, Mr Sampson, you forget the difference between Plato and Zenocrates.”

“The former was chief of the Academics, the latter of the Stoics,” said the Dominie, with some scorn of the supposition.

“Yes, my dear sir, but it was Zenocrates, not Plato, who denied that pain was an evil.”

“I should have thought,” said Pleydell, “that very respectable quadruped, which is just now limping out of the room upon three of his four legs, was rather of the Cynic school.”

“Very well hit off——But here comes an answer from Mac-Morlan.”

It was unfavourable. Mrs Mac-Morlan sent her respectful compliments, and her husband had been, and was, detained, by some alarming disturbances which had taken place the preceding night at Portanferry, and the necessary investigation which they had occasioned.

“What’s to be done now, Counsellor?” said the Colonel to Pleydell.

“Why, I wish we could have seen Mac-Morlan, who is a sensible fellow himself, and would besides have acted under my advice. But there is little harm. Our friend here must be made *sui juris*—he is at present an escaped prisoner; the law has an awkward claim upon him; he must be placed *rectus in curia*, that is the first object. For which purpose, Colonel, I will accompany you in your carriage down to Hazlewood-house. The distance is not great; we will offer our bail;

and I am confident I can easily shew Mr —— I beg his pardon—Sir Robert Hazlewood, the necessity of receiving it.”

“With all my heart,” said the Colonel; and, ringing the bell, gave the necessary orders. “And what is next to be done?”

“We must get hold of Mac-Morlan, and look out for more proof.”

“Proof! the thing is as clear as day-light—here’s Mr Sampson and Miss Bertram, and you yourself, at once recognise the young gentleman as his father’s image; and he himself recollects all the very peculiar circumstances preceding his leaving this country—What else is necessary to conviction?”

“To moral conviction nothing more, perhaps, but for legal proof a great deal. Mr Bertram’s recollections are his own recollections merely, and therefore not evidence in his own favour; Miss Bertram, the learned Mr Sampson, and I, can only say, what every one who knew the late Ellangowan will readily agree in, that this gentleman is his very picture—But that will not make him Ellangowan’s son, and give him the estate.”

“And what will do so?”

“Why, we must have a distinct probation.—There’s these gypsies, —but then, alas! they are almost infamous in the eye of law—scarce capable of bearing evidence, and Meg Merrilies utterly so, by the various accounts which she formerly gave of the matter, and her impudent denial of all knowledge of the fact when I examined her respecting it.”

“What must be done then?”

“We must try what proof can be got at in Holland, among the persons by whom our young friend was educated.—But then the fear of being called in question for the murder may make them silent; or if they speak, they are either foreigners or outlawed smugglers.—In short, I see doubts.”

“Under favour, most learned and honoured sir,” said the Dominie, “I trust HE, who hath restored little Harry Bertram to his friends, will not leave his own work imperfect.”

“I trust so too, Mr Sampson; but we must use means; and I am afraid we shall have more difficulty in procuring them than I at first thought.—But a faint heart never won a fair lady—and, by the way, (apart to Miss Mannering, while Bertram was engaged with his sister) there’s a vindication of Holland for you! What smart fellows do you think Leyden and Utrecht must send forth, when such a very genteel and handsome young man comes from the paltry schools of Middleburgh?”

“Of a verity,” said the Dominie, jealous of the reputation of the Dutch seminary, “of a verity, Mr Pleydell, but I make it known to you that I myself laid the foundation of his education.”

“True, my dear Dominie, that accounts for his proficiency in the

graces without question—but here comes your carriage, Colonel. Adieu, young folks: Miss Julia, keep your heart till I come back again—let there be nothing done to prejudice my right, whilst I am *non valens agere*.”

Their reception at Hazlewood-house was more cold and formal than usual, for in general the Baronet expressed great respect for Colonel Mannering, and Mr Pleydell was an old friend. But now he seemed dry and embarrassed in his manner. “He would willingly,” he said, “receive bail, notwithstanding that the offence had been directly perpetrated, committed, and done, against young Hazlewood of Hazlewood; but the young man had given himself a fictitious description, and was altogether that sort of person, who should not be liberated, discharged, or let loose upon society; and therefore”——

“I hope, Sir Robert Hazlewood,” said the Colonel, “you do not mean to doubt my word, when I assure you that he served under me as cadet in India.”

“By no means or account whatsoever. But you call him a cadet; now he says, avers, and upholds, that he was a captain, or held a troop in your regiment.”

“He was promoted since I gave up the command.”

“But you must have heard of it?”

“No. I returned on account of family circumstances from India, and have not since been solicitous to hear particular news from the regiment; the name of Brown, too, is so common, that I might have seen his promotion in the gazette without noticing it. But a day or two will bring letters from his commanding officer.”

“But I am told and informed, Mr Pleydell, that he does not mean to abide by this name of Brown, but is to set up a claim to the estate of Ellangowan, under the name of Bertram.”

“Ay! who says that?” said the Counsellor.

“Or,” demanded the soldier, “whoever says so, does that give a right to keep him in prison?”

“Hush, Colonel,” said the lawyer; “I am sure you would not, any more than I, countenance him, if he prove an impostor—And, among friends, who informed you of this, Sir Robert?”

“Why a person, Mr Pleydell, who is peculiarly interested in investigating, sifting, and clearing out this business to the bottom—you will excuse my being more particular.”

“O, certainly—well, and he says?”——

“He says that it is whispered about among tinkers, gypsies, and other idle persons, that there is such a plan as I mention to you, and that this young man, who is a bastard or natural son of the late Ellangowan, is pitched upon as the impostor, from his strong family likeness.”

“And was there such a natural son, Sir Robert?”

"O, certainly, to my own positive knowledge. Ellangowan had him placed as cabin-boy or powder-monkey on board an armed sloop or yacht belonging to the revenue, through the interest of the late commissioner Bertram, a kinsman of Ellangowan."

"Well, Sir Robert," said the lawyer, taking the word out of the mouth of the impatient soldier—"you have told me news; I shall investigate them, and if I find them true, certainly Colonel Mannerling and I will not countenance this young man. In the meanwhile, as we are all willing to make him forthcoming, to answer all complaints against him, I do assure you, you will act most illegally, and incur heavy responsibility, if you refuse our bail."

"Why, Mr Pleydell, as you must know best, and as you promise to give up this young man"—

"If he proves an impostor."

"Ay, certainly—under that condition I will take your bail; though I must say, an obliging, well-disposed, and civil neighbour of mine, who was himself bred to the law, gave me a hint or caution this morning against doing so. It was from him I learned that this youth was liberated and had come abroad, or rather had broken prison.—But where shall we find one to draw the bail-bond?"

"Here," said the Counsellor applying himself to the bell, "send up my clerk, Mr Driver—it will not do my character harm if I dictate the needful myself." It was written accordingly and signed, and, the Justice having subscribed a regular warrant for Bertram *alias* Brown's discharge, the visitors took their leave.

Each threw himself into his own corner of the post-chariot, and said nothing for some time. The Colonel first broke silence: "So you intend to give up this poor young fellow at the first brush?"

"Who, I?—I will not give up one hair of his head, though I should follow them to the court of last resort in his behalf—but what signified mootings points and shewing one's hand to that old ass? Much better he should report to his prompter, Glossin, that we are indifferent or lukewarm in the matter. Besides, I wished to have a peep at the enemies' game."

"Indeed!—Then I see there are stratagems in law as well as war. Well, and how do you like their line of battle?"

"Ingenious, but I think desperate—they are finessing too much; a common fault on such occasions."

During this discourse the carriage rolled rapidly towards Woodbourne without any thing occurring worthy of the reader's notice, excepting their meeting with young Hazlewood, to whom the Colonel told the extraordinary history of Bertram's re-appearance, which he heard with high delight, and then rode on before to pay Miss Bertram his compliments on an event so happy and so unexpected.

We return to the party at Woodbourne. After the departure of

Mannering, the conversation related chiefly to the fortunes of the Ellangowan family, their domains, and their former power. "It was, then, under the towers of my fathers," said Bertram, "that I landed some days since, in circumstances much resembling those of a vagabond? Its mouldering turrets and darksome arches even then awakened thoughts of the deepest interest, and recollections which I was unable to decypher. I will now visit them again with other feelings, and I trust other hopes."

"Do not go there now," said his sister. "The house of our ancestors is at present the habitation of a wretch as insidious as dangerous, whose arts and villainy accomplished the ruin and broke the heart of our unhappy father."

"You increase my anxiety to confront this miscreant, even in the den he has constructed for himself—I think I have seen him."

"But you must consider," said Julia, "that you are now left under Lucy's guard and mine, and are responsible to us for all your motions—consider I have not been a lawyer's mistress twelve hours for nothing, and I assure you it would be madness to attempt to go to Ellangowan just now.—The utmost to which I can consent is, that we shall walk in a body to the head of the avenue, and from that perhaps we may indulge you with our company as far as a rising ground in the common, whence your eyes may be blessed with a distant prospect of those gloomy towers, which struck so strongly your sympathetic imagination."

The party was speedily agreed upon; and the ladies, having taken their cloaks, followed the route proposed under the escort of Captain Bertram. It was a pleasant winter morning, and the cool breeze served only to freshen, not to chill, the fair walkers. A secret though unacknowledged bond of kindness combined the two ladies, and Bertram, now hearing the interesting accounts of his own family, now communicating his adventures in Europe and in India, repaid the pleasure which he received. Lucy felt proud of her brother, as well from the bold and manly turn of his sentiments, as from the dangers he had encountered, and the spirit with which he had surmounted them. And Julia, while she pondered on her father's words, could not help entertaining hopes, that the independent spirit which had seemed to her father presumption in the humble and plebeian Brown, would have the grace of courage, noble bearing, and high blood, in the far-descended heir of Ellangowan.

They reached at length the little eminence or knoll upon the highest part of the common, called Gibbie's-knowe—a spot repeatedly mentioned in this history, as being on the skirts of the Ellangowan estate. It commanded a fair variety of hill and dale, bordered with natural woods, which at this season relieved the general colour of the landscape with a dark purple hue; and in other places the prospect was more formally

intersected by lines of plantation, where the Scotch firs displayed their variety of dusky green. At the distance of two or three miles lay the bay of Ellangowan, its waves rippling under the influence of the western breeze. The towers of the ruined castle, seen high over every object in the neighbourhood, received a brighter colouring from the wintry sun. "There," said Lucy Bertram, pointing them out in the distance, "there is the seat of our ancestors. God knows, my dear brother, I do not covet in your behalf the extensive power which the lords of these ruins are said to have possessed so long, and sometimes to have used so ill. But, O that I might see you in possession of such reliques of their fortune as should give you an honourable independence, and enable you to stretch your hand for the protection of the old and destitute dependants of our family, whom our poor father's death"——

"True, my dearest Lucy; and I trust, with the assistance of Heaven, which has so far guided us, and with that of these good friends, whom their own generous hearts have interested in my behalf, such a consummation of my hard adventures is now not unlikely.—But as a soldier, I must look with some interest upon that worm-eaten hold of ragged stone! and if this fellow, who is now in possession, displaces a pebble of it"——

He was here interrupted by Dinmont, who came hastily after them up the road, unseen till he was near the party:—"Captain, Captain! ye're wanted—Ye're wanted by her ye ken o'."

And immediately Meg Merrilies, as if emerging out of the earth, ascended from the hollow-way, and stood before them. "I sought ye at the house," she said, "and found but him, (pointing to Dinmont;) but ye are right, and I am wrang. It is *here* we should meet, on this very spot. Remember your promise, and follow me."

CHAPTER LIII.

To hail the king in seemly sort
The ladie was full fain;
But King Arthur, all sore amazed,
No answer made again.
"What wight art thou," the ladie said,
"That will not speak to me?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,
Though I be foul to see."—*The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.*

THE fairy bride of Sir Gawaine, while under the influence of the spell of her wicked step-mother, was more decrepid probably, and what is commonly called more ugly, than Meg Merrilies; but I doubt if she possessed that wild sublimity which an excited imagination communicated to features, marked and expressive in their own peculiar charac-

ter, and to the gestures of a form, which, her sex considered, might be termed gigantic. Accordingly, the Knights of the Round Table did not recoil with more terror from the apparition of the loathly lady placed between "an oak and a green holly," than Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering did from the appearance of this Galwegian sybil upon the common of Ellangowan.

"For God's sake," said Julia, pulling out her purse, "give that dreadful woman something, and bid her go away."

"I cannot," said Bertram, "I must not offend her."

"What keeps you here?" said Meg, exalting the harsh and rough tones of her hollow voice. "Why do you not follow?—Must your hour call you twice?—Do you remember your oath?—were it at kirk or market, wedding or burial,"—and she held high her skinny forefinger in a menacing attitude.

Bertram turned to his terrified companions. "Excuse me for a moment, I am engaged by a promise to follow this woman."

"Good heavens! engaged to a mad woman!" said Julia.

"Or to a gypsy, who has her band in the wood ready to murder you!" said Lucy.

"That was not spoke like a bairn of Ellangowan," said Meg, frowning upon Miss Bertram. "It is the ill-doers are ill-dreaders."

"In short, I must go," said Bertram—"it is absolutely necessary; wait for me five minutes on this spot."

"Five minutes?" said the gypsy, "five hours may not bring you here again."

"Do you hear that?" said Julia; "for heaven's sake do not go!"

"I must, I must—Mr Dinmont will protect you back to the house."

"No," said Meg, "he must gang with you; it is for that he is here. He maun take part wi' hand and heart, and weel his part it is, for redding him might have cost you dearer."

"Troth, Luckie, it's very true; and ere I turn back frae the Captain's side, I'll show that I haena forgotten't."

"O, yes," exclaimed both the ladies at once, "let him go with you, if go you must, on this strange summons."

"Indeed I must, but you see I am safely guarded—Adieu for a short time; go home as fast as you can."

He pressed his sister's hand, and took a yet more affectionate farewell of Julia with his eyes. Almost stupified with surprise and fear, the young ladies watched with their looks the course of Bertram, his companion, and their extraordinary guide. Her tall figure moved across the wintry heath with steps so swift, so long, and so steady, that she appeared rather to glide than to walk. Bertram and Dinmont, both tall men, apparently scarce equalled her in height, owing to her longer dress and high head-gear. She proceeded straight across the common, without turning aside to the winding path, by which

passengers avoided the inequalities and little rills that traversed it in different directions. Thus the diminishing figures often disappeared from the eye, as they dived into such broken ground, and again ascended to sight when they were past the hollow. There was something frightful and unearthly, as it were, in the rapid and undeviating course which she pursued, undeterred by any of the impediments which usually incline a traveller from the direct path. Her way was as straight, and nearly as swift, as that of a bird through the air. At length they reached those thickets of natural wood which extended from the skirts of the common towards the glades and brook of Derncleugh, and were there lost to the view.

"This is very extraordinary," said Lucy after a pause, and turning round to her companion; "What can he have to do with that old hag?"

"It is very frightful," answered Julia, "and almost reminds me of the tales of sorceresses, witches, and evil genii, which I have heard in India. They believe there in a fascination of the eye, by which those who possess it controul the will and dictate the motions of their victims. What can your brother have in common with that fearful woman, that he should leave us, obviously against his will, to attend to her commands?"

"At least," said Lucy, "we may hold him safe from harm; for she would never have summoned that faithful creature Diamont, of whose courage and steadiness Henry said so much, to attend upon an expedition where she projected evil to the person of his friend. And now let us go back to the house till the Colonel returns—Perhaps Bertram may be back first; at any rate the Colonel will judge what is to be done."

Leaning then upon each other's arm, but yet occasionally stumbling, between fear and the disorder of their nerves, they at length reached the head of the avenue, when they heard the tread of a horse behind. They started, for their ears were awake to every sound, and beheld to their great pleasure young Hazlewood. "The Colonel will be here immediately," he said; "I galloped on before to pay my respects to Miss Bertram, with the sincerest congratulations upon the joyful event which has taken place in her family. I long to be introduced to Captain Bertram, and to thank him for the well-deserved lesson he gave to my rashness and indiscretion."

"He has left us just now," said Lucy, "and in a manner that has frightened us very much."

Just at that moment the Colonel's carriage drove up, and, upon observing the ladies, stopped, while Mannering and his learned counsel alighted and joined them. They instantly communicated the new cause of alarm.

"Meg Merrilies again!" said the Colonel; "She certainly is a most

mysterious and unaccountable personage; but I think she must have something to impart to Bertram, to which she does not mean we should be privy."

"The devil take the bedlamite old woman," said the Counsellor; "will she not let things take their course, *prout de lege*, but must always be putting in her oar in her own way?—Then I fear from the direction they took they are going upon the Ellangowan estate—that rascal Glossin has shown us what ruffians he has in his disposal. I wish honest Liddesdale may be guard sufficient."

"If you please," said Hazlewood, "I should be most happy to ride in the direction which they have taken. I am so well known in the country, that I scarce think any outrage will be offered in my presence, and I shall keep at such a cautious distance as not to appear to watch Meg, or interrupt any communication which she may make."

"Upon my word, to be a sprig, whom I remember with a whey face and a satchel not so very many years ago, I think young Hazlewood grows a fine fellow. I am more afraid of a new attempt at legal oppression than at open violence, and from that this young man's presence would deter both Glossin and his understrappers. Hie away then, my boy—peer out—peer out—you'll find them somewhere about Derncleugh, or very probably in Warroch-wood."

Hazlewood turned his horse. "Come back to us to dinner, Hazlewood," cried the Colonel. He bowed, spurred his horse, and galloped off.

We now return to Bertram and Dinmont, who continued to follow their mysterious guide through the woods and dingles, between the open common and the ruined hamlet of Derncleugh. As she led the way, she never looked back upon her followers, unless to chide them for loitering, though the sweat, in spite of the season, poured from their brows. At other times she spoke to herself in such broken expressions as these:—"It is to rebuild the auld house—it is to lay the corner stone—and did I not warn him?—I tell'd him I was born to do it, if my father's head had been the stepping-stane, let alane his.—I was doomed—still I kept my purpose in the cage and in the stocks—I was banished—I kept it in an unco land;—I was scourged—I was branded—It lay deeper than scourge or red iron could reach—and now the hour is come."——

"Captain," said Dinmont, in a half whisper, "I wish she binna uncanny! her words dinna seem to come in God's name, or like other folk's. Odd, they threep in our country that there are sic things."

"Don't be afraid, my friend."

"Fear'd! fient a haet care I, be she witch or devil; it's a' ane to Dandie Dinmont."

"Haud your peace, gudeman," said Meg, looking sternly over her shoulder; "is this a time or place for you to speak, think ye?"

"But, my good friend," said Bertram, "I have no doubt in your good faith, or kindness, which I have experienced; but you should have some confidence in me—I wish to know where you are leading me."

"There's but ae answer to that, Henry Bertram—I swore my tongue should never tell, but I never said my finger should never shew. Go on and meet your fortune, or turn back and lose it—that's a' I hae to say."

"Go on then," answered Bertram, "I shall ask no more questions."

They descended into the glen about the same place where Meg had formerly parted from Bertram. She paused an instant beneath the tall rock where he had witnessed the burial of a dead body, and stamped upon the ground, which, notwithstanding all the care that had been taken, shewed vestiges of having been recently moved. "Here rests ane," she said; "he'll maybe hae neibors sune."

She then moved up the brook until she came to the ruined hamlet, where, pausing with a look of peculiar and softened interest before one of the gables which was still standing, she said in a tone less abrupt, though as solemn as before, "Do you see that blackit and broken end of a sheeling?—There my kettle boiled for forty years—there I bore twelve buirdly sons and daughters—where are they now?—Where are the leaves that were on that auld ash-tree at Martinmas!—the west wind has made it bare—and I'm stripped too.—Do you see that saugh tree?—it's but a blackened rotten stump now—I've sate under it mony a bonny summer afternoon, when it hung its gay garlands ower the poppling water. I've sate there, and," elevating her voice, "I've held you on my knee, Henry Bertram, and sung ye sangs of the auld barons and their bloody wars—It will ne'er be green again, and Meg Merrilies will never sing blithe sangs mair. But ye'll no forget her, and ye'll gar big up the auld wa's for her sake?—and let somebody live there that's ower gude to fear them of another warld—For if ever the dead came back amang the living, I'll be seen in this glen mony a night after these crazed banes are in the mould."

The mixture of insanity and wild pathos with which she spoke these last words, with her right arm bare and extended, her left bent and shrowded beneath the dark red drapery of her mantle, might have been a study worthy of our Siddons herself. "And now," she said, resuming at once the short, stern, and hasty tone which was most ordinary to her—"let us to the wark—let us to the wark."

She then led the way to the promontory on which the Kaim of Derncleugh was situated, produced a large key from her pocket, and unlocked the door. The interior of this place was in better order than formerly. "I have made things decent," she said; "I may be streekit here or night.—There will be few, few at Meg's like-wake, for mony of our folk will blame what I hae done, and am to do!"

She then pointed to a table, upon which was some cold meat, ar-

ranged with more attention to neatness than could have been expected from Meg's habits. "Eat," she said; "ye'll need it this night yet."

Bertram, in complaisance, eat a morsel or two; and Dinmont, whose appetite was unabated either by wonder or apprehension, made his usual figure as a trencherman. She then offered each a single glass of spirits, which Bertram drank diluted and his companion plain.

"Will ye taste something yoursell, Luckie?" said Dinmont.

"I will not need it," replied their mysterious hostess. "And now," said she, "ye maun hae arms—ye maunna gang on dry-handed—but use them not rashly—take captive, but save life—let the law hae its ain—he maun speak or he die."

"Who is to be taken?—who is to speak?" said Bertram in astonishment, receiving a pair of pistols which she offered him, and which, upon examining, he found were loaded and locked.

"The flints are gude," she said, "and the powder dry—I ken that wark weel."

Then without answering his questions, she armed Dinmont also with a large pistol, and desired them to chuse sticks for themselves out of a parcel of very suspicious-looking bludgeons, which she brought from a corner. They then left the hut together, and, in doing so, Bertram took an opportunity to whisper Dinmont, "There's something inexplicable in all this—But we need not use these arms unless we see necessity and lawful occasion—take care to do as you see me do."

Dinmont gave a sagacious nod; and they continued to follow, over wet and dry, through bog and fallow, the footsteps of their conductress. She guided them to the wood of Warroch by the same track which the late Ellangowan had used when riding to Dornie in quest of his child, on the miserable evening of Kennedy's murder.

When Meg Merrilies had attained these groves, through which the wintry sea-wind was now whistling hoarse and shrill, she seemed to pause a moment as if to recollect the way. "We maun go the precise track," she said, and continued to go forwards, but rather in a zigzag and involved course than according to her former steady and direct line of motion. At length she guided them through the mazes of the wood to a little open glade of about a quarter of an acre, surrounded by trees and bushes, which made a wild and irregular boundary. Even in winter it was a sheltered and snugly sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of spring, the earth sending forth all its wild flowers, the shrubs spreading their waste of blossom around it, and the weeping birches which towered over the underwood, drooping their long and leafy fibres to intercept the sun, it must have seemed a place for a youthful poet to study his earliest sonnet, or a pair of lovers to exchange their first mutual avowal of affection. Apparently it now awakened very different recollections. Bertram's brow, when

he had looked round the spot, became gloomy and embarrassed. Meg, after uttering to herself, "This is the very spot!" looked at him with a ghastly side-glance,—“D’ye minā it?”

“Yes!” answered Bertram, “imperfectly I do.”

“Ay!” pursued his guide, “on this very spot the man fell from his horse—I was behind that bourtree bush at the very moment. Sair, sair he strove, and sair he cried for mercy—but he was in the hands of them that never kenn’d the word!—Now will I show you the further track—the last time ye travelled it was in these arms.”

She led them accordingly by a long and winding passage almost overgrown with brushwood, until, without any very perceptible descent, they suddenly found themselves by the sea-side. Meg then walked very fast on between the surf and the rocks, until she came to a remarkable fragment of rock detached from the rest. “Here,” she said in a low, and scarcely audible whisper, “here the corpse was found.”

“And the cave,” said Bertram, in the same tone, “is close beside it—are you guiding us there?”

“Yes. Bend up both your hearts—follow me as I creep in—I have placed the fire-wood so as to screen you. Bide behind it for a gliff till I say, *The hour and the man are baith come*; then rin in on him, take his arms, and bind him till the blood burst frae his finger-nails.”

“I will—if he is the man I suppose—Jansen!”

“Ay, Jansen, Hatteraick, and twenty mair names are his.”

“Dinmont, you must stand by me now,” said Bertram.

“Ye needna doubt that—but I wish I could mind a bit prayer or I creep after the witch into that hole that she’s opening—It wad be a sair thing to leave the blessed sun, and the free air, and gang and be killed, like a tod that’s run to earth, in a dungeon like that. But, as I said, deil hae me if I baulk you.” This was uttered in the lowest tone of voice possible. The entrance was now open. Meg crept in upon her hands and knees, Bertram followed, and Dinmont, after giving a rueful glance toward the day-light, whose blessings he was abandoning, brought up the rear.

CHAPTER LIV.

— Die, prophet! in thy speech;
For this, among the rest, was I ordained.

Henry VI. Part III.

THE progress of the Borderer, who, as we have said, was the last of the party, was fearfully arrested by a hand, which caught hold of his leg as he dragged his long limbs after him in silence and perturbation through the low and narrow entrance of the subterranean passage. The steel heart of the bold yeoman had well nigh given way, and he

suppressed with difficulty a shout, which, in the defenceless posture and situation which they then occupied, might have cost all their lives. He contented himself, however, with extricating his foot from the grasp of this unexpected follower. "Be still," said a voice behind him, releasing him; "I am a friend—Charles Hazlewood."

These words were uttered in a very low voice, but they produced sound enough to startle Meg Merrilies, who led the van, and who, having already gained the place where the cavern expanded, had risen upon her feet. She began, as if to confound any listening ear, to growl, to mutter, and to sing aloud, and at the same time to make a bustle among some brush-wood which was now heaped in the cave.

"Here—beldam—Deyvil's-kind," growled the harsh voice of Dirk Hatteraick from the inside of his den, "what makest thou there?"

"Laying the roughies to keep the cauld wind frae you, ye desperate do-nae-good—Ye're e'en ower weel off, and wots na; it will be other-wise soon."

"Have you brought me the brandy, and any news of my people?"

"There's the bottle for ye. Your people—dispersed—broken—gone—or cut to ribbands by the red coats.

"Der Deyvil!—this coast is fatal to me."

"Ye may hae mair reason to say sae."

While this dialogue went forward, Bertram and Dinmont had both gained the interior of the cave, and assumed an erect position. The only light which illuminated its rugged and sable precincts was a quantity of wood burnt to charcoal in an iron grate, such as they use in spearing salmon by night. On these red embers Hatteraick from time to time threw a handful of twigs or splintered wood; but these, even when they blazed up, afforded a light much disproportioned to the extent of the cavern; and, as its principal inhabitant lay upon the side of the grate most remote from the entrance, it was not easy for him to discover distinctly objects which lay in that direction. The intruders, therefore, whose number was now augmented unexpectedly to three, stood behind the loosely-piled brushwood with little risk of discovery. Dinmont had the sense to keep back Hazlewood with one hand till he whispered to Bertram, "A friend—young Hazlewood."

It was no time for following up the introduction, and they all stood as still as the rocks around them, obscured behind the pile of brushwood, which had been probably placed there to break the cold wind from the sea, without totally intercepting the supply of air. The branches were laid so loosely above each other, that, looking through them towards the light of the fire-grate, they could easily discover what passed in its vicinity, although a much stronger degree of illumination than it afforded, would not have enabled the persons placed near the bottom of the cave to have descried them in the position which they occupied.

The scene, independent of the peculiar moral interest and personal danger which attended it, had, from the effect of the light and shade on the uncommon objects which it exhibited, an appearance emphatically dismal. The light in the fire-grate was the dark-red glare of charcoal in a state of ignition, relieved from time to time by a transient flame of a more vivid and duskier light, as the fuel with which Dirk Hatteraick fed his fire was better or worse for his purpose. Now a dark cloud of stifling smoke rose up to the roof of the cavern, and then lighted into a reluctant and sullen blaze, which flashed wavering up the pillar of smoke, and was suddenly rendered brighter and more lively by some drier fuel, or perhaps some splintered fir-timber, which at once converted the smoke into flame. By such fitful irradiation, they could see, more or less distinctly, the form of Hatteraick, whose savage and rugged cast of features, now rendered yet more ferocious by the circumstances of his situation and the deep gloom of his mind, assorted well with the ragged and broken vault, which rose in a rude arch over and around him. The form of Meg Merrilies, which stalked about him, sometimes in the light, sometimes partially obscured in the smoke or darkness, contrasted strongly with the sitting figure of Hatteraick as he bent over the flame, and from his stationary posture was constantly visible to the spectator, while that of the female flitted around, appearing or disappearing like a spectre.

Bertram felt his blood boil at the sight of Hatteraick. He remembered him well under the name of Jansen, which the smuggler had adopted after the death of Kennedy; and he remembered also, that this Jansen, and his mate Brown, had been the brutal tyrants of his infancy. Bertram knew farther, from piecing his own imperfect recollections with the narratives of Mannering and Pleydell, that this man was the prime agent in the act of violence which tore him from his family and country, and had exposed him to so many distresses and dangers. A thousand exasperating reflections rose within his bosom; and he could hardly refrain from rushing upon Hatteraick and blowing his brains out. At the same time this would have been no safe adventure. The flame, as it rose and fell, while it displayed the strong, muscular, and broad-chested frame of the ruffian, glanced also upon two brace of pistols in his belt, and upon the hilt of his cutlass: it was not to be doubted that his desperation was commensurate with his personal strength and means of resistance. Both, indeed, were inadequate to encounter the combined power of two such men as Bertram himself and his friend Dinmont, without reckoning their unexpected assistant Hazlewood, who was unarmed, and of a slighter make; but Bertram felt there would be neither sense nor valour in anticipating the hangman's office, and he considered the importance of making Hatteraick prisoner alive. He therefore repressed his indignation, and awaited what should pass between the ruffian and his gypsy guide.

"And how are ye now?" said the harsh and discordant tone of his attendant: "Said I not it would come upon you—ay, and in this very cave, where ye harboured after the deed?"

"Wetter and sturm, ye hag! keep your deyvil's matins till they're wanted. Have you seen Glossin?"

"No: you've missed your blow, ye blood-spiller! and ye have nothing to expect from the tempter."

"Hagel! if I had him but by the throat!—and what am I to do then?"

"Do?" answered the gypsy; "Die like a man, or be hanged like a dog?"

"Hanged, ye hag of Satan!—the hemp's not sown that shall hang me."

"It's sown, and it's grown, and it's heckled, and it's twisted. Did I not tell ye when ye wad take away the boy Harry Bertram, in spite of my prayers,—did I not say he would come back when he had dree'd his weird in foreign land till his twenty-first year—Did I not say the auld fire would burn down to a spark, but wad kindle again?"

"Well, mother, you did say so; and, donner and blitzten! I believe you spoked the truth—that younker of Ellangowan has been a rock ahead to me all my life! and now, with Glossin's cursed contrivance, my crew have been cut off, my boats destroyed, and I dare say the lugger's taken—there were not men enough to work her, far less to fight her—a dredge-boat might have taken her. And what will the owners say?—Hagel and sturm! I shall never dare go back again to Flushing."

"You'll never need."

"What are you doing there, and what makes you say that?"

"During this dialogue, Meg was heaping some flax loosely together. Before answer to this question, she dropped a fire-brand upon the flax, which had been previously steeped in some spirituous liquor, for it instantly caught fire, and rose in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault. As it ascended, Meg answered the ruffian's question in a firm and steady voice:—"Because the Hour's come, and the Man."

At the appointed signal, Bertram and Dinmont sprung over the brushwood, and rushed upon Hatteraick. Hazlewood, unacquainted with their plan of assault, was a moment later. The ruffian, who instantly saw he was betrayed, turned his first vengeance on Meg Merri- lies, at whom he discharged a pistol. She fell, with a piercing and dreadful cry, between the shriek of pain and the sound of laughter, when at its highest and most suffocating height. "I kenn'd it would be this way," she said.

Bertram, in his haste, slipped his foot upon the uneven rock which floored the cave; a fortunate stumble, for Hatteraick's second bullet whistled over him with so true and steady an aim, that had he been standing upright, it must have lodged in his brain. Ere Hatteraick

could draw another pistol, Dinmont closed with him, and endeavoured by main force to pinion down his arms. Such, however, was the wretch's personal strength, joined to the efforts of his despair, that, in spite of the gigantic force with which the Borderer grappled him, he dragged Dinmont through the blazing flax, and had well nigh succeeded in drawing a third pistol, which might have proved fatal to the honest farmer, had not Bertram as well as Hazlewood, come to his assistance, when, by main force, and no ordinary exertion of it, they threw him on the ground, disarmed him, and bound him! This scuffle, though it takes up some time in the narrative, passed in less than a single minute. When he was fairly mastered, after one or two desperate and almost convulsionary struggles, Hatteraick lay perfectly still and silent. "He's gaun to die game ony how," said Dinmont; "weel, I like him na the waur o' that."

This observation honest Dandie made while he was shaking the blazing flax from his rough coat and shaggy black hair, some of which had been singed in the scuffle. "He is quiet now," said Bertram; "stay by him, and do not permit him to stir till I see whether the poor woman be alive or dead." With Hazlewood's assistance he raised Meg Merrilies.

"I kenn'd it would be this way," muttered she, "and it's e'en this way that it should be."

The ball had penetrated in the breast below the throat. It did not bleed much externally. But Bertram, accustomed to see gun-shot wounds, thought it the more alarming. "Good God! what shall we do for this poor woman?" said he to Hazlewood, the circumstances superseding the necessity of previous explanation or introduction to each other.

"My horse stands tied above in the wood," said Hazlewood. "I have been watching you these two hours—I will ride off for some assistants that may be trusted. Meanwhile you had better defend the mouth of the cavern against every one until I return." He hastened away. Bertram, after binding Meg Merrilies' wound as well as he could, took station near the mouth of the cave with a cocked pistol in his hand; Dinmont continued to watch Hatteraick. There was a dead silence in the cavern, only interrupted by the low and suppressed moaning of the wounded female, and by the hard breathing of the prisoner.

CHAPTER LV.

For though, seduced and led astray,
Thou'st travelled far and wandered long,
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.—*The Hall of Justice.*

AFTER the space of about three quarters of an hour, which the uncertainty and danger of their situation made seem almost thrice as long, the voice of young Hazlewood was heard without. "Here I am, with a sufficient party."

"Come in then," answered Bertram, not a little pleased to find his guard relieved. Hazlewood then entered, followed by two or three countrymen, one of whom acted as a peace officer. They lifted Hatteraick up, and carried him in their arms as far as the entrance of the vault was high enough to permit them; then laid him on his back and dragged him along as well as they could, for no persuasion could induce him to assist the transportation by any exertion of his own. He lay as silent and inactive in their hands as a dead corpse, in no way either opposing or aiding their operations. When he was dragged into daylight, and placed erect upon his feet among three or four assistants, who had remained without the cave, he seemed stupified and dazzled by the sudden change from the darkness of his cavern. While others were superintending the removal of Meg Merrilies, those who remained with Hatteraick attempted to make him sit down upon a fragment of rock which lay close upon the high-water mark. A strong shuddering convulsed his iron frame for an instant, as he resisted their purpose. "Not there—Hagel!—you would not make me sit *there*?"

These were the only words he spoke; but their import, and the deep tone of horror in which they were uttered, served to show what was passing in his mind.

When Meg Merrilies had also been removed from the cavern, with all the care for her safety that circumstances admitted, they consulted where she should be carried. Hazlewood had sent for a surgeon, and proposed that she should be lifted in the mean time to the nearest cottage. But the patient exclaimed with great earnestness, "Na, na, na! To the Kaim o' Derneleugh—the Kaim o' Derneleugh—the spirit will not free itself o' the flesh but there."

"You must indulge her, I believe," said Bertram; "her troubled imagination will otherwise aggravate the fever of the wound."

They bore her accordingly to the vault. Upon the way her mind seemed to run more upon the scene which had just passed, than on her own approaching death.—"There were three of them set upon him—I brought the twasome—but wha was the third?—It would be *himself* returned to work his ain vengeance."

It was evident that the unexpected appearance of Hazlewood, whose person the outrage of Hatteraick left her no time to recognise, had produced a strong effect on her imagination. She often recurred to it. Hazlewood accounted for it to Bertram, by saying, that he had kept them in view for some time by the direction of Mannering; that, observing them disappear into the cave, he had crept after them, meaning to announce himself and his errand, when his hand in the darkness encountering the leg of Dinmont, had nearly produced a catastrophe, which indeed nothing but the presence of mind and fortitude of the bold yeoman could have averted.

When the gypsy arrived at the hut, she produced the key; and

when they entered, and were about to deposit her upon the bed, she said, in an anxious tone, "Na, na! not that way, not that way, the head to the east," and appeared gratified when they reversed her posture accordingly.

"Is there no clergyman near," said Bertram, "to assist this unhappy woman's devotions?"

A gentleman, the minister of the parish, who had been Charles Hazlewood's tutor, had, with many others, caught the alarm, that the murderer of Kennedy was taken on the spot where the deed had been done so many years before, and that a woman was mortally wounded. From curiosity, or rather from the feeling that his duty called him to scenes of distress, this gentleman had come to the Kaim of Dorncleugh, and now presented himself. The surgeon arrived at the same time, and was about to probe the wound; but Meg resisted the assistance of either. "It's no what man can do that will heal me or save me.—Let me speak what I have to say, and then ye may work your will. I'll be nae hindrance.—But where's Henry Bertram?"—The assistants, to whom this name had been long a stranger, gazed upon each other.—"Yes!" she said in a stronger and harsher tone, "I said *Henry Bertram of Ellangowan*. Stand from the light, and let me see him."

All eyes were turned towards Bertram, who approached the wretched couch. The wounded woman took hold of his hand, "Look at him," she said, "all that ever saw his father or his grandfather, and bear witness if he is not their living image?"—A murmur went through the crowd—the resemblance was too striking to be denied. "And now hear me—and let that man," pointing to Hatteraick, who was seated with his keepers on a sea-chest at some distance—"let him deny what I say if he can. That is Henry Bertram, son to Godfrey Bertram, umquhile of Ellangowan; that is the child that Dirk Hatteraick carried off from Warroch-wood the day that he murdered the gauger. I was there like a wandering spirit—for I longed to see that wood or we left the country. I saved the bairn's life, and sair, sair I prigged and prayed they would leave him wi' me—But they bore him away, and he's been lang ower the sea, and now he's come for his ain, and what should withstand him?—I swore to keep the secret till he was ane-and-twenty—I kenn'd he behoved to dree his weird till that day cam—I keepit that oath—but I swore another to mysell, that if I lived to see the day of his return, I would set him in his father's seat if every step was on a dead man. I have keepit that oath. I will be ae step mysell—He (pointing to Hatteraick) will soon be another, and there will be ane mair yet."

The clergyman now interposing, remarked it was a pity this deposition was not regularly taken and written down, and the surgeon urged the necessity of examining the wound, previously to exhausting her by questions. When she saw them removing Hatteraick, in order to clear the room and leave the surgeon to his operations, she called out

aloud, raising herself at the same time upon the couch, "Dirk Hatteraick, you and I will never meet again until we are before the judgment-seat—Will ye own to what I have said?" He turned his hardened brow upon her, with a look of dumb and inflexible defiance. "Dirk Hatteraick, dare ye deny, with my blood upon your hands, one word of what my dying breath is uttering?"—He looked at her with the same expression of hardihood and dogged stubbornness, and moved his lips, but uttered no sound. "Then fareweel!" she said, "and God forgive you! your hand has sealed my evidence.—When I was in life, I was the mad randy gypsy, that had been scourged, and banished, and branded—that had begged from door to door, and been hounded like a stray tyke from parish to parish—wha would hae minded *her* word?—But now I am a dying woman, and my words will not fall to the ground, any more than the earth will cover my blood!"

She here paused, and all left the hut except the surgeon and two or three women. After a very short examination, he shook his head, and resigned his post by the dying woman's side to the clergyman.

A chaise, returning empty to Kippletringan had been stopped on the high road by a constable, who foresaw it would be necessary to convey Hatteraick to jail. The driver, understanding what was going on at Derncleugh, left his horses to the care of a blackguard boy, confiding, it is to be supposed, rather in their years and discretion than in his, and set off full speed to see, as he expressed himself, "whaten a sort o' fun" was gaun on." He arrived just as the group of tenants and peasants, whose numbers increased every moment, satiated with gazing upon the rugged features of Hatteraick, had turned their attention towards Bertram. Almost all of them, especially the aged men who had seen Ellangowan in his better days, felt and acknowledged the justice of Meg Merrilies' appeal. But the Scotch are a cautious people; they remembered there was another in possession of the estate, and they as yet only expressed their feelings in low whispers to each other. Our friend Jock Jabos, the postillion, forced his way into the middle of the circle; but no sooner cast his eyes upon Bertram, than he started back in amazement, with a solemn exclamation, "As sure as there's breath in man, it's auld Ellangowan arisen from the dead!"

This public declaration of an unprejudiced witness was just the spark wanted to give fire to the popular feeling, which burst forth in three distinct shouts:—"Bertram for ever!"—"Long life to the heir of Ellangowan?"—"God send him his ain, and to live among us as his forebears did of yore!"

"I hae been seventy years on the land," said one.

"I and mine hae been seventy and seventy to that" said another; "I have a right to ken the glance of a Bertram."

"I and mine hae been three hundred years here," said another old man, "and I sall sell my last cow, but I'll see the young laird in his right."

The women, ever delighted with the marvellous, and not less so when a handsome young man is the subject of the tale, added their shrill acclamations to the general all-hail. "Blessings on him—he's the very picture o' his father!—the Bertrams were aye the wale o' the country side!"

"Eh! that his puir mother, that died in grief and in doubt about him, had but lived to see this day?" exclaimed some voices.

"But we'll help him to his ain, kimmers," cried others; "and before Glossin sall keep the Place of Ellangowan, we'll howk him out o't wi' our nails!"

Others crowded around Dinmont, who was nothing loth to tell what he knew of his friend, and to boast the honour which he had in contributing to the discovery. As he was known to several persons present, his testimony afforded an additional motive to the general enthusiasm. In short, it was one of those moments of feeling, when the frost of the Scottish melts like a snow wreath, and the dissolving torrent carries dam and dyke before it.

The sudden shouts interrupted the devotions of the clergyman; and Meg, who was in one of those dozing fits of stupefaction that precede the close of existence, suddenly started—"Dinna ye hear?—dinna ye hear?—he's owned!—he's owned!—I lived but for this.—I am a sinfu' woman. But if my curse brought it down,—my blessing has ta'en it off! And now I wad hae liked to hae said mair. But it canna be.—Stay"—she continued, stretching her head towards the gleam of light that shot through the narrow slit which served for a window, "Is he not there?—stand out o' the light, and let me look upon him ance mair. But the darkness is in my ain een," she said, sinking back, after an earnest gaze upon vacuity—"it's a' ended now,

'Pass breath,
Come death?"

And, sinking back upon her couch of straw, she expired without a groan. The clergyman and the surgeon carefully noted down all that she had said, now deeply regretting they had not examined her more minutely, but both remaining morally convinced of the truth of her disclosure.

Hazlewood was the first to compliment Bertram upon the near prospect of his being restored to his name and rank in society. The people around, who now learned from Jabos that Bertram was the person who had wounded him, were struck with his generosity, and added his name to Bertram's in their exulting acclamations.

Some, however, demanded of the postillion how he had not recognised Bertram when he saw him some time before at Kippletringan? to which he gave the very natural answer, "Hout, what was I thinking about Ellangowan then?—It was the cry that was rising o'en now that the young laird was found, that put me on finding out the

likeness—There was nae missing it, ance ane was set to look for't."

The obduracy of Hatteraick during the latter part of this scene was in some slight degree shaken. He was observed to twinkle with his eye-lids—to attempt to raise his bound hands for the purpose of pulling his hat over his brow—to look angrily and impatiently to the road, as if anxious for the vehicle which was to remove him from the spot. At length Mr Hazlewood, apprehensive that the popular ferment might take a direction towards him, directed he should be taken to the post-chaise, and so removed to the town of Kippletringan to be at Mr Mac-Morlan's disposal, at the same time he sent an express to warn that gentleman of what had happened. "And now," he said to Bertram, "I should be happy if you would accompany me to Hazlewood-house; but as that might not be so agreeable just now as I trust it will be in a day or two, you must allow me to return with you to Woodbourne. But you are on foot."—"O if the young laird would take my horse!"—"Or mine,"—"Or mine," said half a dozen voices—"Or mine; he can trot ten mile an hour without whip or spur, and he's the young laird's frae this moment, if he likes to take him for a herezeld, as they ca'd it lang syne;"—Bertram readily accepted the horse as a loan, and poured forth his thanks to the assembled crowd for their good wishes, which they repaid with shouts and vows of attachment.

While the happy owner was directing one lad to "gae doon for the new saddle;" another, "just to rin the beast ower wi' a dry wisp o' strae;" a third, "to hie down and borrow Dan Dunkieson's plated stirrups," and expressing his regret, "that there was nae time to give the nag a feed, that the young laird might ken his mettle," Bertram, taking the clergyman by the arm, walked into the vault, and shut the door immediately after them. He gazed in silence for some minutes upon the body of Meg Merrilies, as it lay before him, with the features sharpened by death, yet still retaining the stern and energetic character, which had maintained in life her superiority as the wild chieftainess of the lawless people amongst whom she was born. The young soldier dried the tears which involuntarily rose upon viewing this wreck, which might be said to have died a victim to her fidelity to his family. He then took the clergyman's hand, and asked solemnly, if she appeared able to give that attention to his devotions which befitted a departing person?

"My dear sir," said the good minister, "I trust this poor woman had remaining sense to feel and join in the import of my prayers. But let us humbly hope we are judged of by our opportunities of religious and moral instruction. In some degree she might be considered as an uninstructed heathen, even in the bosom of a Christian country; and let us remember, that the errors and vices of an ignorant life were balanced by instances of disinterested attachment, amounting almost to heroism. To HIM who can alone weigh our crimes and errors

against our efforts towards virtue, we consign her with awe, but not without hope."

"May I request," said Bertram, "that you will see every decent solemnity attended to in behalf of this poor woman? I have some property belonging to her in my hands—at all events, I will be answerable for the expense—you will hear of me at Woodbourne."

Dinmont, who had been furnished with a horse by one of his acquaintance, now loudly called out that all was ready for their return; and Bertram and Hazlewood, after a strict exhortation to the crowd, which was now increased to several hundreds, to preserve good order in their rejoicing, as the least ungoverned zeal might be turned to the disadvantage of the young Laird, as they termed him, took their leave amid the shouts of the multitude.

As they rode past the ruined cottages at Derncleugh, Dinmont said, "I'm sure when you come to your ain, Captain, ye'll no forget to bigg a bit cot-house there? Deil be in me but I wad do't mysell, an it werena in better hands.—I wadna like to live in't though, after what she said. Odd, I wad put in auld Elspith the bedral's widow—the like o' them's used wi' graves and ghaists, and thae things."

A short but brisk ride brought them to Woodbourne. The news of their exploit had already flown far and wide, and the whole inhabitants met them on the lawn with shouts of congratulation. "That you have seen me alive," said Bertram to Lucy, who first ran up to him, though Julia's eyes even anticipated hers, "you must thank these kind friends."

With a blush expressing at once pleasure, gratitude, and bashfulness, Lucy courtsied to Hazlewood, but to Dinmont she frankly extended her hand. The honest farmer, in the extravagance of his joy, carried his freedom farther than the hint warranted, for he imprinted his thanks on the lady's lips, and was instantly shocked at the rudeness of his own conduct. "Lord-sake, madam, I ask your pardon," he said; "I forgot but ye had been a bairn o' my ain—the Captain's sae hamely, he gars ane forget himsell."

Old Pleydell now advanced: "Nay, if fees like these are going," he said——

"Stop, stop, Mr Pleydell," said Julia, "you had your fees beforehand—remember last night."

"Why, I do confess a retainer," said the barrister; "but if I don't deserve double fees from both Lucy and you when I conclude my examination of Dirk Hatteraick to-morrow—Gad, I will so supple him!—You shall see, Colonel, and you, my saucy misses, though you may not see, shall hear."——

"Ay, that's if we chuse to listen, Counsellor."

"And you think it's two to one you won't chuse that?—But you have curiosity that teaches you the use of your ears now and then."

"I declare, Counsellor, that such saucy bachelors as you would teach us the use of our fingers now and then."

"Reserve them for the harpsichord, my love. Better for all parties."

While this idle chat ran on, Colonel Mannering introduced to Bertram a plain good-looking man, in a grey coat and waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and boots. "This, my dear sir, is Mr Mac-Morlan."

"To whom," said Bertram, embracing him cordially, "my sister was indebted for a home, when deserted by all her natural friends and relations."

The Dominie then pressed forward, grinned, chuckled, made a diabolical sound in attempting to whistle, and finally, unable to stifle his emotions, ran away to empty the feelings of his heart at his eyes.

We shall not attempt to describe the expansion of heart and glee of this happy evening.

CHAPTER LVI.

—————How like a hateful ape,
Detected grinning 'midst his pilfer'd hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are opened to the day!——*Count Basil.*

THERE was a great movement at Woodbourne early on the following morning, to attend the examination at Kippletringan. Mr Pleydell, from the investigation which he had formerly bestowed on the dark affair of Kennedy's death, as well as from the general deference due to his professional abilities, was requested by Mr Mac-Morlan and Sir Robert Hazlewood, and another justice of peace who attended, to take the situation of chairman, and the lead in the examination. Colonel Mannering was invited to sit down with them. The examination, being previous to trial, was private in other respects.

The Counsellor resumed and re-interrogated former evidence. He then examined the clergyman and surgeon respecting the dying declaration of Meg Merrilies. They stated, that she distinctly, positively, and repeatedly, declared herself an eye-witness of Kennedy's death by the hands of Hatteraick, and two or three of his crew; that her presence was accidental; that she believed their resentment at meeting him, when they were in the act of losing their vessel, through means of his information, led to the commission of the crime; that she said there was one witness of the murder, but who refused to participate in it, still alive,—her nephew, Gabriel Faa; and she had hinted at another person, who was an accessory after, not before, the fact; but her strength there failed her. They did not forget to mention her declaration, that she had saved the child, and that he was torn from her by the smugglers, for the purpose of carrying him to Holland.—All these particulars were carefully reduced to writing.

Dirk Hatteraick was then brought in, heavily ironed; for he had been strictly secured and guarded, owing to his former escape. He was asked his name; he made no answer:—His profession; he was silent:—Several other questions were put; to none of which he returned any reply. Pleydell wiped the glasses of his spectacles, and considered the prisoner very attentively. “A very truculent-looking fellow,” he whispered to Mannering; “but, as Dogberry says, I’ll go cunningly to work with him.—Here, call in Soles—Soles the shoemaker.—Soles, do you remember measuring some foot-steps imprinted on the mud at the wood of Warroch, upon —— November, 17—?” Soles remembered the circumstance perfectly. “Look at that paper—is that your note of the measurement?”—Soles verified the memorandum—“Now, there stands a pair of shoes on that table—measure them, and see if they correspond with any of the marks you have noted there. The shoemaker obeyed, and declared “that they answered exactly to the largest of the foot-prints.”

“We will prove,” said the Counsellor, aside to Mannering, “that these shoes, which were found in the ruins at Derncleugh, belonged to Brown, the fellow whom you shot on the lawn at Woodbourne.—Now, Soles, measure that prisoner’s feet very accurately.”

Mannering observed Hatteraick strictly, and could notice a visible tremor. “Do these measurements correspond with any of the foot-prints?”

The man looked at the note, then at his foot-rule and measure—then verified his former measurement by a second. “They correspond,” he said, “within a hair-breadth, to a foot-mark broader and shorter than the former.”

Hatteraick’s genius here deserted him—“Der deyvil!” he broke out, “how could there be a foot-mark on the ground, when it was a frost as hard as the heart of a Memel log?”

“In the evening, I grant you, Captain Hatteraick, but not in the forenoon—Will you favour me with information where you were upon the day you remember so exactly?”

Hatteraick saw his blunder, and again screwed up his hard features for obstinate silence—“Put down his observation, however,” said Pleydell to the clerk.

At this moment the door opened, and, much to the surprise of most present, Mr Gilbert Glossin made his appearance.—That worthy gentleman had, by dint of watching and eaves-dropping, ascertained that he was not mentioned in Meg Merrilies’ dying declaration, a circumstance, certainly not owing to her favourable disposition towards him, but to the delay of taking her regular examination, and to the rapid approach of death. He therefore supposed himself safe from all evidence but such as might arise from Hatteraick’s confession; to prevent which he resolved to push a bold face, and join his brethren of

the bench during his examination. "I shall be able he thought, "to make the rascal sensible his safety lies in keeping his own counsel and mine; and my presence, besides, will be a proof of confidence and innocence. If I must lose the estate, I must—but I trust better things."

He entered with a profound salutation to Sir Robert Hazlewood. Sir Robert, who had rather begun to suspect that his plebeian neighbour had made a cat's paw of him, inclined his head stiffly, took snuff, and looked another way—"Mr Corsand, your most humble servant."

"Your humble servant, Mr Glossin," answered Mr Corsand drily, composing his countenance *regis ad exemplar*, that is to say, after the fashion of the Baronet. "Mac-Morlan, my worthy friend, how d'ye do—always upon your duty?"

"Umph," said honest Mac-Morlan, with little respect either to the compliment or salutation. "Colonel Mannerling (a low bow slightly returned) and Mr Pleydell, (another low bow) I dared not have hoped for your assistance to poor country gentlemen at this period of the session."

Pleydell took a snuff, and eyed him with a glance equally shrewd and sarcastic—"I'll teach him," he said, the value of the old admonition, *Ne accesseris in consilium antequam voceris*."

"But perhaps I intrude, gentlemen?—is this an open meeting?"

"For my part," said Mr Pleydell, "far from considering your attendance as intrusion, Mr Glossin, I was never so pleased in my life to meet with you, especially as I think we should have had occasion to request the favour of your company in the course of the day."

"Well, then, gentlemen," said Glossin, drawing his chair to the table, and beginning to bustle about among the papers, "where are we?—how far have we got? where are the declarations?"

"Clerk—give me all these papers," said Mr Pleydell; "I have an odd way of arranging my documents, Mr Glossin, another person touching them puts me out—but I shall have occasion for your assistance by and by."

Glossin, thus reduced to inactivity, stole one glance at Dirk Hatterick, but could read nothing in his dark scowl save malignity and hatred to all around. "But gentlemen," said Glossin, "is it quite right to keep this poor man so heavily ironed, when he is taken up merely for examination?"

This was hoisting a kind of friendly signal to the prisoner. "He has escaped once before," said Mac-Morlan drily, and Glossin was silenced.

Bertram was now introduced, and, to Glossin's confusion, was greeted in the most friendly manner even by Sir Robert Hazlewood himself. He told his recollections of infancy with that candour and caution of expression which afforded the best warrant for his good faith. "This seems to be rather a civil than a criminal question," said Glossin, rising; "and as you cannot be ignorant, gentlemen, of the

effect which this young person's pretended parentage may have on my fortune, I would rather beg leave to retire."

"No, my good sir," said Mr Pleydell, "we can by no means spare you. But why do you call this young man's claims pretended?—I don't mean to fish for your defences against them, if you have any, but"——

"Mr Pleydell, I think I can explain the matter at once.—This young fellow, whom I take to be a natural son of the late Ellangowan, has gone about this country for some weeks under different names, caballing with a wretched old mad-woman, who, I understand, was shot in a late scuffle, and with other tinkers, gypsies, and persons of that description, stirring up the tenants against their landlords, which, as Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood knows,"——

"Not to interrupt you, Mr Glossin," said Pleydell, "I ask who you say this young man is?"

"Why, I say, and I believe this gentleman (looking at Hatteraick) knows, that he is a natural son of the late Ellangowan, by a girl called Janet Lightoheel, who was afterwards married to Hewit the shipwright, that lived in the shire of Annan. His name is Godfrey Bertram Hewit, by which name he was entered on board the Royal Caroline excise yacht."

"Ay?" said Pleydell, "that is a very likely story!—but, not to pause upon some difference of eyes, complexion, and so forth—be pleased to step forward, sir."——A young seafaring man came forward,——"Here's the real Simon Pure—here's Godfrey Bertram Hewit, arrived last night from Antigua *via* Liverpool, mate of a West Indian, and in a fair way of doing well in the world, although he came somewhat irregularly into it."

While some conversation passed between the other justices and this young man, Pleydell lifted from among the papers on the table Hatteraick's old pocket-book. A peculiar glance of the smuggler's eye induced the shrowd lawyer to think there was something here of interest. He therefore continued the examination of the papers, laying the book on the table, but instantly perceived that the prisoner's interest in the research had cooled. "It must be in the book still, whatever it is," thought Pleydell; and again applied himself to the pocket-book, until he discovered, on a narrow scrutiny, a slit between the pasteboard and leather, out of which he drew three small slips of paper. Pleydell now turning to Glossin, requested the favour that he would tell them if he had assisted at the search for the body of Kennedy, and the child of his patron, upon the day when they disappeared.

"I did not—that is—I did," answered the conscience-struck Glossin.

"It is remarkable though, that connected as you were with the Ellangowan family, I don't recollect your being examined, or even appearing before me, while that investigation was proceeding?"

"I was called to London on most important business the morning after that sad affair."

"Clerk," said Pleydell, "minute down that reply.—I presume the business, Mr Glossin, was to negociate these three bills drawn by you on Messrs Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, and accepted by one Dirk Hatteraick in their name on the very day of the murder." Glossin's countenance fell. "This piece of real evidence makes good the account given of your conduct on this occasion by a man called Gabriel Faa, whom we have now in custody, and who witnessed the whole transaction between you and that worthy prisoner—Have you any explanation to give?"

"Mr Pleydell," said Glossin with great composure, "I presume, if you were my counsel, you would not advise me to answer upon the spur of the moment to a charge which the basest of mankind seem ready to establish by perjury."

"My advice would be regulated by my opinion of your innocence or guilt. In your case, I believe you take the wisest course; but you are aware you must stand committed?"

"What, sir? Upon a charge of murder?"

"No; only as art and part of kidnapping the child."

"That is aailable offence."

"Pardon me," said Pleydell, "it is *plagium*, and *plagium* is felony."

"Forgive me, Mr Pleydell; there is only one case upon record, Torrence and Waldie. They were, you remember, resurrection-women, who had promised to procure a child's body for some young surgeons. Being upon honour to their employer, rather than disappoint the evening lecture of the students, they stole a live child, murdered it, and sold the body for three shillings and sixpence. They were hanged, but for the murder, not for the *plagium*. Your civil law has carried you a little too far."

"Well, sir, but in the meantime we must commit you to the county jail, in case this young man repeats the same story.—Officers, remove Mr Glossin and Hatteraick, and guard them in different apartments."

Gabriel, the gypsy, was then introduced, and gave a distinct account of his deserting from Captain Pritchard's vessel and joining the smugglers in the action, and how Dirk Hatteraick set fire to his ship when he found her disabled, and under cover of the smoke escaped with his crew, and as much goods as they could save, into the cavern, where they proposed to lie till night-fall. Hatteraick himself, his mate Vanbeest Brown, and three others, of whom the declarant was one, went into the neighbouring woods to communicate with some of their friends in the neighbourhood. They fell in with Kennedy unexpectedly, and Hatteraick and Brown, aware that he was the occasion of their disasters, resolved to murder him. He stated, that after the deed, they regained the cavern by different routes, and Dirk Hatteraick was giving an

account how he had pushed a huge crag over, as Kennedy lay groaning on the beach, when Glossin suddenly appeared among them. To the whole transaction by which Hatteraick purchased his secrecy he was witness. Respecting young Bertram he could give a distinct account till he went to India, after which he had lost sight of him until he unexpectedly saw him in Liddesdale. He stated, that he instantly sent notice to his aunt, Meg Merrilies, as well as to Hatteraick, who he knew was then upon the coast, but that he had incurred his aunt's highest displeasure upon the latter account. He concluded, that his aunt had immediately declared that she would do all that lay in her power to help young Ellangowan to his right, even if it should be by informing against Dirk Hatteraick; and that many of her people assisted her besides himself, from a belief that she was gifted with supernatural inspirations. With the same purpose, he understood, his aunt had given to Bertram the treasure of the tribe, of which she had the custody. Three or four gypsies mingled in the crowd when the Custom-house was attacked, for the purpose of liberating Bertram, which he had himself effected. He said, that in obeying Meg's dictates they did not pretend to estimate their propriety or rationality, the respect in which she was held by her tribe precluding all such subjects of speculation. Upon farther interrogation he added, that his aunt had always said that Harry Bertram carried that round his neck which would ascertain his birth. It was a spell, she said, that an Oxford scholar had made for him, and she possessed the smugglers with an opinion, that to deprive him of it would occasion the loss of the vessel.

Bertram here produced a small velvet bag, which he said he had worn round his neck from his earliest infancy, and which he had preserved, first, from superstitious reverence, and, latterly, from the hope that it might serve one day to aid in the discovery of his birth. The bag being opened, was found to contain a blue silk-case, from which was drawn a scheme of nativity. Upon inspecting this paper, Colonel Mannering instantly admitted it was his own composition, and afforded the strongest and most satisfactory evidence, that the possessor of it must necessarily be the young heir of Ellangowan, by avowing his having first appeared in that country in the character of an astrologer.

"And now," said Pleydell, "make out warrants of commitment for Hatteraick and Glossin until liberated in due course of law. I am sorry for Glossin."

"Now, I think," said Mannering, "he's incomparably the least deserving of pity of the two. The other's a bold fellow, though as hard as flint."

"Very natural, Colonel, that you should be interested in the ruffian and I in the knave—that's all professional taste—but I can tell you Glossin would have been a pretty lawyer, had he not had such a turn for the roguish part of the profession."

“Scandal would say, he might not be the worse lawyer for that.”

“Scandal would tell a lie, then, as she usually does. Law’s like laudanum; it’s much more easy to use it as a quack does, than to learn to apply it like a physician.”

CHAPTER LVII.

Unfit to live or die—O marble heart!

After him, fellows, drag him to the block.—*Measure for Measure.*

THE jail at the county town of the shire of ——— was one of those old-fashioned dungeons which disgraced Scotland until of late years. When the prisoners and their guard arrived there, Hatteraick, whose violence and strength were well known, was secured in what was called the condemned ward. This was a large apartment near the top of the prison. A round bar of iron, about the thickness of a man’s arm above the elbow, crossed the apartment horizontally at the height of about six inches from the floor, and was built into the wall at either end. Hatteraick’s ancles were secured within shackles, which were connected by a chain at the distance of about four feet, with a large iron ring which travelled upon the bar we have described. Thus a prisoner might shuffle along the length of the bar from one side of the room to another, but could not rest farther from it in any other direction than the length of the chain admitted. When his feet had been thus secured, the keeper removed his hand-cuffs, and left his person at liberty in other respects.

Hatteraick had not been long in this place of confinement, before Glossin arrived at the same prison-house. In respect to his comparative rank and education, he was not ironed, but placed in a decent apartment, under the inspection of Mac-Guffog, who, since the destruction of the Bridewell of Portanferry by the mob, had acted here as an under-turnkey. When Glossin was inclosed within this room, and had solitude and leisure to calculate all the chances against him and in his favour, he could not prevail upon himself to consider the game as desperate. “The estate is lost,” he said, “that must go; and, between Pleydell and Mac-Morlan, they’ll cut down my claim on it to a trifle. My character—but if I get off with life and liberty, I’ll get money yet, and varnish that over again. Let me see:—This Bertram was a child at the time—his evidence must be imperfect—the other fellow is a deserter, a gypsy, and an outlaw—Meg Merrilies, d—n her, is dead.—These infernal bills!—Hatteraick brought them with him, I suppose, to have the means of threatening me, or extorting money from me.—I must endeavour to see the rascal;—must get him to stand steady;—must get him to put some other colour upon the business.”

His mind teeming with schemes of future deceit to cover former villainy, he spent the time in arranging and combining them until the hour of supper. Mac-Guffog attended upon this occasion. After giving him a glass of brandy, and sounding him with one or two cajoling speeches, Glossin made it his request that he would help him to an interview with Dirk Hatteraick. "Impossible! utterly impossible! it's contrary to the express orders of Mr Mac-Morlan, and the captain (as the head jailor of a county jail is called in Scotland) would never forgie me."

"But why should he know of it?" said Glossin, slipping a couple of guineas into Mac-Guffog's hand.

The turnkey weighed the gold, and looked sharp at Glossin. "Aye, aye, Mr Glossin, ye ken the ways o' this place—Looke, at lock-up hour, I'll return and bring ye up stairs to him—But ye must stay a' night in his cell, for I must carry the keys to the captain for the night, and I cannot let you out again until morning—then I'll visit the wards half an hour earlier than usual, and ye may get out, and be snug in your ain birth when the captain gangs his rounds.

When the hour of ten had pealed from the neighbouring steeple, Mac-Guffog came prepared with a small dark lantern. He said softly to Glossin, "Slip your shoes off, and follow me." When Glossin was out of the door, Mac-Guffog, as if in the execution of his ordinary duty, and speaking to a prisoner within, called aloud, "Good-night to you, sir," and locked the door, clattering the bolts with much ostentatious noise. He then guided Glossin up a steep and narrow stair, at the top of which was the door of the condemned ward; he unbarred and unlocked it, and, giving Glossin the lantern, made a sign to him to enter, and locked the door behind him with the same affected accuracy.

In the large dark cell into which he was thus introduced, Glossin's feeble light for some time enabled him to discover nothing. At length he could dimly distinguish a pallet bed stretched on the floor beside the great iron bar which traversed the room, and on that pallet reposed the figure of a man. Glossin approached him. "Dirk Hatteraick!"

"Donner and hagel!" said the prisoner, sitting up, and clashing his fetters as he rose, "then my dream is true! Begone, and leave me to myself—it will be your best."

"What! my good friend, will you allow the prospect of a few weeks confinement to depress your spirits?"

"Yes—when I am only to be released by a halter!—Let me alone—go about your business, and turn the lamp from my face!"

"Psha! my dear Dirk, don't be afraid—I have a glorious plan to make all right."

"To the bottomless pit with your plans! You have planned me out of ship, cargo, and life, and I dreamt this moment that Meg Merrilies dragged you here by the hair, and gave me the long clasped knife she

used to wear—you don't know what she said. Sturm wetter! it will be your wisdom not to tempt me!"

"But, Hatteraick, my good friend, do but rise and speak to me."

"I will not!—you have caused all the mischief; you would not let Meg keep the boy; she would have returned him after he had forgot all."

"Why, Hatteraick, you are turned driveller!"

"Wetter! will you deny that all that cursed attempt at Portan-ferry, which lost both sloop and crew, was your device for your own job?"

"But the goods, you know"—

"Curse the goods! we could have got plenty more; but, der deyvil! to lose the ship and the fine fellows, and my own life, for a cursed coward villain, that always works his own mischief with other people's hands! Speak to me no more—I'm dangerous."

"But, Dirk—but, Hatteraick, hear me only a few words."

"Hagel! nein."

"Only one sentence."

"Tausand curses—nein!"

"At least get up, for an obstinate Dutch brute," said Glossin, losing his temper, and pushing Hatteraick with his foot.

"Donner and blitzen!" said Hatteraick, springing up and grappling with him; "*you will have it then?*"

Glossin struggled and resisted, but so ineffectually under his surprise at the fury of the assault, that he fell under Hatteraick, the back part of his neck coming full upon the iron bar with stunning violence. The death-grapple continued. The room immediately below the condemned ward, being that of Glossin, was, of course, empty; but the inmates of the second apartment beneath felt the shock of Glossin's heavy fall, and heard a noise as of struggling and of groans. But all sounds of horror were too congenial to this place to excite much curiosity or interest.

In the morning, faithful to his promise, Mac-Guffog came—"Mr Glossin," said he, in a whispering voice.

"Call louder," answered Dirk Hatteraick.

"Mr Glossin, for God's sake, come away!"

"He'll hardly do that without help," said Hatteraick.

"What are you chattering there for, Mac-Guffog?" called out the captain from below.

"Come away, for God's sake!" repeated the turnkey.

At this moment the jailor made his appearance with a light. Great was his surprise and even horror to observe Glossin's body lying doubled across the iron bar, in a posture that excluded all idea of his being alive. Hatteraick was quietly stretched upon his pallet within a yard of his victim. In lifting Glossin, it was found he had been dead for some hours. His body bore uncommon marks of violence.

The spine where it joins the skull had received severe injury by his first fall. There were distinct marks of strangulation about the throat, which corresponded with the blackened state of his face. The head was turned backward over the shoulder, as if the neck had been wrung round with desperate violence. So that it would seem that his inveterate antagonist had fixed a fatal gripe upon the wretch's throat, and never quitted it while life lasted. The lantern, crushed and broken to pieces, lay beneath the body.

Mac-Morlan was in the town, and came instantly to examine the corpse. "What brought Glossin here?" said he to Hatteraick.

"The devil!" answered the ruffian.

"And what did you do to him?"

"Sent him to hell before me!" replied the miscreant.

"Wretch! you have crowned a life spent without a single virtue, with the murder of your miserable accomplice!"

"Virtue? donner! I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver. Hark ye! let me have pen and ink, and I'll write an account of the whole to our house; and leave me alone a couple of hours, will ye—and let them take away that piece of carrion, donner!"

Mac-Morlan deemed it the best way to humour the savage; he was furnished with writing materials and left alone. When they again opened the door, it was found that this determined villain had anticipated justice. He had adjusted a cord taken from the truckle bed, and attached it to a bone, the relique of his yesterday's dinner, which he had contrived to drive into the wall at a height as great as he could reach, standing upon the bar. Having fastened the noose, he had the resolution to drop his body as if to fall on his knees, and to retain that posture until resolution was no longer necessary. The letter he had written to his owners, though chiefly upon the business of their trade, contained many allusions to the youngster of Ellangowan, as he called him, and afforded absolute confirmation of all Meg Merrilies and her nephew had told.

To dismiss the catastrophe of these two wretched men, I shall only add, that Mac-Guffog was turned out of office, notwithstanding his declaration, (which he offered to attest by oath,) that he had locked Glossin safely in his own room upon the night preceding his being found dead in Dirk Hatteraick's cell. His story, however, found faith with the worthy Mr Skriegh, and other lovers of the marvellous, who still hold that the Enemy of Mankind brought these two wretches together upon that night, by supernatural interference, that they might fill up the cup of their guilt and its meed, by murder and suicide.

CHAPTER LVIII.

To sum the whole—the close of all.—*Dean Swift.*

As Glossin died without heirs and without payment of the price, the estate of Ellangowan was again thrown upon the hands of Mr Godfrey Bertram's creditors, the right of many of whom was however defeasible, in case Henry Bertram should establish his character of heir of entail. This young gentleman put his affairs into the hands of Mr Pleydell and Mr Mac-Morlan, with one single proviso, that, though he himself should be obliged again to go to India, every debt, justly and honourably due by his father, should be made good to the claimant. Mannering, who heard this declaration, grasped him kindly by the hand, and from that moment might be dated a thorough understanding between them.

The hoards of Miss Margaret Bertram, and the liberal assistance of the Colonel, easily enabled the heir to make provision for payment of the just creditors, while the ingenuity and research of his law friends detected, especially in the accounts of Glossin, so many overcharges as greatly diminished the total amount. In these circumstances the creditors did not hesitate to recognise Bertram's right, and to surrender to him the house of his ancestors. All the party rushed from Woodbourne to take possession, amid the shouts of the tenantry and the neighbourhood; and so eager was Colonel Mannering to superintend certain operations which he had recommended to Bertram, that he removed with his family from Woodbourne to Ellangowan, although at present containing much less and much inferior accommodation.

The poor Dominie's brain was almost turned with joy. He posted up stairs, taking three steps at once, to a little shabby attic, his cell and dormitory in former days, and which the possession of his much superior apartment at Woodbourne had never banished from his memory. Here one sad thought suddenly struck the honest man—the books!—no three rooms in Ellangowan were capable to contain them. While this qualifying reflection was passing through his mind, he was suddenly summoned by Mannering to assist in calculating some proportions relating to a large and splendid house, which was to be built on the site of the New Place of Ellangowan, in a style corresponding to the magnificence of the ruins in its vicinity. Among the various rooms in the plan, the Dominie observed, that one of the largest was entitled THE LIBRARY; and close beside was a snug well-proportioned chamber, entitled, MR SAMPSON'S APARTMENT.—“Prodigious, prodigious, prodigious!” shouted the enraptured Dominie.

Mr Pleydell had left the party for some time; but he returned, according to promise, during the Christmas recess of the courts. He drove up to Ellangowan when all the family were abroad but the

Colonel, who was busy with plans of buildings and pleasure-grounds, in which he was well skilled, and took great delight.

"Ah, ha!" said the Counsellor, "so here you are! Where are the ladies? where is the fair Julia?"——

"Walking out with young Hazlewood, Bertram, and Captain Delasserre, a friend of his, who is with us just now. They are gone to plan out a cottage at Dernelough. Well, have you carried through your law business?"

"With a wet finger; got our youngster's special service retoured into chancery. We had him served heir before the macers."

"Macers? who are they?"

"Why, it is a kind of judicial Saturnalia. You must know, that one of the requisites to be a macer, or officer in attendance upon our supreme court, is, that they shall be men of no knowledge."

"Very well!"

"Now, our Scottish legislature, for the joke's sake I suppose, have constituted those men of no knowledge into a peculiar court for trying questions of relationship and descent, such as this business of Bertram, which often involve the most nice and complicated questions of evidence."

"The devil they have? I should think that rather inconvenient."

"O, we have a practical remedy for the theoretical absurdity. One or two of the judges act upon such occasions as prompters and assessors to their own door-keepers. But you know what Cujaccius says, '*Multa sunt in moribus dissentanea, multa sine ratione.*' However, this Saturnalian court has done our business; and a glorious batch of claret we had afterwards at Walker's. Mac-Morlan will stare when he sees the bill."

"Never fear," said the Colonel; "we'll face the shock, and entertain the country at my friend Mrs Mac-Candlish's to boot."

"And chuse Jock Jabos for your master of horse?"

"Perhaps I may."

"And where is Dandie, the redoubted Lord of Liddesdale?"

"Returned to his mountains; but he has promised Julia to make a descent in summer, with the goodwife, as he calls her, and I don't know how many children."

"O, the curly-headed varlets! I must come to play at Blind Harry and Hy Spy with them. But what is all this?" taking up the plans;—"tower in the centre to be an imitation of the Eagle Tower at Caernarvon—*corps de logis*—the devil!—wings—wings? why, the house will take the estate of Ellangowan on its back, and fly away with it!"

"Why then, we must ballast it with a few bags of Sicca rupees."

"Ah, ha! sits the wind there? Then I suppose the young dog carries off my mistress' Julia?"

"Even so, Counsellor."

"These rascals, the *post-nati*, get the better of us of the old school at every turn. But she must convey and make over her interest in me to Lucy."

"To tell you the truth, I am afraid your flank will be turned there too."

"Indeed!"

"Here has been Sir Robert Hazlewood upon a visit to Bertram, thinking, and deeming, and opining"——

"O Lord! spare me the worthy Baronet's triads!"

"Well, sir; he conceived that as the property of Singleside lay like a wedge between two farms of his, and was four or five miles separated from Ellangowan, something like a sale, or exchange, or arrangement might take place, to the mutual convenience of both parties."

"Well, and Bertram"——

"Why, Bertram replied, that he considered the original settlement of Mrs Margaret Bertram as the arrangement most proper in the circumstances of the family, and that therefore the estate of Singleside was the property of his sister."

"The rascal!" said Pleydell, wiping his spectacles, "he'll steal my heart as well as my mistress—*Et puis?*"

"And then, Sir Robert retired after many gracious speeches; but last week he again took the field in force, with his coach and six horses, his laced scarlet waistcoat, and best bob-wig—all very grand, as the good-boy books say."

"Ay! and what was his overture?"

"Why, he talked with great form of an attachment on the part of Charles Hazlewood to Miss Bertram."

"Ay, ay; he respected the little god Cupid when he saw him perched on the Dun of Singleside. And is poor Lucy to keep house with that old fool and his wife, who is just the knight himself in petticoats?"

"No—we parried that. Singleside-house is to be repaired for the young people, and to be called hereafter Mount Hazlewood."

"And do you yourself propose to continue at Woodbourne?"

"Only till we carry these plans into effect. See, here's the plan of my Bungalow, with all convenience for being separate and sulky when I please."

"And, being next door to the old castle, you may repair Donagild's tower for the nocturnal contemplation of the celestial bodies? Bravo, Colonel!"

"No, no, my dear Counsellor! Here ends *THE ASTROLOGER*."

NOTES: BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS, the second work of fiction by its illustrious Author, was written for relaxation at Abbotsford in the space of six weeks, the Christmas after his summer cruise round Scotland with the Commissioners of Northern Lights, and, exactly two months after the "Lord of the Isles" had left his hands, was published in February 1815. Following, as it thus did, so closely on "Waverley," it gave the world distinctly to understand how great a genius, somewhere behind the scene, was at work; and as it contained nothing of the same sort in character or material either historical or political, which had distinguished "Waverley," it gave a still grander idea of the mint itself and of the resources yet to be drawn upon. Prince Charles and the rebellion are not even glanced at, and the use of the word "Hieland" once by Pleydell seems to be almost out of place as a solecism. Astrology, soothsaying, gypsy life and lore; contraband and excise; decayed aristocracy, encumbered estates, and the law of entail with whatever appertained of social interest, constitute the staple of the story, and seemed to promise an infinite extension of the series: a fact which, as much as the grandeur of the particular romance, must have piqued the public not a little, and made the authorship of "Waverley" a theme of universal speculation.

As a literary *chef d'œuvre*, "Guy Mannering" was not only a success, but gave the clearest evidence of the Author's reliance on his own gifts as a novelist. The design of the work and the unfolding of the plot demonstrate this internal confidence. The plot may be called an open plot, of which the end is announced from the beginning, so that the result is certain; and the whole interest is concentrated on the progress of its accomplishment. In this respect, it corresponds in some degree to the old fatalistic tragedies of Greece—such as the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles—in which the issue is foretold or partly known to the audience, although concealed from the actors, and the interest made to turn on the gradual enlightenment of the actors and their unconscious complicity with the decrees of fate. Given an astrological prediction with an agency of witchcraft to correspond, and a subordinate agency of unconscious mortals to work it out, and the plot of "Guy Mannering" is told. The prediction, the principal agent, the child of fate; the predestined risks, the sure deliverance; the wrong and the right, the crime and the punishment, the weird and the waiting and the welcome home, are all substantially made known to the reader within the few first pages; and what must be shall be, as certain as the decrees of heaven, or the work would be a failure. The operation of fate, the conduct of the agency, the ignorance, forgetfulness, or unconsciousness of the agents, conspiring all to produce the given result; the co-operation of strangers, the force of circumstances, the combination of accidents, the turn of events, the superintendence of Providence, and the arrangement or detail of these by the author, is all the reader has to depend upon for interest and delight; and the slightest failure in these would precipitate the whole romance into ruin. It is a skein of the finest, most flexible and brittle silk, rolled up on a bobbin by the hand of fate, before our eyes, of which we are to see the unwinding again after twenty years by mortal fingers; and all our anxiety, our attention, our hopes and fears are in that delicate process. Every entanglement torments us, and every possibility of losing or damaging the thread alarms us, and nothing but our absolute reliance on the Author, and his own clearest conscious intellectual reliance on himself, could carry us or him with confidence to the end. "A hank, but not a haill ane," as Meg Merrilies says; "the full years o' threescore and ten, but thrice broken, and thrice to oop: he'll be a lucky lad an he win through wi't." "O," cries Pleydell, "if I had but hold of the slightest thread of this complicated skein, you should see how I would unravel it!"

So much for the mere design; but to enrich and beautify the narrative, to complicate the story and enhance the doubt, a subordinate romance of love, of fatherhood, of brotherhood, of sisterhood, of gratitude and of friendship, is interwoven with the work of fate; and to give pictorial effect to the whole, a series of the finest sketches from nature and from human life are arranged throughout with such taste and skill as to divert the reader's attention for the moment, and to give it always a double zest when the unfolding of the plot, when the unwinding of the thread, begins again. The weakest point in the whole is Julia's early letter-writing to her friend, but this is rapidly forgotten as the work goes on. Sir R. Hazlewood alone (a third-rate personage, however, a sort of Sir Thomas Lucy in his way,) looks a good deal overdrawn—is in fact a caricature: but Sampson, Pleydell, and Dinmont are immortal types; Mannering himself stands aloof; Lucy and Julia could have been done by almost no other hand but Scott's; and Meg Merrilies, in more respects than one, both mental and physical, is a creation for all time. A curious instance of the Author's own misgiving, or of his skill in screening a difficulty of his own creating, may be glanced at here. The introduction of Lucy to her brother at the breakfast table is very finely told; but the re-introduction of Julia to Bertram is avoided. In reality, it would have been a sort of scene unworthy of the lady's dignity, and in description it might have been a failure—which he dexterously, therefore, eschews.

But the mention of Meg Merrilies suggests to us an additional observation. Scott never wrote what the world of religionists call a religious novel; yet there is a sense of divine retributive justice in most of his grandest works, and a principle of charity counterbalancing or condoning the evils of ignorance or neglect, which go far to make him one of the most persuasive teachers of the highest Christian doctrines. Of this we may have occasion to say more hereafter; but for the present it is sufficient to observe, that although "Guy Mannering" makes no pretence to be a religious fiction, the whole drift of the story is to vindicate the supremacy of God; and the chief agent of his providence, indeed the only real believer in Himself among them, is one of the most despised and depraved of his creatures. Dominic Sampson is but a humble quoter of texts, with very little idea of their authority; the Colonel an orthodox gentleman and soldier, whose deity is discipline and power; Pleydell what you please in religion, or whatever suits the Bar; Meg Merrilies alone, "harlot, thief, witch, and gypsy," outcast and reprobate, looks higher than them all, and believes in God. This significant fact may be worth our readers' attention, more especially at a time when so serious a declaration is apt to be forgotten as "that publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before us."

All that remains further to be noticed in the way of critical analysis is that "Guy Mannering," although an essentially Scottish novel, is characterised, like "Waverley," by the idea of uniting the interests and sympathies of the two rival nations. This patriotic idea seems to have pervaded the Author's mind very powerfully always, and, wherever it could with propriety be embodied, becomes conspicuous. The pride and poverty of Scotland cannot be denied, but the grandeur of her achievements shall be blazoned through the world; the wealth and generosity of England are admitted, but the tone of arrogance which for a while distinguished her communications with Scotland must be abated; and the two, as far as imagination can effect it, shall be accommodated to each other. The wealth of England shall be made to supplement the poverty of Scotland, by love and marriage—Tulley-Veolan shall be redeemed by the fortunes of Waverley, and Ellangowan re-built by the rupees of Mannering; there shall be a husband for Rose Bradwardine, and a wife for Harry Bertram, both from the English border, and the pride of the one shall be a match for the dignity of the other, and their ancestral rank shall be equal; and so a new generation of intermingled races shall arise, and the North and the South of the Island shall be made one in love. This was no mere dream or passing design, but a fixed principle of public teaching in the Author's mind, and its gentle conciliatory influence on both peoples is undeniable.

GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES

FOR

GUY MANNERING.

SCOTCH.

Aidbins—possibly, perhaps.

Barrow-tram—shaft of barrow; long, lank, awkward burden-bearer.

Bide off hands—keep off!

Bit, bittock—piece, small piece.

Blate—bashful, awkward.

Bleaving the ee—blinding the eye.

Bhunker—a calico printer.

Blythe-gae-down—hearty drinking bout.

Boddle o' rent—smallest fraction of rent.

Bogles, hantle o'—plenty of ghosts.

Bowl of pint stoup—round handle of a whisky measure, ready to the hand of a drinker.

Camsteary—perversely, unruly.

Canny moment—happy hour of birth.

Clecking time's a canty time—birth time is a pleasant time.

Collie-shangle—half quarrel among dogs.

Come o' will, the—illegitimate child.

Cutty spoon—spoon made of short-horn.

Cusser—entire horse, stallion.

Daft dog—strange wild fellow.

Dead-thraw—death struggle.

Doom's, or doomed, likely—sure as fate.

Donnert deevil—stupid devil.

Dowie—sickly, desponding.

Eassel and Wessel—eastward and westward.

Eilding—winter fuel.

Fasheous, or -ious—troublesome.

Fause loon—faithless servant.

Fern seed, to gather—to make one's self invisible by gathering the seed of ferns, supposed to have such a power.

Fisking—fidgetting, irking.

Fisking—skipping about lightly.

Foul be in your feet—disgrace be in your feet.

Fule, or fool, body—weak foolish person.

Fumarts—polecats.

Gang-there-out—roaming, restless.

Gawn-a-guisarding—gone a mumming.

Gay or gey—very considerable.

Gentle and semple—high and low.

Gyre-curlings—mother witches.

Groaning-malt—drink distributed to gossips at an inlying.

Hansel-Monandy—Monday after New-year.

Hard bitten—hard mouthed.

Herzeeld, or herreyelde—the due, in cattle or money, payable to a landlord on the succession of a tenant.

Hirselled—crept down, crouching.

Horning and caption—charge and seizure by sheriff's warrant.

Howdie—midwife.

Humble-cow—cow without horns.

Hunt-the-gowk—chasing the cuckoo, which is difficult to be seen—fool's chase, a game.

Il-sorted—ill pleased.

Jaw-hole—where slops are thrown.

Kaim—ridge of low hills, like a cock's comb, very often with a fortress on it.

Kirk-dues—fines incurred to the church.

Knave, or lad-bairn—a son.

Knevelled—severely beaten with fists.

Land-louper—idle tramp.

Lang-lugget limmer—inquisitive listening huzzy.

Lighter yet—delivered of a child.

Loaning—quiet country road.

Loose cracks—careless talk.

Lying routing—in bed, snoring.

Meikle, or muckle—great, or much.

Memorial—corresponds in Scotch law to an English brief.

Nae nice body—not stingy person.

Niff-naffy—troublesome in trifles.

Oorra time—now and then, odd time,

Out o' their wames—disgorged.

Paiks—blows given in punishment.

Pockmanky—portmanteau.

Rampering—walking wildly about.

Randle tree—cross beam in a wide chimney, from which the cleeks are hung.

Ranging and ripeing—searching far and near; widely and closely.

Redding straik—blow received in parting combatants.

Reisted abune pair o' cleeks—dried in the smoke above cleeks in the chimney—as salmon sometimes are.

Red-cock crawling—fire-raising.

Retour—legal return for service of an heir.

Roughies—loose rough branches to stop a gap, or to burn as torches.

Sain wi' mass—to bless with mass.

Saikless, or sackless—innocent.

Sarkfu' o' sair banes—shirtful of sore bones.

Sereed wi' niebors—a drink with neighbours.

Shand, or shan'—false, worthless.

Sib to—related by blood.

Slap o' a dyke—breach in a wall.
Sorrow in your thrapple—devil in your throat.
Sprug—sparrow.
Sticket stibbler—broken down idle horse—term
 of contempt for unemployed preacher.
Sunkets—food, pleasant or choice.
Sunkie—a low stool or cushion.

Taen wi' pains—taken in travail.
Tappit-hen under belt—a measure of liquor
 under waistband.
Tass o' brandy—cup of brandy.
Tippenny—cheap ale, or beer.

Tods and brocks—foxes and badgers.
Uncolike—strange-like; [*unco like*, very like.]
Up, and to the gate—rise, and be going.
Up Lawn-Market—going to execution.
Waf carle—worthless fellow.
Wag his pow, to—to shake his head.
Waster—pronged spear to strike fish.
Weary lang gate—very long journey.
Weird dree'd—prediction endured.
Whaap—a bend, a turn, or sweep.
Witters—prongs of the fishing spear.
Worriceow—frightful object, bugbear.
Yaffing—barking snappishly,

LATIN.

Ab horâ questionis—from the hour of cause.
Aut quocunque alio nomine vocaris—or by
 whatever other name thou art called: (a
 phrase employed in addressing the gods,
 to include all their titles).

Custos rotulorum—keeper of the rolls.
Dammum minatum, malum secutum—injury
 threatened, mischief following.
Dies inceptus—a day commenced.

Ex cathedra—from the official seat.
Feras consumere nati—born to destroy wild
 beasts.

In praesentia—in presence of court.
Interregnum—space from death of one king
 till election of another.
Indicia—indexes, signs, traces.

*Multa sunt in moribus dissimilitudines, multa sine
 ratione*—there are many things in customs
 incongruous, many things absurd.

Ne accesseris in concilium antequam voceris—
 come not into council before you are called.
Ne moveas camerinam—remove not the cot-
 tage of the poor.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo—Nor does
 Apollo always bend the bow.

Nolens volens—nil ye, will ye.
Non valens agere—not in circumstances to act.

Oportet vivere—it is necessary to live.
Peculium—small private property.
Plagium—kidnapping; manstealing.

Post-nati—younger lads.
Prout de lege—as in law.
Regis ad exemplar—after the king's style.
Secundum artem—in proper style.
Suum cuique tribuito—give every man his own
Scylla and Charybdis—a rock and whirlpool
 close to one another, in the straits between
 Italy and Sicily.

Tempore Caroli Primi—in time of Charles I.
Tota re perspectâ—the whole affair being
 looked at.
Tros Tyriusve—Trojan or Tyrian.

Verbum volans—a flying word.
Varium et mutabile—fickle and changeable.
Vires major—the greater power.
Vis publica et privata—public and private force

[Adjurations by DOMINIE SAMPSON.]

*Conjuro te, scelestissima—nequissima—spur-
 cissima—iniquissima—atque miserrima—
 conjuro te!* p. 258.
*I adjure thee, most scandalous—most worth-
 less—most filthy—most iniquitous—and
 most wretched—I adjure thee!*
*Conjuro, abjuro, contestor, atque viriliter
 impero tibi!*
*I conjure, I abjure, I attest, and I manfully
 command thee!*
Maleficia—evil worker.
Sceleratissima—most guilty.
Ecorriso te!—I command thee to come out—
 as an evil spirit!

FRENCH.

Beau garçon—handsome lad.
Corps de logis—suite of apartments.
Coup d'œil—sweep of the eye.
Couteau de chasse—hunting knife.

Eclaircissement—clearing up.
En croupe—behind the saddle.
Enfant trouvé—found child.
Empreusement—earnest manner.
Entre nous—between ourselves.
Et puis?—and then?
Ferme ornée—fancy farm.

Homme d'affaires—man of business.
Lachesse—carelessness.
L'un vaut bien l'autre—one does as well as
 t'other.

On n'arrêté pas dans un si beau chemin—one
 does not halt on such a pleasant road.
Process verbal—verbal, (in contradistinction
 to written) process.

Roturier—mean, subservient fellow.
Sans culottes—breechless vagrants.

DUTCH.

Bist du?—Is it you?*Blumen-gartén*—flower-garden.*Das schmeckt*—that smacks well!*Deyvil, der deyvil*—Devil, the devil!*Deyvil's kind*—Devil's child.*Donner and blitzen*—thunder and lightnings!*Es spuckt da*—it walks like a ghost.*Fluch*—curse, damnation.*Gelt gone*—gold gone.*Hagel and wasser*—hail and rain!*Ich bin ganz gefrorne*—I am all frozen.*Kinchin*—the little child.*Kinder*—boys, or children.*Lust-haus*—pleasure-house.*Nein, nein*—no, no!*Sapperment*—Zounds! death!*Schnaps*—dram, of spirits.*Schelm*—worthless fellow—*Scoticé*, skellum.*Strafe mich helle*—fire blast me!*Sturm-wetter*—storm weather.*Yaw*—Yes! (slang).*Saufen Bier, und Brante-wein,**Schmeissen alle die Fenstern ein;**Ich ben liederlich,**Du bist liederlich,**Sind wir nicht liederlich Leute a.*

Lots of beer and brandy-wine;

Then smash all the windows in:

I'm a roving boy,

Thou'rt a roving boy:

Are we not roving boys, O!

SLANG TERMS.

Barkers and slashers—pistols and cutlasses.*Ben whids*—unspoken words.*Bing out*—turn out in a heap.*Brooms*—sheriff's warrants.*Camp-ring*—prison gear, or shackles.*Cloy*—to steal carelessly, by trick.*Cove*—a person.*Darbies*—handcuffs.*Darkmans*—darkness, night.*Dry-handed*—without weapons.*Howff blown*—hiding place discovered.*Ken*—well-known place of resort.*Kitchen*, more properly *Kinchin-mort*—female child; girl. [*mort* means woman.]*Lap and pannel*—sup and bite.*Lib-ken*—prison quarters.*Miling*—hard hitting; killing.*Spill of money*—disbursement.*Tour, to*—to take turn of watching.*Trine the cheat*—dangle at the gallows.*Whistle, to*—to betray secretly.

&c.

&c.

N.B.—Very few of these terms are Scotch, and they can be rightly understood only from sense of the context, or by consulting a Slang Dictionary.

GUIDE TO PRINCIPAL LOCALITIES.

PORTANFERRY, declared by Dandie Dinmont to be about sixty miles westward from the heart of Liddesdale, seems to correspond most obviously with Creetown, a small seaport on Wigton Bay, Kirkcudbrightshire, the old name of which was Ferrytown of Cree. This point on the coast being determined, all other points must lie to the east of it; in which case,

KIPPLETRINGAN will correspond with Gatehouse-of-Fleet, whilst Ellangowan, Warroch-head, Dirk Hatteraick's Cave, and Woodbourne, should be found all intermediate on the shore—Woodbourne being nearest to Creetown, and Ellangowan 'ot far from Gatehouse. In point of fact, there are such ruins, such headlands, one such mansion at least, if not several, and one such cave in the district thus defined—the cave being still pointed out to visitors as the scene of Dirk Hatteraick's exploits.

It is proper to mention, however, that there is a special ruin called Rueberry castle, a particular headland called Balmac-head, and a precipice called Rab's Craigs, all in close proximity to one another, which are said to correspond more exactly in themselves to Ellangowan Old and New, to Warroch-head, and to the Gauger's Loup, than the others do, and the Author may have had them in his eye; but these are so much farther to the east, being at the mouth of Kirkcudbright Bay, and on the east side of it, as to be entirely out of range in the progress of the story.

THE END.

